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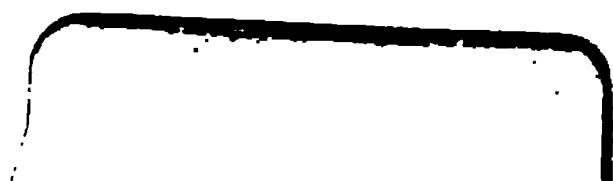
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THE MONTH:

A

MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

*Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum, et folia ligni ad sanitatem
gentium.—Apoc. xxii. 2.*

VOL. XVI.
(NEW SERIES, V.)
JANUARY—JUNE,
1872.



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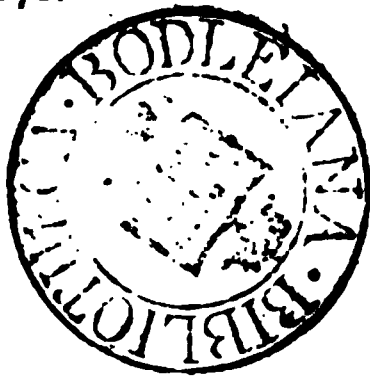
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Five Years at the Golden Gate.

IN the winter of 1578 Sir Francis Drake reached the Pacific Ocean by the Straits of Magellan. He was on board the *Golden Hind*, and bore a secret commission from Queen Elizabeth, by which he was authorized to seize and destroy whatever floating thing he found bearing Spanish goods or surmounted by Spanish colours over the expanse of that mighty ocean. The bold buccaneer turned northward, and having crossed both the tropics and captured many prizes on his route, came to anchor at last in a beautiful bay to the north of the Spanish settlements of the New World, and situated in lat. 38° N. and long. 123° W. Drake lay at anchor for thirty six days in those hospitable waters; he exchanged presents with the natives of the country, and, believing himself its first discoverer, took formal possession of it for "good Queen Bess," and gave it, in honour of his parent country, the name of *New Albion*. The name still lingers on some of our best globes and maps. History, however, has not accepted it, and the country discovered by Cabrillo in 1542, and miscalled by Drake in 1579, has risen into importance and attracted the notice of mankind under a name of obscure local origin but of agreeable sound—California.

I purpose to put on paper some of the recollections furnished by a residence of nearly five years in that "land of gold"—years embracing a period of the greatest moral, political, and social activity of its people. I shall add some brief items touching my journey outward over two oceans, and my return by the Central Pacific Railroad, just a few weeks after its completion. Accounts, it must be admitted, of such travels to and from such a country are now thrice told tales. The writer of this notice, however, has had some opportunities, peculiarly his own, of knowing California and its people. He will aim, moreover, in the following pages, not at superseding but possibly supplementing in some respects the notices of Mr. Rae and other tourists, who have visited California of late and recorded

their impressions of that interesting land. A glance at the physical and geological features of the country will not be unacceptable to the English reader.

The vast mountain chain which in South America bears the name of Cordilleras or Andes extends, as is well known, through Central America and Mexico, and northward still to the M'Kenzie River and the frozen shores of the Arctic Ocean. On entering the North American continent the vast range parts into two branches, enclosing between them an arid plain of great extent, elevated some four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The eastern and more inland of these ranges is known as the Sierra Madre, or great chain of the Rocky Mountains. From its deep gorges descend the thousand affluents that rush eastward to swell the tide of the "Father of Waters." The plateau to the west of this chain, though in some places fit for pasturage and agriculture, is in general barren and of dreary aspect. Its centre is the Great Salt Lake, of Mormon celebrity. With the single exception of the Colorado River, no stream escapes oceanward through the rocky barrier of this vast table-land. The scanty streams that water its surface discharge themselves into the central basin of the Salt Lake or disappear in the dusty alkaline soil itself. Westward of this plain the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada rise, like pinnacles, from a continuous wall to a height of ten, twelve, and sometimes—as in the instance of Mount Whitney—of fifteen thousand feet. This mighty granite wall is named, with reason, the Sierra Nevada, or snowy ridge.* It presents to the traveller mountain scenery of incomparable grandeur, while it fences in and indeed forms by the washings of its western slope what may be termed the garden of the West—to wit, the New or Upper California.

This favoured region, canopied by a genial sky and blessed with a boundless fertility, extends from lat. 32° N. to lat. 42° N., and reaching from the crests of Sierra Nevada to the Pacific, has an average breadth of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles. Its area will be seen, therefore, to contain one hundred thousand square miles, and to exceed that of Great Britain and Ireland, with several of our smaller European States. The form and general appearance of the country are thus described by a native writer—"The general outline

* The reader need not be told that *sierra*—"a saw"—is applied by the Spaniards to any ridge of mountains whose peaks present a rugged and broken sky line, resembling somewhat the teeth of a saw.

of this great State on the map," says Cronise, "resembles that of an oblong trough—the coast range on the western or ocean side and the Sierra Nevada on the east, with their interlocking extremities, forming the rim and enclosing a series of level valleys of unrivalled fertility—once basins of water, salt or fresh, but now filled with the washings of uncounted years. The mountain walls themselves are broken into innumerable smaller valleys, some—as those on the coast range—only slightly elevated above the ocean level, while others—as at the sources of rivers or between the crests of the Nevada Mountains—are lifted full seven thousand feet above the waters of the Pacific. Innumerable streams pour down the gold-laden and pine-covered slopes of the Sierra Nevada, or Californian Andes. These streams, after wandering through picturesque ravines and valleys, empty themselves into two large rivers, the Sacramento and San Joaquin, which themselves unite, and, after forming a sort of inland sea, pour their combined volumes seaward, clearing a passage through the mountain range of the coast. That passage, the only one of any account through these mountains, opens into the Bay of San Francisco, and is known since the days of General Fremont as the Chrysopylæ, or Golden Gate to California's treasures.*

Although this State reaches the latitude of Plymouth Bay (Massachusetts) on the north, the climate for its whole length is as mild as that of the regions near the tropics. Two thirds of the months are rainless; snow and ice are almost unknown, except at great altitudes; there are fully two hundred cloudless days every year; roses bloom in the open air of the valleys through all seasons. The grape grows with Mediterranean luxuriance at a height of three thousand feet above the sea level; the orange, the fig, and the olive flourish as in their native climes, yet there is sufficient variety of soil and climate to include all the products of the north temperate zone with those of a semi-tropical character. The great valleys of the interior yield from thirty to thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre. Crops of sixty bushels are not uncommon, while, on a virgin soil and under favouring conditions, the farmer's toil has been rewarded with a yield of fully eighty bushels of excellent wheat to every acre ploughed, sowed, and slightly tended. The fertility of surface of this land

* Mr. Rae (*Westward by Rail*) is mistaken as to the origin of the name *Golden Gate*, also as to the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco by Sir F. Drake. See Cronise, *Natural Wealth of California*, p. 77. San Francisco, 1868.

is equalled by the hidden wealth of its mountain vaults, while its scenery of hill, lake, valley, and gigantic forest is second to none in the world."*

Such is California, such it was when I was first summoned thither at the close of the year 1864. The occasion of my journey was as follows. Some fifteen years previous to the date above mentioned several thousand Irish emigrants—gold seekers for the most part—had “crossed the plains” to this El Dorado. San Francisco, from a few rude huts in the sandy valley of Yerba Buena, had grown to be the centre of a large though fluctuating population, and gave promise of becoming at no distant day a wealthy and important city, perhaps the capital of the surrounding State. Apprized of this circumstance, and urged by the petitions of the Irish and other Catholic settlers, the Holy Father lost no time in providing for the wants of his spiritual children. San Francisco was at once erected into an archiepiscopal see. The present worthy Archbishop (Dr. Alemany) was transferred from the elder see of Monterey, and made first Archbishop of the new community. Some Jesuit Fathers were invited by his Grace both to assume a parochial charge and to preside over the education of Catholic children in the rising city. Children, it is true, were at that period rare, very rare indeed, in San Francisco. They might have numbered, perhaps, a dozen or two, and were altogether curiosities. Subsequent years, however, have made ample atonement for this shortcoming. The birth rate in the new city became remarkable. Public schools, ever foremost among American institutions, were soon opened. The spirited settlers were not content, however, with the mere elements of learning imparted in the common school. They looked to a higher instruction than that of the three R's, and were anxious to bestow upon their children a more complete education than they themselves possessed. No section of the young community exhibited this desire more markedly than the Catholics of Irish origin. The Jesuit Fathers accordingly purchased a few sand hills as a site for a church and College. The sacred edifice was soon crowded by respectable and attentive worshippers. The College obtained a State charter, enabling it to confer degrees. In a few years the pupils in daily attendance within its walls were counted at four hundred and

* *Natural Wealth of California.* By Titus Fey Cronise. See Introduction, p. vii. *San Francisco : Bancroft and Co., 1868.*

upwards. The violence practised at this time in North Italy against religious orders exercised a favourable influence upon the literary condition of California. The exiled Jesuits found a welcome and a home in San Francisco and the neighbouring mission of Santa Clara. Like the Greeks after the fall of Constantinople, they brought with them libraries, scientific instruments, and the education and habits which fit men for the office of teaching. The Fathers, however, laboured under one defect, both in the pulpit and the class room. They spoke and taught in a language not altogether English, and their manners and ideas were too Italian to meet the tastes of the young Republicans of the West. It was in order to meet this deficiency that an Englishspeaking Father was sought for and obtained from Ireland. The lot fell upon the writer of this paper.

Embarking at Queenstown on board the *China*, on the feast of the Presentation, Nov. 21, 1864, I experienced for the first few days all the discomforts of a midwinter Atlantic voyage. The weather was inclement, the waves ran high, and the *China* rolled in a fearful manner. As we neared the banks of Newfoundland an armed vessel bore rapidly down upon us from the north. She was pronounced a Confederate cruiser, and we prepared ourselves for a detention of at least some hours. The gallant vessel, however, passed quietly astern, and, covering us for a moment with her friendly guns, continued her path southward. It was a British war sloop, bound from Halifax to the sister station of Kingston (Jamaica). On Sunday a service was performed in the saloon by an Anglican minister—a service, to judge from the faces of those who had attended it, colder and duller than the fogs that now enveloped us. We escaped, however, from both, came into a clearer atmosphere, and after a few days entered the Narrows, Fort La Fayette frowning grimly on our right hand, and the newly erected batteries of Staten Island giving like menace on our left. The American civil war was then at its height. We were subjected, therefore, a little way inside the Narrows, to a strict search for arms. The high spirit of one of our passengers—Mr. Rossin, the new Governor of the Bahamas—chafed not a little at this indignity. 'Twas in vain; but we passed the ordeal unhurt, and steamed up the magnificent Hudson, which erewhile so charmed the eyes of "Old Hendrick," and on Dec. 3rd came to anchor at the Cunard Wharf, Jersey City, whence well

appointed vehicles conveyed us by large ferries across the Hudson, and thence to our respective destinations. On arriving at the College of St. Francis Xavier, Fifteenth Street, I had the pleasure of hearing the panegyric of the patron preached in good style by an *élève* of the establishment, lately ordained priest. The Empire City pleased me much, and a visit to Yale College, New Haven (Conn.), and to the Brown University, Providence (R. I.), introduced me to some acquaintance with American schools and scholars. Both in Providence and Newhaven I found the Catholics nearly one third of the population, presided over by a worthy Prelate and tended by a devoted clergy. A like proportion of Catholics to non-Catholics obtains, I am told, in all large American cities.

Retracing my steps I arrived in New York on Dec. 17th, and got on board the *Costa Rica*, a bi-monthly steamer, bound with passengers and mail for Aspinwall, and "connecting," as the Americans say, with mail lines to Mexico, South America, and California. New Jersey and Cape Hatteras were soon lost sight of. The temperature, as we reached the Gulf Stream off the coast of Carolina, became quite pleasant—doubly so, indeed, after the keen cutting blasts of New York. Now and then a stately vessel specked the horizon. It was supposed to be the ubiquitous Confederate steamer, and the passengers of the *Costa Rica*—the Americans especially—prepared themselves for the worst. The danger soon wore away. On entering the Gulf we had come under the shadow of the Federal guard ships, and the change from fear to mirth was striking.

An American gentleman of loyal tendencies summoned a meeting to the upper deck, and recited "Sheridan's Ride," then a recent ballad, in a voice that would have done honour to old Stentor. The fairer portion of the passengers sang, evening after evening, the popular war ditty of the North,

Hark! I hear the bugle sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fray—

and were answered by a more powerful chorus with the "Star-spangled Banner," the "Battle-cry of Freedom," and such like songs. The negroes—the only servants taken into his ships by the patriotic Mr. Vanderbilt—were occasionally allowed to join. In volume of voice they rivalled the Northern Stentor, in *gesture they surpassed him*. Their ditty was one that had

reference to their late emancipation by Mr. Lincoln ; and closed at each stanza with the following refrain—

Surely, I say, 'tis the kingdom come,
And the reign of jubilow.

Jubilow, by a small poetic licence, being put instead of jubilee, in order to rhyme with a preceding verse. When these entertainments were over, more serious topics were discussed. "Well, what do you Europeans think of this war of ours?" "It seems to me you Catholics have much to say for yourselves, and know religion well." Conversations of a serious and even earnest character followed, and the frankness and absence of prejudice of the Americans were remarkable.

Altogether, those evenings under a warm tropical sky, and with a genial company, were among the pleasing recollections of my life. On the first Saturday after our departure, a deputation from the captain and passengers waited on the Catholic priest (the writer), asking him to perform religious service on the ensuing Sunday. The proposal was accepted. An attentive congregation surrounded the preacher on the quarter deck as he explained the Gospel of the current Sunday. A Protestant minister and his bride were among the most attentive hearers. The Sunday being the third of Advent, the discourse turned on the character of Christ, and closed with an extract from the hymn whose original is ascribed to St. Bernard, "Jesus, the only thought of Thee." As the preacher retired, a full choir of voices took up the words and continued the hymn in a fine style of music. On inquiring, it was found that this ancient Catholic hymn is quite a favourite one in American Protestant churches. The Priest and his audience became thenceforth excellent friends, and on the eves of Christmas, New Year's Day, and the following Sunday, a deputation appeared to solicit a similar service from him. In all instances the polite request was complied with.

On the ninth day after quitting New York, we entered the small but beautiful bay of Colon. On its right, or southern shore is situated a small town, from which a railroad, forty-eight miles in length, stretches across the wooded isthmus to Panamá on the opposite coast. The Spanish speaking people call this little town Colón, affirming that it was the first spot in the *tierra firma* of the New World upon which the great Colón (or Columbus) set foot. The Americans have baptized the place by

another name, that of Mr. Aspinwall, the New York merchant who inaugurated a line of steamers to this point.

The railway, following the line of the Chagres River, passes through a district covered with primeval forest and tangled vines, through which neither air nor sunshine can penetrate. Along the line a few scanty clearings are seen, the abodes of railroad officials or the sites of Indian villages. We traverse this strange region in a downpour of tropical rain, and at a high speed. "You in England," said a Mexican passenger, "would call this reckless driving, and you would prosecute the engineer man."

After a few hours we bade adieu to the ancient Spanish town of Panamá, got on board the *Sacramento*, and steering south through the Pearl Archipelago, within eight degrees of the equator, rounded the promontory of Mala, and headed north through a sea of silver. The *Sacramento* resembled more a colossal river steamer fitted out in gala style than an ocean-going vessel destined to run four thousand miles at every trip. Her path, however, was on the Pacific. She was strongly guarded at this time by a body of Federal soldiers. Following a line parallel in its general direction to the shore, and mostly in view of it, we sighted in succession the wooded headlands of Costa Rica and Central America, and the volcanic peaks of Southern Mexico, and on the seventh day rested awhile in the Bay of Acapulco to land freight and take in passengers for San Francisco. It was after sundown when we cast anchor in this historic little bay. One could see only the tall masts of a few French vessels in the harbour, and the dim outline of a few houses, with wooded heights around. Something more was visible to the eye when, two days afterwards, we cast anchor in the Bay of Mansanilla. A slight action had taken place in the environs of this spot between the Mexican General Corona and some of Maximilian's troops. The advantage had been with the former. Corona was threatening the town; and the French garrison, as well as the crews of the French ships, were on the alert. The native Mexicans rowed towards us in long canoes bearing limes, oranges, and other tropical fruits, which they exchanged for a small American coin, about a shilling English per parcel—the parcels being of such bigness as the buyer would insist on.

The sharks in the bay seemed on the best possible terms with the Indian rowers. They would play harmlessly around

the bows of the long light canoes, on the understanding, it would seem, of getting now and then some refuse from the ship, or the boats plying towards her. This was freely given, and we witnessed during a six hours' stay in the harbour of Mansanilla, no such bloody encounter between sharks and crocodiles as that which Secretary Seward and Colonel Evans beheld with amazement in September, 1870, in these same waters.* The mouth of the Gulf of California, or Vermilion Sea, was crossed on the next day, and at Cape San Lucas we landed a few passengers charged, it was understood, with the task of exciting a revolt against Maximilian in that quarter. Along the coast indeed, as on board the *Sacramento* itself, signs of war were sufficiently visible.

The towns of Acapulco and Mansanilla were both encompassed by the rebel or native Mexican forces as we passed ; but no tidings of Sherman's army (then on the march through Georgia), or of any operation connected with the giant struggle in progress between the Federals and the South, met the anxious inquiries of the passengers. On the twelfth day after our departure from Panamá, we descried the hills of San Diego, green with wild oats after a recent rainfall. On the fourteenth, we came in view of the lighthouse which crowns the northern cliff of the Golden Gate. A dense fog detained us for several hours in the offing outside the roadstead. Suddenly, about noon, it cleared away as if by magic. A bright blue sky hang over us. We entered the Golden Gate, in width about one English mile, passed closely under the guns of Fort Point and Alcatraz Island, and were hailed by small boats, whose captains, with the Stars and Stripes gaily flying in the breeze, cried out, "General Sherman has reached the Atlantic," "Savannah has fallen." The American portion of the passengers lifted high the "Star-spangled Banner" and the "Battle-cry of Freedom." In this gay mood we steamed up the Golden Gate, some five miles long, entered the sealike Bay of San Francisco, rounded the romantic heights known as Russian and Telegraph Hills, and leaving to our right a forest of masts surmounting war vessels and merchantmen of all countries, we came to moorings at Folsom Street Wharf, on a spot commanding a fine view of the city of San Francisco, the picturesque hills that environ it, and the wooded plains, backed by foot hill and mountain, that lie eastward of its noble bay.

* See Colonel Evans' *Gala Trip through Mexico*. London, 1871.

Whoever has read the *El Dorado* of Bayard Taylor, or the inimitable tales of Bret Harte, can picture to himself what my ideas were of the character and peculiarities of the people with whom I was soon to mingle. Rough, enterprizing, lawless, nomadic, generous yet intent on gain—such were the characters that rose to my mind as the gaily appointed vehicle whirled me rapidly on by Folsom and Market Streets to my destination in St. Ignatius' College. I owe it to the inhabitants of San Francisco to say that the darker side of the picture I had drawn was far from corresponding with fact. During my residence of nearly five years in the Queen City of the Pacific, I found her people equalling, as I consider, the most advanced populations of Europe in civilization and social advancement, while in energy, generosity, and freshness of character they far surpassed them. It was on the feast of the Epiphany, 1865, I first entered the church of St. Ignatius. The congregation was large and imposing; the floor within the altar rails appeared strewn with silver coins. They were the offerings of the poor Irish, to defray the expenses of a tastefully decorated crib, which the pupils, aided by some of the professors, had erected for a time above the small altar to the left.

My apartments commanded a view of the eastern portion of the city and the fine bay beyond. Roses were in full bloom beneath my window, and Byron's line—

. As soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June,

would certainly have been no synonym for the impossible in San Francisco. Not a sand plot in the city that will not yield "roses in December," while a few hours' ride by rail will bring the traveller from the warm vicinity of the Golden Gate to the lofty crest of the Sierra Nevada, where snow and ice maintain their dominion, even in the warm months of June and July. A short time after my arrival in San Francisco, the news of the fall of Charleston was sent across the continent by wire. The city put on her robes of gladness, the Stars and Stripes waved from nearly every house, as well as from the shipping in the bay. Salvos of artillery were fired at intervals, and the themes of orators in the pulpits, as well as the essays of pupils in the public schools, were furnished by the joyous event. The surrender of Lee brought, a little time after, its share of rejoicing. *San Francisco*, though at all times demonstrative, was over.

demonstrative at the time I now write of. She had wavered in the balance at the beginning of the late war. Most of her democrats were supposed still favourable to the cause of the South. Narrowly escaping the name and punishment of rebels, they purchased their immunity by at least an outward show of adhesion to the Government, while the republican party of the State celebrated in the triumphs of the Northern arms their own hard won domestic victory. The rejoicings of these latter were accordingly of a ferocious and even menacing character. The solemn funeral procession in honour of President Lincoln—a procession in which all the Catholic clergy took part—brought to an end the political excitement which agitated San Francisco during the spring of 1865. The subsidence of the storm left the moral atmosphere comparatively clear, and I was enabled to study Californian life thenceforth with more advantage, especially in its religious, social, and intellectual aspects.

The population of San Francisco (now reckoned at 160,000) was set down in the city estimates of 1865 in the round number of 95,000 souls. Fully one third of these were Catholics—Irish, Spanish, and American. Jews and Protestants of various denominations divided among them another third; while the remaining fraction frequented neither church nor synagogue, and entertained a positive belief in two deities only—to wit, the All-potent Dollar, and the Stars and Stripes of the Union. Some of these last, like General Sherman when a banker in San Francisco, though “nothing p’rticl’r themselves” in point of religion, would knock down any one who spoke against Catholics. Others deemed all religions alike, were rather dim as to a future state, had few prejudices to overcome, would like to see every man come out “right square for his platform,” and were ready in such case to give him an impartial hearing. The eloquent lectures of Father Buchar, S.J., of St. Ignatius’ Church, attracted many of these, who, after due instruction, became zealous members of the Catholic Church.

Sacred architecture is tolerably well represented in San Francisco. Three at least of the twelve Catholic churches are sightly and spacious edifices—the Cathedral, the Church of St. Francis, Vallejo Street, and the College Church of the Jesuit Fathers. The ample basements of these buildings (as, indeed, those of the other Catholic churches of the city) serve as parish free schools for poor children, as well as for libraries and lecture rooms *for the congregations and religious confraternities attached*

respectively to the churches. There are few congregations to be found, even in the most Catholic countries of Europe, which would surpass in number, respectability, or devoted piety, the congregation which assembles twice a day on every Sunday and Feast of Obligation in the Church of the sons of Loyola, Market Street, San Francisco.

On the 4th of July, 1865, I visited the College of Santa Clara, situated in the beautiful valley of the same name, some forty miles south of San Francisco, and ten from the head of its matchless bay. On either side of the line of route were to be seen princely residences with spacious parks, the summer retreats of the wealthier merchants of the city. Among them I noticed with pleasure the magnificent mansions of Mr. Peter Donohue, Mr. John Doyle, and others, whose names bespoke them Celts, and who, having "crossed the plains" as poor mechanics in the early days of San Francisco, have, by their energy and intelligence, amassed princely fortunes, benefiting by their honestly acquired wealth, not less themselves than the city and State of their adoption. The cadets of the Santa Clara College in full uniform, and under arms furnished by the State* Arsenal, met my companions and myself at the station. They presented arms, and after something like our Hampshire manœuvres of last autumn, returned quickstep to the College. The usual 4th of July orations were recited; poems in memory of Mr. Lincoln were delivered; the Stars and Stripes were duly honoured, and a play from Shakspeare, tolerably well acted, closed the Independence festivities of the first boarding College on the Pacific slope. Next day beheld me at the old mission of San José, some three miles distant from Santa Clara. San José contains about 8,000 souls, being the third city of the State in size and importance. There is here a flourishing Catholic mission which dates from the time of the first Spanish settlers. At present it is ably directed by Father Kenny, S.J., and two other priests of the same order.

The flora of San José is the most famous even of California; at the season of my visit it was gorgeous. I regretted not being able to climb to the famous quicksilver mines of New Almaden, just three miles distant, nor to visit the boiling springs of Gilroy (a little farther south), nor even to catch a glimpse of the disputed "claim" of my friend, M'Garahan

* The College cadet company furnishes its own uniform. The State invariably *supplies arms.*

—estimated by the American Senate at some forty millions of dollars, and deemed the richest cinnabar district in the world. A view of the “cosmopolitan orchard” of San José indemnified me in some measure, exotics from every country being acclimatized in that genial spot. Shrubs from Japan and China, the gum and acacia trees from Australia, the rose, the box, and the holly from England, the furze and the blackthorn from Ireland, . . . the sturdy pine from the North, the cactus and the palm, the olive and the mulberry from the “Sunny South,” were there blooming in cosmopolitan harmony, while a broad band of roses of every country, and of every hue, formed a fitting fringe to the orchard itself. I returned to San Francisco, and in a few days after witnessed the Commencement Exercises in the Lincoln public school, a palatial building erected close by the College of St. Ignatius with a view to check, it was said, the ever increasing influence of that institution, and to establish the superiority of the system of public and exclusively secular schools.

The sums of money voted in the different States of the American Union for public schools are quite astonishing. No State equals California in this respect. San Francisco alone allocated, in the year I speak of, a larger amount of money for its school buildings and schools than the entire grant to the national schools of Ireland for the same year. The school buildings and school furniture are, accordingly, of the first character. The teachers (ladies, for the most part) are well qualified and are most liberally paid. They are good disciplinarians, and impart faultless instruction in arithmetic, geography, modern history, English grammar, and one or two of the physical sciences. The attention they bestow upon reading is worthy of all praise. When so much has been said of the public school system of California, its eulogy is at an end. The youth of either sex, as they emerge from the common school, are destitute of even an elementary knowledge of religion. They are bold and independent to such a degree as to defy paternal authority, and their morals, are, to say the least, questionable. Private institutions are, therefore, largely resorted to by intelligent parents for the training of their children, and Jews and Protestants, as well as Catholics, hold in high esteem, and freely patronize the great free schools of the Irish Presentation Sisters for the moral education of their daughters. A similar service is performed for boys by the preparatory schools,

and the higher curriculum of the chartered College of the Jesuit Fathers. The Lincoln and other public school exhibitions which I witnessed were of moderate pretensions. Music and recitations were the principal exercises. A few original essays were read—the reading being in every instance without fault, but the composition somewhat *asiatic* in its style. The proceedings were generally graced with the presence and enlivened with the oratory of some eminent men, chiefly Unitarian ministers, such as Starr King, Rev. Dr. Stone, of Boston, and some notabilities of less extended fame. These addresses were directed to the graduating class, the “future Washingtons and Lincolns of their country,” and the theme invariably was the glories of the Stars and Stripes, and the “immediate future of the great Republic.” Our College of St. Ignatius was not by any means deficient in such themes; but we at least added to them, at each commencement, some strictly academic pieces and some experiments in music or a drama on some sacred subject, and generally put on our theatre a reduced play of Shakspeare.

On the first of January, 1867, the *Colorado*, the first of a regular line of steamers from San Francisco to Yokohama and Hong Kong, sailed through the Golden Gate. She was a magnificent vessel, constructed in Boston, and owned by the Pacific Steamship Company. The celebration and banqueting were on a scale of rare grandeur, and no post prandial speeches to which it has been my good fortune to listen—not even those of O’Connell, Shiel, or Tom Moore himself, were equal in my opinion to the eloquent utterances delivered in Platt’s Hall, on the evening of December 31, 1866—to inaugurate the event of the next morning. San Francisco was indeed from her very birth, and still is, a city of celebrations. Every nationality has its own festival in that gay cosmopolitan city. Foremost amongst these is that of the sons of St. Patrick. A grand military procession, a poem, an oration, and at the close of the day a variety of entertainments, form the essentials of these celebrations. Frequently, discourses and other solemnities in the Church are added, and the services of the priest or minister are seldom dispensed with. What I have said of nationalities applies, as a matter of course, to the great political parties that divide, and in turn rule the city. Each one has its day of triumph, and that day never passes without torchlight or other processions, poems, orations, and convivial rejoicings. The fine climate invites these *pageants*, and the temper of the Californians is altogether for

such. Some occasions unite all parties and nationalities, and then the city pageant is at once infantile in its glory and gigantic in its magnitude. Such, for example, was that which gladdened the city of San Francisco on the 10th of May, 1869—the memorable day on which the two great railroads from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans met at Promontory Point, and were bound together by a golden spike (the gift of San Francisco), whose stroke by the President's hammer discharged at the same moment the batteries on either coast, announcing the glad event throughout the land. The city of the land of gold was most concerned in the new enterprise. Her children had invested largely in it : by its means, in conjunction with the China and Japan line of steamers, she hoped to become, at no distant day, the *entrepôt* of Asiatic trade to Europe and America, and the centre of monied operations for the world. These expectations have not yet been realized, but the completion of the last step towards their accomplishment was celebrated in San Francisco with such jubilee and festive demonstrations as those who witnessed them will not easily forget.

At times the city was shaken with agitations of another kind. Earthquakes are of frequent occurrence along the entire Pacific coast. Two remarkable visitations of this kind, however, took place during my stay in those regions. The first occurred in the summer of 1866. Preceded by a high tidal wave, the movement seems to have originated in the mountains of Ecuador. It travelled northward as far as Mount Hood and Mount Elias, north-westward to the Sandwich Islands and Japan, and eastward to the West Indian Islands and even to the coast of Europe. Mounts Hood and Elias—dormant volcanoes—became active at once, and the huge volcano of Maunaloa, in the Sandwich Isles, vomited forth rivers of flame. The vicinity of the Golden Gate was well shaken ; some houses were thrown down, but no life was lost. But far a severer shock was felt in San Francisco two years later, in the autumn of 1868. Considerable damage was done in the city, and two or three lives were lost in the suburb of Oakland. Alarm pervaded all classes of the people, and several families took their departure for the East. Confidence, however, was soon restored. An able lecturer, Mr. Rhodes, proved to the satisfaction of many that the late earthquake was owing, not to subterranean nor to atmospheric, but to planetary, disturbances, and that, as the planets would *not for another century* range themselves all on the

same side of the sun and disturb the equilibrium of our system, a visitation of the kind just experienced would not afflict San Francisco for at least three generations to come. My friend Mr. M'Coppin, the active Mayor of the city, telegraphed this assurance to Mr. Peter Donohue (then in Paris) and to other large capitalists. The announcement became public, a sense of security was felt, and real estate looked up once more.

This feeling of security was increased when Mr. Seward, the ex-Secretary of the Federal Government, arrived in San Francisco on his tour of inspection to his newly purchased territory of Alaska, and thence to the "sister Republic" of Mexico. The Bismarck of the New World spoke of the bright prospects in the "immediate future" opening on the golden State. He promised especial attention to her mines. To my friend and countryman the Mayor he spoke in high terms of the late Archbishop Hughes, of New York, to whose exertions he ascribed the fact "that America was now a united, not a divided country." He attended the 4th of July meeting in San Francisco, and delivered, when repeatedly called for, the following laconic words—"I have a 4th of July oration ready written. I will not deliver it now. I am an old man, but expect to live seven years more. On this day, seven years hence, our country shall be celebrating her centenary feast. By that time the American flag shall be seen floating over every land on this continent, from the North Pole to the Southern Cross. Then and then only shall I deliver my 4th of July oration. A hundred millions of free citizens shall applaud that speech." A hundred millions of citizens—even were they all Stentors—could hardly have intensified the uproar of joy that followed. Mr. Seward, a few days later, started for Mansanilla, and continued his tour of observation through the northern States of Mexico and onward to the capital itself. An account of this "gala trip" may be seen in the pages of Colonel George Evans, companion and secretary to Mr. Seward.

A stranger arriving in San Francisco has hardly disposed of his well served evening meal when his attention is aroused by the quick and peculiar tolling of a distant bell. It is the fire bell of the central station, clear and shrill it tells out the number of the street and house where the fiery element is at work. The eye is turned in that direction; tongues of flame and heavy columns of smoke are ascending through the clear blue sky. *The steady trade wind from the Pacific bends the yielding*

column athwart the city and scatters it far and wide over the glassy bay, where its light and shade are too faithfully reflected. One seeks instinctively for relief on such occasions, and relief sure enough is at hand. Half a dozen huge fire engines, bright as burnished gold, are pushed or galloped along the streets. The firemen are with these ; the young bloods of the city accompany them as volunteers and pat the advancing engines in token, as it were, of encouragement. The spot is soon reached, the combat of Neptune and Vulcan soon begins, and in a few minutes (at least in many instances) the victory of the former is complete. If the fire is not got under, the burning house is quickly isolated and further damage is prevented. A few years ago such fires were of daily, or rather of nightly, occurrence in San Francisco : they are now (thanks to the excellent signal system and telegraphy of the firemen) more rare, and the stranger can rest a night or two (at least within the "fire limits" of the city, where buildings are of more solid construction) without being roused from his slumber by the alarm of fire. Few families in the city have escaped being "burned out" once or twice in the course of their commercial life. The insurance offices, however, were prompt in their payments, and the fortunes of the sufferers were built up anew.

Another peculiarity of life at the Golden Gate which will excite the stranger's attention is the established system of "house moving." Lofty and graceful edifices, not to say stores or shops and small dwellings, are transferred from place to place and settled down in new quarters with as much ease and regularity as if they were the furniture of a cabinet maker in this country. The house to be removed is first prized up from its sandy foundations by means of hydraulic pressure, it is then shifted forward upon a floor of moveable cylinders, a force identical with that of the wheel and axle is brought to bear, and onward moves the displaced mansion with a stateliness of march that can hardly be rivalled. A few weeks after my arrival in San Francisco I looked out through my bedroom window about midnight : my object was to have a glimpse of the lovely moonlit bay and the well defined heights beyond it. I had often gazed with delight on a beautiful church which closed this field of view on the left or north side. In close proximity to my window there now stood something resembling that church. It completely blocked up my field of vision and overshadowed me with its tall square tower. Had the College *changed place ? or had I hitherto mistaken the points of*

the compass ? or was the strange visitant but an "unreal mockery" in this land of wonders? It was none of these, it was the veritable Methodist Episcopal church upon which I had so often gazed. It was resting for the night, unknown to me, in its march along Jessie Street, from "third" to midway between "fifth" and "sixth" streets, where, unless sites have changed of late, it still remains turreted, painted, and porticoed as before, and firmly moored in a little sea of episcopal sand. A few words before parting from San Francisco, on another church which I consider neither moveable nor moored amid shifting sands.

The condition of the Catholic Church (pastors and people) and the growth of her religious institutions at the Golden Gate, and in California at large are, in the opinion of the writer, highly satisfactory and even consoling. In the city of San Francisco there are from ten to twelve Catholic churches. The Archbishop, learned, pious, humble, and a strict observer of ecclesiastical discipline, does honour to his high office, and commands the respect of the professors of every religion, while he is revered by those of his own. To his Grace's exertions it is owing that the Catholic community enjoys the ministrations of two orders of religious men and three more of religious women. The Jesuits and Dominicans, aided of late by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, exercise parochial cures, visit the sick, deliver public lectures, and conduct the education of the higher and middle classes. The Presentation Sisters have under their care nearly two thousand girls, whom they educate in the principles of faith and tender piety ; while the Sisters of Charity and of Mercy are charged with the orphans of the city, the superintendence of penitent women, and the care of the sick and wounded in the hospitals. The popularity of these sisterhoods with every denomination of persons is astonishing, and in proportion is the amount of good they are able to effect. The parochial clergy (furnished for the most part from Ireland) are edifying and zealous, and, amidst the bustle of the most commercial of cities, the eye of the religious observer will behold with pleasure the number of devout worshippers that crowd around the altar, not only at the Sunday masses, but from morning to morning throughout the week.

The twenty one missions established by the Spaniards along the coast of California are still occupied as missionary centres, *or parochial cures*. The congregations consist chiefly of Spaniards, *Mexicans, and native Californians*. Their long, dark, adobe built

churches are mouldering to decay. The condition of the new towns and mining camps is quite different. A missionary pastor is generally assigned to each (in some cases to every two or three); a graceful little church, with an adjoining library and school is soon added, and there are few second rate, or even third rate towns in the counties near the capital that do not enjoy the advantages of religious worship.

The southern part of California is confided to the pastoral care of Dr. Amat, Bishop of Monterey; the northern to that of Dr. Eugene O'Connell, Vicar Apostolic of Marysville, and now Bishop of Grass Valley. Both these Prelates have done much to diffuse the blessings of religion and religious education among the populations scattered over their extensive jurisdictions.

The Great Pacific Railroad (completed as we have seen on the 10th of May preceding) was opened for general traffic and through passage to the Atlantic cities in the middle of July, 1869. About the same time, my order to return to Europe had reached. The Catholics of the city, with most of whom I had contracted a close and personal friendship, opposed the departure of an Irish priest from amongst them. They assured me as a matter well known that no one who had lived well nigh five (or even two) years in their lively city, fine climate, and amid their generous, open hearted, and thriving people, could ever consent to afterwards settle down in Europe. There was much truth in their statement. At least, examples without end bore it out. I shared, moreover, in their appreciation of the attractions of their youthful city. Its fine exhilarating atmosphere had quite cured me of a troublesome asthma, from which I had suffered for nearly twenty years before crossing the Atlantic. The five hundred students whom I had superintended in St. Ignatius' had shown themselves orderly, studious, and affectionate. Some of them had entered West Point and other professional institutions with high *éclat*. The congregation that frequented our church had acknowledged my poor services in a manner that was alike generous and unsought. The splendid libraries of the city, the Mercantile, &c., had been placed fully at my service without any contribution. The theatres and public halls were open for the exercise of our classes whenever I saw fit to practise them in a college play or a philosophical lecture. Hospitality, an inheritance from the early Californians, was unbounded. The *priest travelled everywhere, by rail or by steamer, at half fare, or on free ticket; and whomsoever he*

encountered, of what religion soever, he met in him a man fair and generous mind, unwarped by prejudice, and howe limited in his knowledge or devious in his paths, yet equita and catholic in his principles.

From such a people it was not easy to part. I faced difficulty however, and on the 3rd of August, 1869, took stea to Sacramento City, cast a last look at the picturesque hill Russian, Telegraph, and Rincon—which gird the busy c steamed up San Pablo Bay, entered Carquinez Strait, leav Mare Island and the New City of Vallejo on my left, and towering heights of Monte Diablo away at some distance to right. A few hours brought me to Sacramento, where I res for the night with a good Dublin priest, then pastor of the pla Next morning at six I obeyed the call, "All on board for N York," and took my place in the crowded cars. As the tr crept up the foot hills on its approach to the Sierra, I ha view of the beautiful settlement of Auburn—embowered ar groves—and doubly dear as named in honour of my countrym Goldsmith, and presided over by a worthy clergyman of acquaintance. About noon we had wound our way up sides of the Sierra Nevada, and reached Summit Station, se thousand feet above the level of the sea. As we climbed up fr Cisco to Summit Station, the long line of cars would sometin in passing from hill to hill, assume the shape of the letter S. those occasions, the eye looked out on either side upon scenes inexpressible grandeur. In close proximity to the dizzy brid by which we crossed, but sweeping down from them in magnific expanse, were cañons, pine covered gorges, a thousand feet depth; above us a white band of cloud, the only one t flecked the sky: farther and higher still, the spearlike pe of the Sierra, wrapped in their banners of snow, and seeming pierce the heavens. Behind lay the unrivalled plain of Californ stretching west to the Peaceful Ocean, teeming with wild fertil and threaded with many a stream. When the eyes of Ball first gazed on the Pacific from the summit of the Andes, I do if they rested on a scene half so lovely and magnificent as t. In a cañon, or mountain valley, near the summit of the Sie is situate Lake Donner—a lake of picturesque aspect, but gloomy memories. It was here that Captain Donner and pa were snowed up and perished almost to a man in the winter 1846. The lake seemed some eight hundred yards down fr *the mountain terrace* along which we passed. The slo

beneath us were covered with lofty pines—the tops of the nearest ones almost touching our windows as they swayed to and fro with the wind. We were now in the region of snow slides. There was little danger of such visitants at this season (August 4th); but the Americans are a farsighted people, and the snow houses constructed by the engineers of the Pacific Railroad form, for twenty five miles east from the vicinity of Donner Lake, an almost continuous covering for the line of rail, strong enough, from the thickness of its timbers, to protect from the avalanche itself.

Descending the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada we came to halt at the thriving town of Truckee, situate in a deep basin, where a lake, not less picturesque than that of Donner, must at no very distant date have been. I met here a worthy French missionary whom I had known some two years before, and whose proficiency in the meantime in a strange and difficult tongue was quite astonishing. He introduced me to a Baptist missionary, the light and orator of that neighbourhood, who travelled with us as far as *Verdi* station. We parted here with the Baptist missionary, as well as with every appearance of civilized life. The dreary sands and sagebrush of Nevada now received us only to consign us, after a few hours, to a drearier wilderness still—the great alkali desert of Utah. This last extends to Great Salt Lake, a distance of four hundred miles. The country skirting the north and east of the Salt Lake form an agreeable contrast to the barren and snowlike soil along which we had passed. The Mormons I met with in Echo City were wretched and degraded beings, hardly one remove above the Chinese workmen and the Indian savages, of which latter several specimens—painted warriors accompanied by their wretched squaws and dirty children—came occasionally around the cars. The Green River, crossed by a trestle bridge of nearly one mile long, had some interest for me as bounding the Apostolic Vicariate of my friend Bishop O'Connell, of Marysville, California. Sherman Station, on the crest of Rocky Mountain ridge, afforded us on the morning of the fourth day of our travel a magnificent view of wild scenery, a glimpse of some wild oxen and antelopes, and an agreeable repast, consisting of the flesh of the latter animals, with good coffee, bread, and, as a favourite adjunct, a few dishes of large blackberries. We shortly after entered the prairie region, and followed our course east for nearly four hundred miles, keeping close to the left bank of the Platte River. Omaha, the city of George F. Train, was our last haltingplace before entering the region of

civilization. I called on the Bishop of this rising city, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Gorman; his Lordship was kind and gracious, but my visit to him cost me one half my baggage. On crossing over to Council Bluffs, I came up just as the train was moving for Chicago; I stepped "on board," and reached my destination in due time. My labelled trunk, however, had meantime taken another direction, a direction from which it was recovered only by many feats of telegraphic activity. From Chicago to New York I chose the shortest and, in my opinion, the most interesting of the five or six lines of rail by which a traveller with a through ticket from San Francisco may enter the Empire City—I mean the Fort Wayne and Pennsylvania central line. The Pulman sleeping cars afforded us ample means of repose on this route. The scenery, especially east of Pittsburg, along the winding course of the Pennsylvania River, almost equalled that of California itself. I passed near the scenes of Lee's unsuccessful encounters in the North, crossed the long bridge of Harrisburg (burned, I believe, in the late war, and again restored), and after snatching a glimpse at Philadelphia, Trenton, and some other places of historic note, reached New York at six o'clock a.m., on the seventh day of our travel from Sacramento. The city looked more joyous and more prosperous than when I saw her nearly five years before in her uncertainty and financial excitements. Splendid mansions of white marble or brown stone had arisen since then along Fifth Avenue and around Central Park. The city was pushing her bounds rapidly towards Haarlem, and the massive cathedrals, asylums, &c., in process of erection gave unmistakeable signs both of opulence and public principle. After a fortnight's sojourn I again adventured myself on the Atlantic and landed at Queens-town on the 29th of September, 1869.

My circle of missionary wanderings was thus closed. It brought me into contact with persons of almost every civilized nation, of diverse and often opposite habits of thought, religion, and modes of life. My faith in the destinies of our race, and my hope in the future of the Catholic Church, are not diminished but increased, not shaken but strengthened, as I look back to those wanderings, the scenes they presented, the feelings they have encouraged, and the knowledge of men and things which they have been certainly not unfitted to supply.

M. I. O'F.

Gossamer Threads.

“FIL DE LA SAINTE VIERGE.”*

RED lay the rustling leaves along the lane,
Ripe chesnuts smote the grass with sullen blows,
From russet oaks rained dropping, fruity cups,
And scarlet berries hung in every brake.
The sun had scarcely risen from earth's rim,
And all the western sky was purple dark ;
When gleaming through the level bars of cloud,
I spied a Lady floating in the air,
Her robes of colour flecked with orient pearl ;
O fair, and pure, and wondrous bright was she !
Her hair like ripening wheatears fell all down
Her virgin face ; her large eyes, softly fixed,
Showed neither blue nor brown, so veiled their lids,
So thick their shady fringe of darkened gold.
Her mantle floated like a deeper sky,
Her small hands bore a staff of milk white wool ;
And spun it, softly waving to and fro ;
Till falling, falling, ever falling down,
The meshy web did cover all the earth,
And spread o'er field and hedgerows, wold and lawn.
Me seemed it bound the world in one wide net
Of love, and silken bond of brotherhood.
The while I gazed, rapt, wondering at this sight,
I saw the heavenly weaver knit full fast
Her myriad threads with waving, flitting hands,
And knot each mesh, and twine the glistening threads
From every circle in concentric rings,

* These lines were suggested by a drawing of Mr. Armitage in the Royal Academy two years ago, which beautifully illustrated the legendary name of the Gossamer.

Gossamer Threads.

Till every part she shaped in perfect growth,
 And spread the mazy pattern o'er the world.
 And while she laboured, like the rhythmic chime
 Of far off bells, came through the air this song—

Twine the spotless thread,
 From milk white staff and hand,
 Ne'er shall earthstained web
 Be spun from stainless strand.

Bathe the twisted thread,
 Within the Crystal Sea,
 Thence the woven web
 Shall clean and spotless be.

Weave the air born thread,
 Mother and Maid in one,
 Thus thy fragile web
 Shall bind us to God's Throne.

As ceased the song, I fainter, faintlier heard,
 As if updrawn, an *Alleluia* clear,
 In voice so sweet that all my sense was drowned,
 But when the silence fell, I looked again :
 Then saw the Lady beg, with upraised hands,
 A gift of dew from airy mist and cloud,
 Earthborn, and stored from earth's own radiate heat,
 To scatter grateful moisture on its breast ;
 This kindly shower she poured upon her web,
 Then smiled to see it changed to woven pearl ;
 And as she smiled, the iridescent light
 Burst forth with dazzling gleam, and smote the woof,
 And every pearl became a rainbow gem.

Then many voices *Alleluia* sang,
 Far off and farther through the fields of air,
 To Him Who rides the clouds and rushing wind,
 And casts His ice in morsels ; giveth snow
 And hail to smite, and then lets drop the dew,
 In gentle showers of pitying love ; and while
 He decks the spring and summer with rich joy,
 Spreads tender beauty round the dying year,
 And failing strength, and loss, and sharpest grief,
 And counts each falling hair of wintry life.

E. B.

Reviews of Famous Books.

IV.—PLATO'S REPUBLIC.

THERE is one light which is the right light in which to look at a painting. Some paintings show well in one light only. But the work of a great artist, I conceive, may often be shaded from many points of view, and appear beautiful on several aspects, though most beautiful on one. Such certainly is the case with the word painting before me, Plato's *Republic*. I look at it from here, and I look at it from there, and everywhere my admiration is new. Nor am I sufficiently master of the author's great mind to be able to determine which view most perfectly represents the work as he conceived it. I am left to choose that point of observation, whence I hope to contemplate the *Republic* with most reference to those practical questions which permanently concern mankind. I suppose they may be reduced to two, the rule of the individual man over himself, and the rule of the State over the individual. The *Republic* deals with both questions. But as it would weary my readers and myself to follow Plato over the two fields of politics and ethics, I propose that we shall confine our pursuit to the latter, which lies nearer home. We will sometimes look over the fence into politics, but it shall only be to make sure that Plato, ranging there, does not burst into the field of ethics without our noticing him.

The second title of the work under review is *περὶ τοῦ δίκαιου*. "Let justice be done, though the sky fall," is a proverb which few men think it decent to gainsay. More even than *love*, *justice* is a name which preeminently and above all others stirs the human heart, stirs the solitary heart, but still more that which throbs in fellowship. What is this thing whose fulfilment would compensate for the ruin of nature, whose very name is a lever to move the world? What is justice? Well, notwithstanding the title, that is not quite the question to be ventilated here. What we need is a more exact determination of the meaning of *τὸ δίκαιον*, commonly translated *justice*. The term, according to its

derivation,* denotes originally "the practice of one who acts according to the *showing*." That is, it stands for "the observance of custom, precedent, and tradition." Perhaps "respect for precedents" is the phrase which expresses this primitive meaning best. Then, as this consistency with past acts is the attribute of the righteous only—for selfseeking wrong is a whirlwind that blows now this way and now that—τὸ δίκαιον became the name for *righteousness* in general. As, however, the righteous man proves himself by his dealings with others, it was to what we call *justice* that the Greek name under discussion was familiarly and usually applied. Notwithstanding, in a philosophical treatise where matters are handled in their highest generalities, the wider, older, and still extant sense of τὸ δίκαιον may well be recalled. At all events, Plato did recall it; his *Republic* is an answer to the question, "What is righteousness?" Such an answer involves an entire theory of morals; a settling of the constituent distinction between right and wrong.

There are three main theories which strike this important difference. Finding them all names for clearness' sake, I will call them the *theistic* theory, the *utilitarian* theory, and the *independent* theory, respectively, according as they put forward God, or the community, or the individual, as the determinant principle of morality.

The theist defines a *right* action to be an action which, in all its aspects and circumstances, God essentially loves; a *wrong* action he knows as that which, in any or all of its aspects and circumstances, is essentially hated by God. By *essential* love or hatred is here understood that love or hatred which cannot be withheld by the person, being what he is. On this understanding, the Creator of heaven and earth is the moral Lawgiver of the same; only His creation was a free act, His legislation is necessary as Himself. "Positive" divine laws have been given; but the primary laws of morality are not "positive," though they come from God. So the theistic moralist thinks.

The utilitarian puts God away; denying Him not, nor yet owning Him. I speak of the typical and genuine utilitarian; there have been men of a compromise, for instance, Paley. The beginning and foundation of utilitarian moral lies in assuming, that *man was made to make his fellow men happy upon this earth, and thereby himself to share in their earthly happiness. Therefore, whatsoever act militates against the common weal of this terrestrial*

* See Liddell and Scott, s. v. δίκη. They connect it with δείκνυμι, dico, digitus.

Jerusalem is wrong; and the doer of such act is liable to punishment at the hands of his fellows, who in punishing seek solely to supply the culprit with a motive—in familiar language, “to make him remember”—not to mar their passing joys again. Now, it happens that most of the prohibitions of the ten Commandments are directed against practices which, either in themselves or in their general consequences, are prejudicial, on this side of the grave, to the mass of living humanity without the offender. For that reason, and to the extent that that reason holds, no more and no less, a practice becomes utilitarianly wrong. A very pretty system utilitarianism is, logical, and tangible, and worthy of all acceptance, once you grant the postulate from which it starts. And the bulk of mankind do grant that postulate, not perhaps by their tongues, but by their lives. Utilitarianism is, and has been in all ages, from Protagoras to Bentham, the world's theory of morals. There is this about it, dear to the world, that it ignores *sin*.

Last comes the independent moralist. He appeals neither to God nor to fellow man. Right and wrong to him are matters of taste. The sole reason why he pronounces rue unpalatable is, because he does not like it; so is stealing a criminal act, because it revolts his moral sense. “Sweet the stolen apple”—that is true; but there is a sweetness, or call it rather a serenity, in refraining from theft and other crimes, which serene delight his calm judgment prizes above the paroxysmic joys of blindly indulged appetite. So he schools himself to obey his own Reason: her farsighted “do this,” “shun that,” are his marks of right and wrong. But how far does this Reason look? Far as his own interests, but no further; every letter in his alphabet is himself; he may be wise and spiritual, but “he fears not God nor regards man,” except out of pure self-love. Such is the picture which some moralists seem to have contemplated. Whether “the wretch centred all in self,” there represented, is not an impossible creature, more chimerical than the Chimæra as well as more chilling than the Gorgon, I shall afterwards examine; and at the same time endeavour logically to approximate this independent theory of morals into coincidence with the theistic.

The *Republic* was written at an uncertain date between 400 and 350 B.C. Moral philosophy was young then. It had had its birth from the early age of Socrates, half a century before. *It was little connected with theism.* There is, indeed,

one of the Platonic dialogues—the *Euthypro*—wherein the *Holy* is defined as the *Loved of God*, and the *Unholy* as the *Hated of God*; but the propounder of those definitions is exhibited as quite downcast, when Socrates parades the multitude of pagan deities, with their many jarring loves and hates, and further proceeds to ask, what it is that determines a God to love. No doubt, simple religious Greeks, like Xenophon, were encouraged to the performance of social duties by a hope of conciliating the occupants of Olympus; the warnings of Æschylus, couched in grand choric song, did not echo from the orchestra in vain. But there was no systematized connexion worked out between creed and practice. No one could tell precisely, why the acceptance of certain accounts about gods in heaven, conveyed an obligation to the believer of acting virtuously upon earth. People could not tell this, however they may have known it. The accordance between natural theology and the law of nature was not yet specified in lawyerlike black and white. In the moral science that then existed, the Divine played a very secondary part. Utilitarianism was the system of the first scientific moralists. Immature, untutored, roughspoken churls those pre-Benthamite utilitarians seem often to have been; yet, as is the manner with youth and rude ingenuousness, they were thorough-going and honest and true to themselves, above the measure of their more courtly successors. In studying the remains of the teaching of the *Sophists*—so these early rationalists were called—a man may often find the naked kernel of what, in modern writers of the same school, forms a very thickshelled nut.

The spokesman of the Sophists, introduced into the dialogue of the *Republic*, is Thrasymachus. Who this “Bold Warrior” was, and whether he himself would have said all that Plato has put into his mouth, are not topics that we need care to investigate. He simply represents a prevalent school of thought at Athens in his day. We must trust that he represents it fairly. Plato, I think, was too shrewd an estimator of opinions, too passionate a lover of truth, stupidly or wilfully to set up a man of straw. At all events, we must take the man in the guise in which Plato offers him. The curtain rises upon Socrates and a party of friends, gone down from Athens to a religious festival at the Piræus. They are invited to the house of Cephalus, an aged inhabitant of the port town. Thrasymachus awaits them there. Socrates falls into conversation with the venerable head of the family, about the blessed state of an old man, rich and

good. A combination of Dives and Lazarus, the veteran is above the temptation of dishonesty ; thanks to his competency, he is neither liar nor bad debtor : therefore he is a righteous man. Socrates marvels ; he suggests cases wherein the more righteous course seems to be, to withhold the truth, or the amount of the debt, rather than deliver it to an incompetent person. At this difficulty, old Cephalus suddenly finds himself called off to a sacrifice. But Polemarchus, "inheriting his father's share in the discussion," maintains the same definition of righteousness, "rendering every man his due," and rebuts Socrates' cavils by remarking that an incompetent person can claim nothing as his due. Still, continues the persevering examiner, what manner of due is that which the righteous man renders ? The physician's art renders the sick patient his due ; is medicine righteousness ? Besides, evil is said to be due from enemy to enemy ; but man's only evil is that which alone runs counter to human nature—to wit, unrighteousness. Can, then, the upright man do righteously by weaving the woeful garment of unrighteousness about his enemy ? Polemarchus is puzzled.

At this juncture Thrasymachus breaks in "with a roar." He is stung at heart to hear of wickedness being an evil in itself. Notwithstanding his passion, however, he finds no escape from the Socratic cross-examination, which yields the following confession of his opinions. That is right which is expedient for the stronger party, in so far as he is the stronger. He orders with an eye to his own interests, and the weaker party is morally bound to obey. If the stronger mistakenly command that which is not to his interest, he proves himself to be not the stronger, to the extent of his mistake ; no obedience is obligatory there. The interest of the governing stronger, with a view to which he governs, is altogether at variance with the interest of the weaker who is governed. When that governed weaker shapes his conduct by the rule of his own good, he does unrighteously ; for—and here lies the pith of the Thrasymachian theory of morals — the weaker's Expedient is the stronger's Inexpedient, and *vice versâ*. Thus, to eke out a little Thrasymachus' words, it would be an excellent advantage for a private individual to break into a temple, and carry off all the gold and silver which he might find encrusting the image of the god ; but the society round him is stronger than the individual, and it is their interest to keep his felon hand out of the sacred precincts. It would be sacrilege for him

to appropriate the precious metal under those circumstances. But let him come with a great army, a stronger power than the society whose temple that is ; forthwith he shall stretch out his hand to the gold and silver, and none shall dare to call him, nay he shall not be, a sacrilegious robber. His cupidity has become right in becoming mighty. "No," you say, "it is wrong still by the sentence of mankind." Well, that is because mankind at large has a strength predominate over any potentate, and has an interest in quelling aggressors for example's sake. But blessed is the robber King for all that, in his injustice and its impunity.

A word or two of my own on the above unblushing beatification of wickedness. And first, as to the hypothesis on which it starts, that the strong, by reason of their strength, have a right to rule the weak. This is putting the case "too strong." The superior in strength, wealth, wisdom, or other excellence, in short, the more able person—Thrasymachus calls him *κρείττων*—though qualified to win to himself authority, has no antecedent title to command in the mere fact of his better endowments. One angel, divines say, could undo the sinew and defeat the strategy of the most numerous army ; yet, were a heavenly spirit to come to a soldier with an order, not in God's name but in his own, the soldier might in conscience please himself, whether he gave any ear or none to the bidding of that superior being. The word of his captain would bind him, while the angel's would leave him free. The captain's nature falls very far short of angelic, but he has that which the angel lacks—the soldier is dependent on him. For that reason, and not directly from any preeminence of merit attaching to his person, the officer's will is law to the private. Now, the dependence of man on God is the utmost dependence possible—absolute and unique. From God I came to be ; by Him I am ; I am His continual creature ; whatsoever I can call mine is His persevering donation. Therefore I owe Him obedience, as to my sole, paramount, and entire Lord. Separating in word characters which really involve each other, I may say that it is not because God is Almighty that He claims my allegiance, it is because in the word of His might I exist. Had I, by any impossibility, sprung into existence fortuitously without His concurrence, I should indeed have every inducement to choose for my Master a Being so good and so grand as God ; but I should not be *bound to enter His service*. I might be content simply with

admiring Him, as I do a great angel, without dreaming of consulting His will.*

Is now the interest of my Creator and Lord my interest? To a mind that accepts the account just given of the genesis of authority, the folly of Thrasymachus' denial of the solidarity of lord and vassal here proclaims itself. If I am the breath, not to speak pantheistically, of Infinite Goodness, am I not interested to cry—Life and long health to the Goodness whence I come? Can He work His first willed purpose in me, and leave me to waste? Am I not His? If His I am, His will be done in me—it is my best, my most sagacious will; if His I am not, I am nothing, and have no will, nor life, nor existence.

"Yes," you say, "but amongst men there often occurs dependence without lawful dominion. Does not the kidnapped African depend on his captor?" I admit it fully; all dependence is not just, nor all authority, built upon dependence, lawful. Club law is immoral, precisely because there is a divine Power morally controlling the wielder of the club. If there were no God, then "the war" would be "to the strong" amongst men. But since the strong man's strength flows, a tiny rill, from the omnipotence of his Creator, he lies bound to employ it according to his Creator's ordinance, and not otherwise. That Creator has endowed mankind, in their matured state, with freewill; hence the obedience of adults, one to another, is by rights a covenanted obedience. Covenants apart, we must not tamper with our neighbour's freedom.† At the same time, these covenants of voluntary subjection are natural to man, and ordained of God. Witness the fact, that, without obedience, scarce any man could live, much less could the inborn tendency of the human race to form society be worked out. Want, therefore, leads the needy freely to offer themselves to the service of their betters, that can aid them in return. The engagement is voluntary; abidance by its terms, however, is of moral obligation. Thus, upon the whole, the stronger and

* "Ens utcunque perfectum sine dominio non est Dominus Deus" (Newton, *Principia*, *Scholium Generale*).

† Of association-machine-makers, who pronounce the term *freewill* nonsensical, I will make this demand—"Considering, as you do, that volition is a phenomenon of invariable and unconditional sequence, on a par with the vibration of a pendulum, how do you justify your enslavement of the brute creation? Their volition being an 'invariable and unconditional sequence of action on motive,' like your own, they are as capable of freedom as you are; have they not therefore the same right to be free?"

abler amongst men, *οἱ κρείττους*, do rule their weaker brethren. That is natural; but for any, on the mere ground of superiority, to claim authority over him that is less able, would be most unnatural, for, though the weaker man's insufficiency naturally prompts him to choose for himself some superior, yet is he free as to the object of his choice, and his submission, into whatever hands it be tendered, ought to be voluntary.

And as it profited him to submit, so will the doing of what he undertook to do, when he exchanged a starveling independence for a fat clientship, be included in that profit. Not that orders never come forth which the inferior has not contracted to execute; not that there are no services asked to the arbitrary detriment of the renderer. Every institution feeds its parasite abuses. But these abuses, be it observed, are not cognate with authority; they spring from sheer overweening might; authority, from weakness having strength as its protector. Furthermore, these abuses are violations of the precept of charity, imposed on rulers and ruled alike by their common Lord. "Harm no man wantonly or selfishly" is the second commandment of nature; and it is "like unto the first."

So, then, strength does not of itself impart right to command; nor does the good of the superior, the end for which he orders, normally run counter to the good of the subject.

Thrasymachus had maintained that the final cause of authority was the securement of right, that is, of the selfinterest of the stronger; and that unrighteousness, or neglect of the interests and commands of authoritative might, was a course of conduct, vigorous, wise, good, and profitable, when impunity accompanied it. Socrates meets these allegations in detail. To the first he objects, that in no profession is the professional object identified with the personal good of the practitioner. The artist may work for money; but, as an artist, his professional aim is artistic excellence, as the physician's aim is the restitution of health, and the shepherd's, care of the sheep. No avocation has the aggrandizement of its follower for its formal object. Therefore, neither is government ordained to the advantage of the governor. When a governor goes in quest of his own private gain, his proceeding is unofficial, in so far as it is selfish. This is an argument rather to surprise than convince the modern reader. It comes out, perhaps, in a more familiar light along with the scholastic distinction between *finis operis* and *finis operantis*. Though the *ultimate intention* of the agent, the *finis operantis*, be circum-

scribed within himself, still, in no operation, where others than the agent are involved, as in government, is the advantage of the agent the *finis operis*, or primary product of his labour. It is impossible, then, for authority to be in effect a mere amplification of the man in power: the ruler's cistern fills from the streams of his subjects' good.

Neither is the rejection of authority, or unrighteousness, a principle of strength, as Thrasymachus maintained, but of weakness. For union is strength, and strength union; whereas unrighteousness is disunion. A congeries without organization, a composite of many selves, such are the unrighteous society and the unrighteous individual; and being such, they are weak.

They are unwise and bad to boot. Wisdom and worth mean moderation, and to that quality they are perfect strangers. Where opportunity offers, there is no end to their getting: the nick of time for crying "enough," the *καὶρὸς* beyond which excess and evil lie, passes unnoticed in their foolish greed. There is something very Greek about this argument. We recognize the "half, more than the whole" of Hesiod—the "nothing too much" of the Delphic Apollo—the "definite good" of Pythagoras—the "virtue between two extremes" of Aristotle—the *auream mediocritatem* of that sounding board of Hellenic thought, Horace. Unrighteousness is bad and foolish, because unrighteousness is a glutton. Seated in the soul, it constitutes the soul bad and foolish; it is the evil and the folly of the soul. But the soul is the principle of life; as is the unjust man's soul, therefore, so will his life be, bad and foolish, and, by consequence, woeful and vain, sustained by an evil principle, and sinking to an evil end. Thus Thrasymachus' song of praise to the Wicked One has proved, from first to last—a fitting tribute—a lie.

Thrasymachus is mute. Socrates is not satisfied; not having ascertained what righteousness is, he mistrusts his demonstration of its advantages. Still, he thinks the discussion over, remaining *sub judice*, as he was in the habit of leaving the matters of his conversational inquiries. But what had passed was really only a prelude. One book of the *Republic* here concludes; and there are nine more books to run, containing the comparison of the individual and the State, which has obtained for the dialogue its name. The dramatic elicitors of this, the longest flow of Socratic inspiration, are Plato's own brothers, Adeimantus and Glaucon. They provoke; Socrates dogmatizes; they assent. Glaucon, pointing anew Thrasymachus' broken foil, makes the following

sham onslaught on the victor. He does not believe what he is going to say; but it is the echo of the world's voice, and he will be glad of its confutation.—Unrighteousness is good conduct in itself, but has unpleasant consequences to the doer, which render it, on the whole, evil. For he who robs his neighbour, fills his own pocket at the other's expense. So far, so good. But when called to account by society, banded together by social compact for mutual security, and has to disgorge his spoil with interest, there is the misery of doing wrong. If, therefore, a man can succeed in acting unrighteously by stealth, while wearing the cloak of righteousness, his will be a twofold blessedness; first, that he has the natural profit of unjust deeds, and second, that he has the conventional benefit of a good reputation. If you would seriously maintain that righteousness is better than unrighteousness, you must tear away from the former the robe of respectability, wherewith the cautious "Greatest Nations" have invested her, and array her bold rival in its folds. Then shall you see the miscreant, the master in unrighteousness, has learnt to do evil of the special hue which men call good; you shall see him a rising man in his country, marrying and giving in marriage whom and to whom he wills, making money, pushing his enemies to the wall, advancing his friends, patronizing religion with largesses out of the proceeds of iniquity, so as to die in much greater odour of sanctity than he had died in any savour of sincerity and truth. Over against him place the personification of perfect righteousness, a simple in mind and noble of heart, caring not for the credit or for the reality of virtue. In fact, you must suppose him to have all credit; else, how can you tell whether it is welldoing for its own sake, or the comfortable results of welldoing, that entice him to its practice?

He must then be left naked of all but righteousness, and his character drawn quite the reverse of his rival's. So let him do no wrong, yet be reputed the worst of malefactors, that his righteousness may be proved by his not blenching under calumny and its consequences. Let him go on unflinchingly till death, under a livelong shadow of suspicion, despite his innocence. Thus, both men being extremes in their conduct, the one in righteousness, the other in unrighteousness, a fair judgment may be formed as to their comparative happiness.

How, then, will the righteous fare in the world?

Fancy that it is not I that speak, Socrates, but those who laud the *over right*. They will tell you that the righteous man we descri-

be scourged, racked, bound, blinded with hot irons, and at last, when ill treatment has been exhausted on him, will be fastened up with skewers, and so learn that, not the reality, but the show of virtue is the thing for man to embrace.*

Excellent doctrine! Who, indeed, had rather play the hapless martyr than the glorified apostate?

Glaucon's speech ended, Adeimantus follows as counsel on the same side. His brother has left out the strongest point in the case—the fact that no moralist ever recommended virtue, except for the sake of its consequences. Virtue itself is proverbially hard of attainment. "The gods have set sweat before it," Hesiod says, and "a long uphill road." If we can but reap the fruit, we may well forego the labour of being virtuous. Now the fruit of virtue in this life is respectability. For that, a little acting will suffice. But it is difficult to tread the stage always, and never let one's true character appear. Well, what effort for a great prize has not its difficulties? And is not genuine doing good more difficult still than hypocrisy? So let us be hypocrites. But the gods will find us out. Oh, perhaps they don't care; and if they do, we may easily soothe them with sacrifices, in consideration whereof they will forgive us here, and feast us hereafter in Elysium. What leads men to make up their minds in this way, Socrates, is the remarkable fact, that

Out of all you professed panegyrists of righteousness, from the heroes of old, whose words remain to us, down to the men of our time, not one has ever censured wickedness, or panegyrized integrity, except in reference to the reputations, honours, and fees thence incoming; but the essential nature of either habit dwelling in the soul, apart from the detection of it by gods or men, has never been detailed in poetry or in prose, with a view to prove, that while righteousness is the greatest good a soul can contain, the opposite is the direst of evils. For were this the theme of you all, and had we believed it from our youth, then, instead of watching our neighbours, to see they did us no injury, each of us would be his own best watcher, fearing lest the guilt of injustice attaching to him should possess him with the worst of woes.†

These two powerful pieces of special pleading set Socrates to define righteousness, that from the definition of that habit of soul, he may argue its intrinsic desirability. The inquiry is

* Plato, *Republic*, ii., 361, 362.

† *Republic*, ii., 366, 367. Cf.

Nec facile invenies multis e millibus unum.

Virtutem pretium qui putet esse sui.

Ipse decor facti, facti si præmia desint,

Non movet, et gratis pœnitet esse probum.—Ovid, *ex Ponto* ii., 3.

delicate, and his mental vision not very keen ; but it strikes him, that the character of a State is the character of an individual written in large letters. He will, therefore, pourtray a model State, and discerning public righteousness there, he will have made out its miniature, namely, individual righteousness.

Before "reading the large letters" with Socrates, our eyes must fall on an English commentary, too able and celebrated, and, I will add, too mistaken and unPlatonic to lie unnoticed. In the third volume of the late Mr. Grote's *Plato*, chapter xxxiv., I meet with criticisms of which the following is a summary—

1. Glaucon and Adeimantus speak of *justice*, meaning *honesty*. Socrates, in his reply, takes *justice* to mean *righteousness in general*.

2. Justice involves reciprocity, A benefiting B, with cost to himself, on condition of B's benefiting A with cost to himself. Socrates will insist that A's benefiting B at his own cost, without B's making any return, is itself enough for A's satisfaction. This is to ignore the reciprocal nature of justice.

3. The State is selfsufficient for its own happiness ; the individual is not sufficient to himself, but stands in need of much aid from others. Hence, from the happiness of a community, all composed of just men, you cannot draw any fair inference to that of one just man in an unjust community. Socrates infers this unfairly.*

I will begin by saying that Mr. Grote, instead of setting Plato right, had better have accepted correction from that old heathen philosopher. It is to Utilitarians of every time that the author of the *Republic* speaks, to men who make no distinction between *wrong* and *hurtful*, and to whom moral evil is evil solely because it leads to physical suffering ; to men who avoid vice, as the gouty peer avoids port wine, for its painful consequences. Plato declares this theory of morals to be false and mischievous together ; false, for that wickedness perverts the order of nature, and therefore is immediately, essentially, and in itself a misery ; mischievous, inasmuch as none can consider virtue simply an evil, or painful, means to the ulterior good of material prosperity, and not be urged by this consideration to take occasional short cuts to wealth and honour over the barriers of right. As I have said at the beginning, the Utilitarian ignores sin in confounding it with the Inexpedient. Sin is indeed inexpedient, but it is not therefore sin. It is inexpedient, because it is sin. When David fell, he gave admittance to the "evil inhabiting the soul," the κακὸν ζύνοισκον ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ, of Plato's allusion. When the prophet announced, "The Lord hath put

* These are not Mr. Grote's own words, but they epitomize his meaning.

away thy sin," the "inhabitant evil" disappeared; yet the temporal consequences—that which alone constituted the evil in utilitarian eyes—remained unsundered from the transgression, and were brought home to him afterwards by Absalom's rebellion. I do not see what a Utilitarian can understand by the forgiveness of sin, except the prevention of its bad effects upon earth. On that understanding, Nathan, whom the Lord had sent, was a false prophet, and King David's sin was not put away. Let me not be accused of reading a classic author through biblical glasses. True, the Christian revelation, and especially the doctrine of the Atonement, has lit up the hideousness of sin with a flood of light, shed from Gethsemani and Calvary; but it is not merely by revelation that sin is known. Its awful possibility is a truth of the natural order, concomitant with that of the existence of God; both truths are cognizable by reason, without the aid of faith. One is the shadow of the other; he who ignores either, ignores both. Honour to Socrates and Plato, and to the Stoics after them, who had sufficient purity of intelligence to discern that a wicked act is a moral undoing of the agent, and not a mere door opened for suffering to enter.

Reverting to Socrates' extension of the term *justice* from the meaning of *honesty* to that of *righteousness*, I hold it no shifting of the question. Glaucon and Adeimantus had represented the honest man as choosing the lesser of two evils, selfdenial rather than punishment. Hence they argued that, where shelter from punishment could be secured, the selfdenying practice of honesty might very well be laid aside. Socrates answers them, and maintains that the evil of all unrighteousness, dishonesty included, lies, not in the punishment imposed by society, but in the unrighteous act itself. This evil, he says, outweighs any amount of selfdenial; a man, therefore, should deny himself to the utmost rather than do wrong, even with a prospect of escaping punishment. The particular case in point is covered by the general proposition here proved. If any wild mountaineer of Great Britain or Ireland were to offer me a partnership in the working of an illicit still, and I were to reply by a disquisition on the general advisability of obeying the law of the land, I think no sound judge of logic would rule that my answer was irrelevant. Socrates' defence of justice against Glaucon and Adeimantus follows a similar line. The two brothers pretended that justice, meaning *honesty*, was not in itself recommendable. Socrates'

reply, syllogistically couched, would run : " Righteousness is in itself commendable ; but honesty is a part of righteousness therefore honesty is in itself commendable." I challenge the denial, either of the formal sequence of this conclusion from the premisses, or of its accurate contradiction of the opponent's these.

Mr. Grote dwells much on the reciprocity of justice, and Plato's forgetfulness of it. He supposes the philosopher to maintain, that it is a good and blessed thing to fulfil a conditional obligation as though it were unconditional. That is not what Plato maintains. Plato maintains, that doing one's duty is happiness, irrespective of the conduct of others. But to do for another that which you are not bound to do for him except under a condition, which condition he fails to represent, such disinterestedness is no man's duty. So the Platonic paradox : " Better be wronged than wrong," allows of a traveller striking dead the highwayman that comes for his spoil. He who slays a unjust aggressor, works him no wrong. But happier, Plato says, the victim of aggression than the aggressor ; happier the sufferer than the sinner. I take the following extract from St. John Chrysostom to be quite to Plato's mind—

Nothing of human terrors is terrible, save only sin ; not poverty, nor disease, nor outrage, nor contumely, nor degradation, nor that reputed extreme of all evils, death. For these are but names to the disciples of philosophy, names of calamities, void of object ; but the real calamity is to offend God, and do any action of which He disapproves.*

Mr. Grote thirdly objects, that the conditions of individual happiness extend to the behaviour of the individual's associates ; whereas a State may be happy merely by its own internal order. The State is a perfect community, a selfsufficient organism, free from the inevitability of foreign influence. The individual, on the contrary, is imperfect, insufficient in himself, and cannot avoid being influenced, for happiness or misery, by his fellow-citizens. This is a specious objection, but it contains one ambiguous term, *happiness*. Define *happiness* with Plato, and you will no longer object with Mr. Grote. That commentator identifies the *happy* with the *comfortable*, and wins an easy victory over his author by consequence. When Archelaus of Macedon drowned his little half-brother in a well,* and usurped his throne, the poor child drowning in the well was certainly less comfortable than the

* *Hom. v. ad Pop. Antioch.*

† Plato, *Gorgias*, 471, C.

usurper at home in the palace. But he was the happier for all that—so Socrates thought—that is, his position was the more desirable of the two. We have all had our times of sensuous enjoyment; we have had, too, some poor hours at least of duty done under difficulties. We felt more satisfied with ourselves in the latter circumstance than in the former. This *more satisfactory and more enviable* is what Socrates and Plato styled the *happier* lot. I well understand a scholar of Jeremy Bentham rubbing out the line between *comfortable* and *happy*. The *greatest happiness of the greatest number* means, in a Benthamite mouth, their *greatest comfort*. For his aim is shortened by the limits of this life. Yet, I say, it may well be, that the true happiness of the mortal community of mankind on earth would not lie in their being rendered as comfortable as possible; it lies in their working out, through comfort or discomfort, their last end, an end not of this world. Does Bentham call this doctrine asceticism? Well, Plato also was an ascetic. When, then, an ascetic speaks of happiness, let the word be understood to bear an ascetic, and not a Benthamite, meaning.

I shall not describe the constitution of Plato's model commonwealth at greater length than is needed to illustrate the model just man. The people are divided into three castes, Magistrates, Soldiers, and Working Men. A child is not born into one or other of these castes, but is assorted according to the promise of his disposition as he grows up. The fundamental principle of the constitution is, that every citizen shall mind his own business only, and have only one business to mind. The Magistrate shall be devoted wholly to government, the Soldier wholly to war, the Working Man wholly to his particular craft; he must not be a jack of all trades, much less must he fight, or dabble in politics. The Magistrates and Soldiers must possess no gold or silver, being provided by the Working Men with the necessaries of life; nor shall any of them call any one woman his exclusive wife. For any Soldier or Magistrate, with private property, or a family of his own, would have two duties, the care of the State and the care of his own household, two interests to watch over, the public and a family interest. But for a citizen thus to be committed to two distinct lines of duty, would be a subversion of the basis of Platonic society. None can attain the Magistracy that is not a philosopher.* Fifty revolving years

* "Except either philosophers become kings, or kings and princes apply themselves with hearty goodwill to philosophy, there is no chance of an alleviation of

shall come and go over the weaving of the philosophic mantle. The highest offices of State cannot safely be committed to an experience younger than half a century. Up to that age, the rising Magistrate shall be educated in music and poetry, to make him gentle, and in gymnastics, to make him brave; next in arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and all those studies which tend to raise the mind from Phenomena to Ideas; and lastly, he shall learn metaphysics, or the science of the Ideal World. When he takes the helm of public affairs, his guiding star shall be the Idea of Good; that he shall watch, and by that he shall steer; nay, he shall frequently yield place to another helmsman and snatch himself an interval of pure contemplation of the Idea.

Plato, the transcendental legislator, must be explained by Plato, the idealist metaphysician. Otherwise his commonwealth will appear a very home of whims. Hence I am constrained here to offer an exposition, which brevity will render superficial, of a profound and far-reaching speculation—the Platonic doctrine of Ideas. Plato pronounced a philosopher to be, “a person capable of apprehending the Eternal and Unchangeable.”* But what is there that endures without change? That an illustration will show. Think, I admonish you, think of the friend you loved years ago, of his cheering presence, his sparkling intelligence, his ardent and candid soul, of all the high endowments that constituted him, in Grecian phrase, “fair and good.” He is dead now, or he has changed. But the thought of what he was, his image, all but his very self remains with you, an angel of your own creation, ever at call to soothe you. Has this mental creation of yours any objective value, now that the being on whom you modelled it has passed away? If you believe Plato, it has. It represented, from the first, not the individual merely, but, much more than that, the everlasting Ideas wherein he participated, Ideas of Friendship

political and social miseries” (*Rep.*, v., 473). It may hinder an undeserved smile at this maxim, if we remember that, in the ancient world, philosophy was—what modern rationalism would have it to be again—the theory of conduct, the religion, of its professors. Men read Plato and Seneca, not from curiosity, or for literary or antiquarian purposes, but to be taught what to do. It was their spiritual reading. They had no better guides. Such consecration attached to the word *φιλοσοφία* and its derivatives, that the Greek Fathers found none better to express the “wisdom of the Cross,” the practice of Christianity. In the passage above quoted from St. John Chrysostom, *φιλοσοφοῦντες* stands a synonym for *Χριστιανοί*.

* *Plato, Rep.*, vi., 484.

Fidelity, and Truth, by virtue of which participation he was made your friend, faithful and true to you. He is gone, he has left your side, he who returned your confidence and love; but Fidelity and Friendship remain: they were before creation, they are independent of creation's changes. They belong to the eternal and immutable region of Ideas, that still tableland unto which the intellect climbs from sensible phenomena, and where, on the serene height, the philosopher's speculations own their home. The philosopher's eye rests on things of sense, but his thought soars beyond them; they are not all fair, they are not all good; he requires absolute perfection. Now there is in heaven an actually existent faultless type of every species of being. There exists "a Beauty everlasting, without beginning and without end, without growth and without decay, a Beauty without taint of unsightliness, unintermitting, absolute, infinite; not face, nor hands, nor anything corporeal, nor thought, nor knowledge, nor any accident inherent in animal, earth, or heaven, but a selfexistent, unique, eternal Being, of which the other beautiful things that be, partake, without its suffering increase, or diminution, or other modification whatsoever, by their coming to bloom and their falling to fade."* And as beauty, so equality, unity, man—every thing and every attribute has its Idea. There are two critical questions prompted by this doctrine: Where do the Ideas exist? and what is the manner of their participation by creatures? Unfortunately, on neither of these points can a definite answer be returned, without saying more than Plato has anywhere explicitly declared. I suspect an unconscious tinge of pantheism in his mind, at the time when he was most enthusiastic about the Ideas, I mean when he wrote his *Meno*, *Phædo*, *Symposium*, *Phædrus*, and *Republic*. I doubt if he then clearly stated to himself, that God had a personal nature, and that creation did not partake of the Godhead in any such way as to be, to the whole extent of its reality, divine. There seems a significance in Plato's reiterated denials of the real existence of the material creation. Only the Ideas properly exist; sensible things are phantom beings, shadows of the Ideas. This is the moral pointed by the allegory of the Cave—

See mankind in a kind of cavernous abode, like a deep cutting, open to the light by an unroofed entrance stretching along the entire length. Here they are and have been from their childhood, stationary, and seeing only the sights straight before them, since the collars hinder

* *Symp.*, 211.

their turning round their heads. High above and behind them burns a fire, and between the fire and the prisoners a raised causeway runs, edged with a little wall, like the screens that jugglers set up in front, to keep off the audience and perform their tricks over them. See, then, people passing along this wall, carrying all manner of manufactured goods that project above the wall, likewise statues of men and of other animals, in stone and in wood, of every conceivable workmanship.*

The articles carried past throw their shadows on the side wall of the cavern, where the prisoner's gaze is fixed. The shadows represent the phenomena of sense, which men, unable to turn their heads round, take for the whole scope and contents of truth. And they have—

Compliments and eulogiums and distinctions, which they pay to one another, for the keenest observation of the passing shadows, and the aptest description of their uniformities of sequence and coexistence, and the most competent prediction of the phenomena next to appear.†

But high over the heads and behind the backs of these matter of fact inquirers, the sun lights up more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy. That sun images the Idea of Good; the things that shine in its light are the rest of the Ideas. Supposing these Ideas to be the sole genuine realities—as Plato says they are—and to be conceived of God—for God calls them eternal—then all real existence is God, which is the error of Spinoza. I am far from believing that Plato taught, with definiteness and determination, any such pantheistic doctrine; I merely opine that his early speculations had some logical bearing, probably unnoticed by him, in that direction. In his later years, indeed, writing his *Timæus*, he indicates with sufficient clearness the personality of God, and how the Divine Artist moulded matter, distinct from Himself, to form the world. But in that evening of his days, Plato reverted less to the Ideas which had entranced him in his prime. He died, therefore, without effecting the junction between theology and philosophy which the perfection of either science imperatively requires.

I must characterize particularly the Idea of Good, whereof Plato writes ravishing things. As the Sun in the visible universe, so stands the Idea of Good amongst the Ideas. From the Sun emanate Light and Vision; from the Idea of Good, Truth and Knowledge. The Sun is distinct from and superior to both Light and Vision; the Good occupies a line of being, exalted above Truth and above Knowledge. To the Sun objects of

* *Rep.*, vii., 514.

† *Rep.*, vii., 516, E, D.

sight owe not merely their manifestation, but their generation, development, and nourishment besides; the Sun itself not undergoing any of these processes of change, but maintaining a state of selfsufficient perfection. The Good, in like manner, not limited to making the other Ideas known, outpours upon them their very being and substance; but itself is no substance; it is supersubstantial in dignity and power. Human volition all pivots upon some prospect of good. If the prospect prove illusory, dissatisfaction ensues. Men can rest and be thankful in false righteousness and in false beauty, knowing them to be false, but in known false good never. There every one clamours for the genuine reality. Therefore the utmost consequence attaches to the City Guardians' sharpeyed and accurate discernment of that mark on high, whereat all men, consciously or unconsciously, point their action. Private individuals may aim and act blindly—they run their own private risks, and they have superiors to see for them; but a statesman, blind to the end of man, is a good for nothing watchman over the public interest, a living calamity to many. Therefore an acquired intuition into the Idea of Good makes the first of requisites in the Platonic Guardian. With Absolute Goodness in view, he will not be left to hit by conjecture the good of his particular city. He must acquire this statesmanlike intuition by long practice of abstraction and study of the abstract sciences. So only can he mount above the mimicry of sense, so only can he wed philosophy.

It is as easy to ridicule these fancies of Plato, as it is to substantiate them with a Christian sense. There may be error in either course. Some minds have drunk such intoxicating draughts of Attic mead, as to have exemplified what St. Bernard says of Abelard—*Dum multum sudat quomodo Platonem faciat Christianum, se probat ethnicum*. They have found in the Academy all the truth of the Gospel, expressed in choicer language. And they have preferred the more elegantly worded truth. Platonic quotations fill their mouths, leaving scant room for SS. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. True, the Evangelists tell plain facts of God and His Christ, while Plato propounds riddles about the Selfexistent; but then the riddles have this recommendation, that they were concerted by mere natural acuteness, and a naturalminded man may read them; they are monuments of human genius unassisted from heaven: whereas the Gospel narrators spoke, not the conceits of their own hearts, but "according as the Holy Spirit granted them to speak;" and

their utterances can be understood only by dint of humble prayer. Now, humble prayer is not a pursuit that suits the beards of Abelards, medieval or modern. So they study Plato six or seven a half days in the week, and listen to a little Gospel on Sunday forenoons. They hope to come to God by that way. The vaguest myth, the most cursory metaphor of the son of Aristotle carries to their itching ears more significance than do the parables of the Son of God. The first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans strikes rudely home to these Academic Christians. I do not know whether St. Paul had Plato in his mind when he penned the conclusion of that chapter. He must at least have levelled his censure at many of Plato's professed followers. For the moral teaching of the founder of the Academy—wellintentioned though I believe it was—threw open the door to the fellest, most lawless, and most brutal of the passions of man. St. Thomas* argues the convenience of the revelation even of the truths of natural religion, because he says, were we left to our own reasonings about them, the discovery would be confined to a few students blessed with time to think; many years would be wasted by each discoverer over the search; and the discovery, when made, would be but glimmering and half in the light, overcast with the haze of metaphysics and the fog of passion. Plato admirably corroborates the Saint's argument. In mental power, Plato stood perhaps, second only to Solomon; his zeal for inquiry was insatiable; his life of learned leisure lasted to his eighty-first year. If ever mortal reasoner had ample provision in his natural and circumstances for solving the problems of existence, he was that favoured reasoner. Yet how deep the abyss of shame in which this raver of an ideal world, μέγας μεγαλωστί, fell! He has left an honoured name to an unspeakable sin.

This fact should ever be borne in memory by the admirer of Plato. The remembrance will chasten his admiration without destroying it. For he will also consider in what a nest of depravity it was that Plato lived and wrote. Often must the philosopher—wading, perhaps, as he pictures Socrates, barefoot down the cool shallow brook of the Ilissus—have pondered and devised a remedy for the frightful sores of human nature, cultivated but not sanctified as he witnessed that nature at Athens. They were sores which one Hand alone has effectually tended, the Hand that was pierced to heal them. Plato perceived that

* *Summa c. Gent.*, i., 4.

desperate evil demanded a desperate cure. He fell despairingly to devise one : he failed signally. His device was worse than the disease. Are we therefore to act the stern censor over his extravagances ? Shall we smile in supercilious conceit at his charming unconcern about the practical likelihoods of human volition ? Better not, I think. A greathearted man, compounding strange medicines for a nation in the throes of perdition, is a victim for fools only to rail at, and Pharisees to stone. Should we have been wiser moralists in his place, at Athens, in the fourth century before Christ ? Rather, let us reject the evil—the very great evil—in Plato, and choose the good. To a thoughtful Christian reader of his pages, it is marvellous how many points will occur whereon the working economy of the Church has outdone the philosopher's fondest fancy. Perhaps the more modest method of exposing this subject would consist in indicating it, and then leaving it for private reflection. The Greeks had a proverb — too often forgotten by us in writing—"Itself will show."

But I cannot abstain from further comment on the Idea of Good, seeing it was the explanation of that Idea that led into this portion of my disquisition. Might we, modifying the English phrase by one letter, substitute the Idea of God ; the Word of the Father, the Incarnation of Righteousness, the Pattern of righteous States and righteous men ? No, it were an unpardonable anachronism to suppose any such distinct conception before a heathen sage's mind. Plato was not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, nor did he live under a dispensation under which prophecies have been made void by fulfilment. He aspired to be guided by pure reason ; he was destitute of inspiration, destitute of divine faith. Like all reasoners in that predicament, he was out of the possibility of knowing great part of the truth of God ; and what theological truth he could absolutely ascertain, was likely to be vitiated in him by one or other of the manifold fallacies, intellectual and moral, that beset the path of inference. Yet is it easy for us Christians to recognize, after the event, how near to the sublimest mysteries the hoodwinked eagle often flew—near, that is, for finite mind to come near the Infinite. The Divinity was all round about Plato's cogitations, and he discerned it not, or discerned it as a man with his eyes shut can discern the light. The same remark holds good of various mighty but much mistaken intellects of modern Germany. *But their mistake has less excuse than Plato's.*

When we read* of the Idea of the Good affording cognoscibility and existence to the objects of Knowledge, that is, to the Ideas—material things being objects of opinion merely; when elsewhere we gather that God is the Begetter, *γεννητὴς*, of the Ideas—† does not a reminiscence cross our brain of the doctrine of the Catholic schools, how God from eternity is still generating His Word, the Image of Himself, and how in that, His one Idea—He sees the whole infinite array of creatures that He could create, copying His own essence? Therein consists what divines term God's *scientia simplicis intelligentiæ*, a Knowledge which bears its denomination without respect to the existence of creatures. What are all our abstract sciences but so many participations in that *scientia simplicis intelligentiæ*? Considering this ennobling doctrine of Catholic theology, we shall be less surprised at Plato's recommending the abstract sciences as vehicles to the Idea of Good. We shall gauge the value of his earnest asseverations, that the Ideas alone exist and alone furnish science. That is to say, the actual creation flits and flickers, but the possible is always possible alike; therefore, if science deals with unchangeable truth, it must be concerned with possibilities rather than with actual facts. Have we not here the *rationale* of Plato's extraordinary recommendation to astronomers,‡ that they should concern themselves little with that study of the heavens which we call physical astronomy, but turn to doing problems, "supposing such and such celestial orbs, to determine their motion?" I am not defending Plato in this particular. Without careful investigation of creation, as God has pleased to appoint it, we should make poor theorists of possible creation. How many possibilities has the law of gravitation unfolded! what work it has afforded mathematicians in calculating planetary perturbations! Yet it was a diligent practice, on Newton's part, of the methods of observation and experiment, that put into his hands that master key of dynamics. We must first discover how matter behaves in the present order

* *Rep.*, vi., 509.

† *Rep.*, x., 597. Messrs. Davies and Vaughan seem to have departed from their wonted accuracy in translating this word, "Creator." It stands expressly opposed to *δημιουργός*, the word used for "Creator" in the *Timæus*. Professor Jowett renders "natural author." The Professor's version goes on—"His nature is that He is the Creator of this and of all other things." The word "things" is misleading. Plato speaks only of the Ideas, as the previous context proves. Professor Jowett's translation insinuates that Plato supposed creation to have been a necessity of the Divine Nature.

‡ *Rep.*, vii., 530.

of the universe—that is the one reliable *datum* for arguing its behaviour under hypothesis. Granting what I have said, still I ask the phenomenalist registrar of sequences—"Whither would your science vanish, did you meddle with no truth unfigured in observed phenomena? Touching even such truth as phenomena do express, how would it be truth, that is, how would it forbid denial and defy change, were it not for the *scientia simplicis intelligentiæ*, that which Plato styled Ideas? You repudiate these Ideas and this *scientia*; you likewise teach, with consistent folly, that Truth is relative to the individual believer, being true only for him, and changing for him as his belief changes. That is to say, you destroy Truth, rending her limbmeal, as the Thracian Bacchantes rent Orpheus; for she and you harmonize not together—her voice sounds of heaven, while you are drunk with earthly passions."

Ere we look away from the "large letters" to the "small" ones, I would observe that the model State is not entirely selfsufficient and independent. The Guardians are bound to shape their government by the Idea of Good. In modern language, they are to consult God and school themselves to His Wisdom; they must not follow their own devices, nor act as though nations and the representatives of nations were without a superior. This remark has a future bearing on the question, whether Plato should rank among Independent Moralists.

To make out the description of the model man from the analogy of the State. The State contained three classes, Guardians, Soldiers, Working Men: in man's soul there are three powers, Reason, Resolution, and Appetite; Reason to order, Resolution to enforce, Appetite to apprehend obediently. The parts of Guardian, Soldier, and Working Man were severally correspondent. Now a State is righteous, when every member of it does his duty—according to Nelson's signal. Analogically, a man's soul will be righteous, when every component part takes its proper place in determining the man's conduct. Here is the definition of righteousness, whereof we were in quest. Righteousness, be it of State or of individual, consists in every moral organ, so to speak, discharging its own function. Let there be no *metastasis*. This would be the one thing necessary for perfect righteousness, were the State, or the individual, righteous without reference to an external standard. Of two souls, or two cities, in neither of whom did one part interfere with

another, neither could be styled the more righteous—both would be extremes. But States and individuals alike are neither of them purely selfregardant. They are ordained to obey the Reason; and Reason is ordained to look outside of the reasoner, to penetrate the Kingdom of Ideas even to the throne of their King, which is the Idea of Good. These Ideas are objective realities; man's final perfection and bliss centre in communion with them. The clearer one discerns the Ideas the more he will be righteous, Reason discharging in him her proper function more efficiently. A lower intellect, ruling the subordinate passions according to its light, will render a man perfect in his degree, but perfect with an inferior perfection, nature and education having served him less well. It results, that the model righteous man coincides with the philosopher, "capable of apprehending the unchangeable and eternal" Ideas. To become a philosopher, postulates a goodly list of primitive endowments, abetted by length of training. Plato enumerates the endowments—good memory, quickness of apprehension, largeness of mind, grace in conversation, eagerness to know all truth; supervening upon justice, fortitude, and temperance. The education he describes:—literature and science, alternating with gymnastics, till twenty, a study of the correlation of the several sciences till thirty, then a metaphysical course, lasting five years, succeeded by fifteen years' practical life, will set the pupil on the pinnacle of philosophy at the completion of his fiftieth year.

At this rate, though any man may be righteous in his degree the perfection of righteousness lies open only to minds of the highest order and most exceptional cultivation. The poor mechanic and the little child can hardly enter Plato's kingdom of heaven. Listen to his description of Working Men—"Stunted natures, as bruised and chipped in soul by their menial occupations, as they are disfigured in body."* They are creatures of Appetite rather than of Reason, and they ought for their own interests to abide in bondage to the philosopher, in whom Reason the divine bears sway.† Still, their lack of wit brings its own compensation. Powerless for great good, they are no less impotent of great evil. The worst specimens of humanity are not mechanics, but philosophic geniuses badly brought up. And in the present state of the world, the preponderant probability lies on the side of a genius being badly brought up. H

* *Rep.*, vi., 495.† *Rep.*, ix., 590.‡ *Rep.*, vi., 491.

possesses just the right accomplishments for flatterers to finger and foul. His brilliant nature shows in the world, and the world seeing it will fascinate him and wither him with its notice. So that, whereas the born mechanic has no chance of perfect righteousness, the born philosopher stands a very poor chance of being righteous at all. The former may reckon on mediocrity; the latter has a remote prospect of perfection. The slight put by Plato on the Working Man is explicable by the philosophic light in which he views him. Philosophy deals with mankind in the state of pure nature, not with mankind in that supernatural state whereunto we have all been elevated. Hence the philosopher's representation of man ever wears the air of a fancy portrait. It represents us stripped of that robe, our Creator's gratuitous investment, which cleaves to us continually. We have a difficulty in recognizing the bare groundwork of our being, which philosophy displays. For our acts of virtue are prompted, not by mere natural discernment of good, but by the grace of God. He amongst us is best qualified for righteousness, on whom grace has been most liberally bestowed. Now, I am not aware that there is any proportion observed between the bestowal of grace and the bestowal of genius. Nowhere have I learned that the sunniest nature, provided no voluntary obstacle intervene, will receive also the brightest lights on spirituality. On the contrary, I read that God has "hidden things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to little ones."* But philosophy, not considering the supernatural, rules that God will be most aptly apprehended by the man whose powers of inference are the greatest. The most consummate Reason, being the best fitted to discover God, supplies the best basis for natural virtue. In the light of this irrefragable sentence, we should look at Plato's painting of the philosopher saint and the unhallowed artizan. We should remember, moreover, that none but deficient natures are appointed, in the model commonwealth, to manual labour. Every child of philosophic promise is there ordered to receive a philosophical training. What Plato stigmatizes in the mechanic, is not so much his craft as the imbecility of Reason in him, which leaves his brutal passions without a native superior, and places him in need of foreign control.† The handicraft, indeed, itself is reproached for dwarfing the soul equally with the body; that is, because it distracts the thoughts. On the supposition that God were only to be found by hard thinking, a mechanic,

* *St. Luke x. 21.*† *Rep., ix., 590.*

having small time to think, would be, so far forth, a godless, illdeveloped man; undeniably he would. I say it fearlessly with Plato: were we in a state of pure nature, genius and education would arrive to sit on the first thrones in heaven; though genius might also fill, in far greater profusion—such corruption breathes in the world's school—the lowest of dungeons in hell. It is the Working Man, of all men, that should worship the divine decree of salvation by grace through Jesus Christ. By His grace he may still be a saint, without philosophy. But mark how philosophy, without Christianity, drives the Working Man, the dull man, the illiterate man, logically to the wall. "This rabble, that knoweth not the law, are accursed."*

Between the model righteousness, in State and individual, and the opposite extreme, Plato interposes several grades. First, the city and the man of Honour, the Spartan regime, orderly and courageous, but boorish and somewhat covetous withal. Then the Oligarchical city and man, where authority is vested in wealth; and the spendthrift passions are coerced, not by wisdom, but by greed of money. Next, the Democracy and the Democrat: here authority resides everywhere, it being nobody's business to obey, but every member of the State, every power of the soul, follows its own bent unrestrained. A happy quotation of Professor Jowett's hits off this character—

A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

None of these three grades represents Reason governing. Resolution, or Pluck, reigns in her stead in the Spartan constitution. Covetousness, an appetite, the most frugal of the crew, rules the Oligarch: while the Democrat's breast is an anarchy. The series of politics has thus passed from the government of the best to that of the less good, and thence to the polity in which all govern; now for the negative side of the series, the government of the worst. The city, where the lust of a bestial autocrat forms the law, is said to be under a Tyranny; so is the man under a Tyranny, that accepts for his predominant passion the most infatuate and most peremptory of the Appetites, Wanton Love. Tragedians have worked fertile imaginations to exhibit the extremest hues of wickedness; but I think Plato's Tyrannical Man outdoes them all. It is like a photograph taken from some lost wretch in hell.

* St. John vii. 29.

"The Appetite, that has come to be foreman of his soul, careers wildly, surrounded by mad retainers, and if it should chance to light any virtuous fancies or desires, fraught still with some lingering sense of shame, it kills them and casts them out, till it has purged away modesty and filled the void with an importation of frantic craving."

"A accurate description of the growth of a tyrant in man."

"Pray is it on this account that for ages Love has borne the title of tyrant?"

"Perhaps it is."

"Now a drunken man is minded like a tyrant; and we see that madness and delirium prompt people to act as though they should prevail, not over men merely, but even over gods."

"Quite so."

"A man, therefore, becomes thoroughly tyrant-ridden when, either from nature or from practice, or from both, he puts on the airs of a drunkard and a lover and a madman."

Luxury, however, is an expensive habit; the prodigal begins to be in want.

"In this plight he ventures to trench on his parents' property."

"Of course."

"And if they object he will try, will he not, to pilfer from and defraud his parents, secretly at first?"

"To be sure he will."

"And failing that, he will resort to open robbery and violence?"

"I expect that of him."

"Now supposing, wondrous sir, the old gentleman and the old lady to resist and show fight, think you that their son will stand off and refrain from doing a tyrannical act?"

"I don't feel at all easy about the parents of such a son."

"But, Adeimantus, do you really think that, for the sake of a mistress—a recent acquaintance, mind you, and not one of his own blood—he would give up to blows and reduce to slavery his own fond old mother? or that, for a blooming favourite, a stranger, whom he has lately picked up, he would surrender his first of kin, his decrepit father, and put age in bondage to youth by bringing them under the same roof?"

"Aye, by Zeus, that he would."

"Then it is like to be a blessed lot, to have a tyrant-ridden child?"

"A very blessed lot indeed."

"But when he has run through his father's and his mother's all, and the swarm of pleasures in him is now grown to a great cluster, will he not set to work in the beginning as a burglar at the wall of some house, or lay hands on somebody's cloak by night, and after that, a temple he'll sweep clean, won't he? And all the while, the notions of right and wrong which he formed with justice, when a boy, will quail before the power of Love and its body guard of newly emancipated fancies—fancies which, before his character was formed, and while he was still in leading strings to the law and to his father, only broke loose at nights. Thus tyrannized over by Love—his waking state like few men's dreams—he

will hold back from no bloodshed, or feast, or felony; but Love, indwelling tyrannically in him, with all manner of perturbation and lawlessness, itself the sole monarch, will drive the kingdom of the possessed man's soul to dare the utmost, in order to get food for the tyrant passion and its rout of attendants.* . . .

"So let us sum up the story of the worst man's life, a waking bad dream."†

But a lower depth yet remains—

"A greater harvest of woes than this is reaped by him, who, being rotten in the state of his soul, lives not in a private station, but is washed by some wave of fortune up to the position of autocrat, where, though unable to control himself, he puts his hand to ruling others; just as if one of a sickly and impotent frame of body, instead of slinking away from professional occupations, were forced to spend his life in wrestling and fighting with the ailments of his neighbours."‡

This delineation of consummate unrighteousness is Socrates' amendment upon the "prosperous gentleman" scoundrel, depicted at the outset by Glaucon. It shows the inner mind, the true self, of the aforesaid prosperous gentleman. From that we must judge, whether he or the model righteous man, also set forth in the character of the philosopher, be the happier. And let no suspicion haunt us, that perhaps an intermediate stage, between perfect virtue and perfect vice, may have attractions superior to either extreme; for unless we be perfectly virtuous, that is to say, perfectly reasonable, at least in endeavour, we stand much chance of slipping, no one can tell how soon or how far, into absolute unreason and viciousness. An extreme of some sort, then, must furnish our ideal of pursuit.

"How shall I climb to a loftier stronghold, and having thus fenced about, live my life, by righteousness or by crooked wiles?"§

On which of these alternatives does happiness hang? The answer now finally appears.

"Shall we hire a herald, or shall I myself proclaim, that *Ariston's son*|| *has adjudged the best and most righteous man to be the happiest, him that is, who is the most kingly, and reigns king over himself; and the worst and most unrighteous man to be the most miserable, which is he who has the most tyrannical temper, and plays the tyrant most unconstitutionally over himself and his city?*"

* *Rep.*, ix., 573—575. † *Rep.*, ix. 576, B. ‡ *Rep.*, 579, C.

§ Quoted from Pindar by Adeimantus in his opening speech, *Rep.*, ii., 365.

|| Glaucon.

"Make the proclamation."

"With this clause, *irrespectively of their characters being observed or quite unobserved by gods and men?*"

"Yes, tail that clause on to the proclamation."*

The above award rests on the assumption of the kingly righteous man being free, and the tyrant-ridden, unrighteous man, a slave. A deep significance underlies this position. To penetrate it, we must recall Plato's peculiar views about liberty and necessity, good and evil. The word *necessity* was odious to the Greek philosopher. He did not hate the word as bearing no meaning; he was not modern enough for that. On the contrary, it bore to his understanding a tremendous meaning. It characterized the principle of evil in the universe — brute, wayward matter. Matter, Plato thought, was an unholy thing. It was not created by God; it enters but partially under divine control. Before all ages, it existed of itself in a chaotic state—an unmixed evil. At length God regulated the chaos, endowing the material world with a soul, that so, having a principle of order, it might "answer His great Idea" of the Good, as perfectly as the vicious nature of Body admitted. But intrinsic evil cannot be rendered altogether good. Therefore is the universe good and evil at once, good by the guidance of intelligence, but evil by the brute force of matter.† Spirit becomes evil in proportion to the closeness of its alliance with flesh. The union of soul and body, blending the intelligent with the necessitated, is an unredeemed misfortune for the former.‡ The man whose body overlays his soul, becomes himself the bondsman of necessity, unregenerate and unblessed. Where the soul, on the other hand, brings the body into subjection, the man partakes of the attributes of spirit as opposed to matter—namely, freedom, sanctity, and beatitude. In short, it belongs to the consummately righteous man to be spirit, and to the consummately unrighteous man to be matter; and spirit is holy, and matter unholy.§ Attached hereto clings another Platonic doctrine, that of the involuntariness of vice. Wicked deeds are done, because the doer has had the misfortune to fall into the clutches of a

* *Rep.*, ix., 580.

† Plato, *Timæus*, 30, A; 47, E; 48, A; 68, D, E, and 69. The whole of p. 69 should be carefully collated.

‡ Plato, *Phædrus*, 248, C; 250, C.

§ Read Plato, *Phædo*, 80, 81, 82, 83.

peremptory and pig-headed harpy, his own flesh, which hurries him astray perforce. His deed is fleshly and wrong accordingly, but not wilful. Were it wilful, it would proceed from spirit, and, in virtue of that origin, be removed from taint of matter and of evil. Plato declares this opinion with all reiteration and emphasis. For example: "No man is wilfully bad; the bad man's going bad should be charged on a peccant humour and an illiberal education."* And again: "I am pretty well convinced that no competent judge considers any man's offence to be wilful, or any deed of shame and ill to be wilfully done: far from it; they know that base and evil doers are, without exception, involuntary agents."† On this very account does the unrighteous man bear the just brand of *slave*, for that he never does what he wills.‡ Hence we contrast Plato's conception of wickedness, first, with the utilitarian, and, secondly, with the orthodox conception. To a Utilitarian, a wicked deed appears, in itself, a gainful thing, but, in its after results, a preponderant woe. In Plato's eyes, both the results of the deed and the deed in itself are woeful, it being a lapse from the dominion of Mind, the free and good, to the dominion of Matter, the necessary and evil. By the orthodox moralist, a wicked deed is accounted woeful in its results, woeful in itself, and, over and above these woes, he counts it sinful—sinful, precisely because it is the free selfdetermination of a Person to do wrong. Plato never attained to the adequate conception of sin.

I am afraid I have ruined my author's reputation with many readers, by setting forth what he understood by the slavery of the unrighteous. The exposition, however, was useful, as well for a correct appreciation of the *Republic*, as also by way of illustration, how "Plato should then be most mistrusted, when he rises nearest to inspiration." Here, under the most imposing constructions of Platonic ethics, we have discovered an elaborate mine of Manicheism. We have identified that odious heresy professed nowadays by so few, yet gone upon still so generally. Trouble and temptation knock at our doors, with an importunity that denies all budging. Thereat, perhaps, we put on an air of outraged innocence, and sullenly surrender ourselves for lost. What is that but a practical recognition of an evil principle of brute necessity, pressing upon us, forsooth, without the divine permission, and working our moral pollution apart from our free consent? It is from this pride of ours, wounded at whatever

* *Timæus*, 86, D.

† Plato, *Protagoras*, 345, D, E.

‡ *Rep.*, ix., 577, D.

upsets our selfsufficient and selfcomplacent mental equilibrium, that Manicheism of old sprang. The same is the parent of the two younger sisters of Manes, I mean Puritanism and Jansenism. Woe for the morals of him who sides with this family of gloom ! He will soon verify a remark of Plato's, that overstraining a point conducts to the opposite extreme.* The history of England in the seventeenth century, and that of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth, exemplifies what a thin partition divides rigorism of theory from laxity of practice. We can hardly expect purity from a Puritan.

The cancer of Manicheism, however, may be cut out from the Platonic philosophy ; and that philosophy will not die, but live by the operation. The great defect of Plato—as of the whole number of pagan philosophers, and about three quarters of their successors—was neglect of the fact of personality. We read in the *Republic*, of “Reason” and “Appetite,” not of “I reasoning” and “I indulging Appetite.” And so Plato misunderstood volition, how it consists in a conscious adherence of the Person to a spontaneous complacency ; he was blind to the wilfulness, and consequent sinfulness of crime ; nor did he track the origin of evil home to the creature's abuse of freewill. We divide evil into *physical* and *moral*. The founder of the Academy perceived, that the latter alone deserves to be called evil ; since suffering dwindles to zero when compared with doing wrong. But this he failed to perceive, that moral evil is not the bare presence of Appetite, nor the struggles of Appetite against Reason ; but it is the choice of a Person, or Reasonable Being, to follow Appetite rather than Reason. That choice is wicked to the extent of its being preposterous. But that the mere appetite by itself does not amount to wickedness, we may see from the case of the lower animals, which obey Appetite in the total absence of Reason, and yet enjoy a constitutional immunity from moral blame. Plato probably thought a licentious man neither more nor less immoral than a brute beast. There was his error. Still further was he mistaken in ascribing immorality to that which has neither Reason nor Appetite, namely, to inanimate matter. Detach a weight, and down it falls. Plato deemed it wicked of weights to behave so blindly. Poor heathen, he had not well weighed that a Holy Wisdom has raised matter out of nothing, and plays the guide to its blind operations.

* *Rep.*, viii., 563, E.

Another portentous oversight. Out of the antithesis of holy spirit and unholy matter, pride, the besetting sin of spiritual creatures, escapes unnoticed. Yet it was no material tendency that drew Satan down like lightning from heaven. The omission of precepts on humility grievously impairs the completeness of the *Republic* as a manual of natural virtue.

I have impeached Plato's account of the slavery, and resultant wretchedness, that burdens the wicked man. Yet do hold such a one for a slave and a wretch. The voice of Truth has spoken it—"Whosoever committeth sin, is the slave (*δοῦλος*) of sin."* This saying has a meaning, though not the meaning which Plato would have assigned. Let us regard the essential notes of slavery. A slave I would define to be, a reasoning agent, whose action is determined neither by his own reason, nor by the command of an authority, on whose sagacity and benevolence his reason relies. The unrighteous man falls clearly under this definition; for that an unrighteous course is also an unreasonable course, all moralists agree. It is, therefore the course of a slave. But whether of an unwilling or of a willing slave, there lies the issue. In the Platonic view, the slavery of the unrighteous man is his misfortune rather than his fault, he having fallen under the dominion of the atheistic principle of matter, not by choice, but by chance. Christianity on the contrary, and reason† evince that no man becomes the slave of sin except by his own fault.‡ But though the slavery of the unrighteous should be set down to his fault, in willing to be a slave, it remains none the less his misfortune. Rather being his fault, it is therefore his own most domestic and peculiar misfortune, clinging closest to his personality, and engrained in his deepest self. Pitiable as is the overmastered prisoner; the prisoner that hugs chains which he might break if he chose, challenges more pity still. Unblessed is the brute—I mean, in comparison with man; but a thousand times greater woe for the man who volunteers to be a brute.

And now for my last inquiry. Which was Plato's theory of morals—the theistic, the utilitarian, or the independent theory? Scarcely, I should say, the utilitarian: if indeed the *Republic*

* St. John viii. 34.

† See Aristotle, *N. Ethics*, iii., cap. vii.

‡ "Interveniente peccato patitur quandam vim et ipse [homo], sed a voluntate non a natura, ut ne sic quidem ingenita libertate privetur. . . . Est enim necessitas hæc quodammodo voluntaria" (St. Bernard, 81 *super Cantica*, where more may be found on this subject).

was written in contravention of the utilitarian pleas of Thrasy-machus, Glaucon, and Adeimantus. Or was he an Independent Moralist? So at least Mr. Grote would catalogue him. "The motive to performance of justice, and to avoidance of injustice, is derived in his [Plato's] theory (as it is in what is called the selfish theory) entirely from the happiness or misery of the agent himself. . . . Thus the Platonic theory is entirely self-regarding." * I hinted, at the outset, that the independent moral man was a figment, an impossibility. Man really cannot be independent. The Independent Moralists describe their hero, taking a shrewd and farsighted observation of the whereabouts of his own interest, and then bearing in that direction through all weathers. But how shall a man observe his own interest? By looking only to himself? Clearly he need look to no second person, if selfknowledge and selfcomplacency can achieve his beatitude, even as the beatitude of God is achieved. But where learns and yearns the created mind, that can thus furnish subsistence to itself? I should say, nowhere; but minds that gnaw themselves away with thinking of themselves are rife everywhere. Subjective natures are notoriously given to melancholy. Selfintrospection is one of the darkest of those gathering clouds, that make the difference between the morning sunlight of childhood and the clouded noon of mature age. We must think of something that we ourselves are not, if we mean to be happy. But what should that something be? Utilitarians tell us—"Think of the men around you;" theists—"Think of God, and in God think of your fellow men." Both of these recommendations are intelligible; but I cannot understand how any moralists can advise me thus—"Pray, keep your thoughts at home." Nor can I contain my wonder at Plato's being written down for such a preacher of selfishness. Plato, the "friend of Ideas," the asserter of the objective and the absolute, to be accused of circumscribing moral motive within the exclusive sphere of subjective enjoyment! The writer of the *Republic* had a dull ear for harmony of doctrine, if that inconsistency can be brought home to his door. Theories of conduct should keep tune with theories of cognition, in him who holds them. A philosopher proclaiming that all he knows, or can know, is the variation of his own consciousness, and, after that, hymning the praises of disinterested philanthropy,—I know not how other throats vent applause to him, but mine chokes with this difficulty,

* Grote's *Plato*, vol. iii., ch. xxxiv.

that, whereas love follows knowledge, I am puzzled to conceive how a knowledge, confined to modes of self, can induce an absolute love of beings outside of self. My humble regard for consistency would seal that philosopher's lips to the word *disinterested*, and, instead of *philanthropy*, I would restore him our old English word *philanty*. But to the "ontologist"—so called among English metaphysicians—or believer in an independent object world, it is given to walk abroad out of self, as in knowledge, so also in love. Now Plato was a pronounced ontologist. He placed the end and happiness of man in compassing an object beyond man. He enjoined the subjugation of Appetite, not to the end that Reason might practice the Delphic maxim, *Know thyself*; no, but that Reason might find her perfection in contemplating the Idea of God. That was no utilitarian Idea of the material prosperity of mankind. Material prosperity is an attribute of mankind; and mankind a company of actors that

Have their exits and their entrances.

But the Platonic Idea was a substance, not an attribute; it was eternal, unborn and immortal. True, Plato has omitted to define it clearly. But he has left us a description, which only reality can ever answer. The Godhead is that reality. If I might epitomize Plato's moral precepts in plain English, I should put the epitome thus—*Know God*. In this knowledge the Old Testament bids us glory;† in this the New declares life everlasting to consist.‡ None other than this "delicious knowledge of God" is the Wisdom which Solomon and the son of Sirach extol. St. Paul, indeed, teaches that "the end of the commandment is charity:"§ he does not say "knowledge." Knowledge is a gift of the Holy Ghost, and charity is its fruit. It is to that knowledge which bears fruit in charity, that the Scriptural praises of knowledge refer. I wish I could say that Plato meant the same. But that philosopher was too inclined to rest the whole of virtue in the understanding. That inclination we have seen, had to do with his tenet, that the blind wickedness of matter hurried helplessly into sin such souls as were overgrown, and shut out from discernment, by their bodies. Forgetfulness of man's personal agency founded that mistake. Perhaps a concomitant carelessness of the fact that the divin

* Not to be confounded with the "ontologists" reprobated in the Catholic schools—

† Jer. ix. 24.

‡ St. John xvii. 3.

§ 1 Tim. i. 5.

also is personal, accounts for the natural obligation of our Maker having never been definitely promulgated the bounds of Christian ethics.

methinks I see some aurora of love of God glimmering through those impure and earthy mists which Plato strove to dispel. If the *Republic* dwells, with a frosty reserve, on the eternal aspect of man's last end, there are yet other and more dialogues to commend that end to the heart and mind. I must allow a borrowed pen to illustrate this topic, pointing out what, or rather Who, is the lovely Idea of the Divine Archetype of righteousness, the righteous man's study and his satisfying delight.

One saw very clearly that to communicate to our nature this noblest love, the love of a worthy object, would have the effect of a liberation to the soul, and would establish conscience in nearly the primacy with the world of the senses which she already maintains in her interior existence. Hence his constant presentation of morality in the aspect of beauty, a practice favoured by the language of his time.

Where from an early period the same *τὸ καλὸν* had comprehended both. . . . The soul of man was considered the best of *ἔρως*, because it partook most of the presumed nature of the Divine. There are not wanting in the Platonic writings clear traces of having perceived the ulterior destiny of this passion, and the power of that object which alone can absorb its rays for time and for ever.

The doctrine of a personal God, Himself essentially Love, and the love of the creature, . . . often seems to tremble on the verge of the master, but it was too strange for him, too like a fiction of the fancy, too liable to metaphysical objections. "It is difficult," says Plato, "to find, and more difficult to reveal, the Father of the universe." . . . Revelation is a voluntary approximation of the

Being to the ways and thoughts of finite humanity. But until man has been taken by Almighty Grace, how should man have a power for loving with all his heart and mind and strength? . . . The impossible,† and has been never done. Without the Gospel, there exhibits a want of harmony between our intrinsic constitution, and the system in which it is placed. But Christianity has made up the deficiency. It is possible and natural to love the Father, Who has made us children by the spirit of adoption; it is possible and natural to love the Elder Brother, Who was, in all things, like as we are, except sin, and succour those in temptation, having been Himself tempted. Thus Christian faith is the necessary complement of a sound ethical system.‡

J. R.

ancs, 28, E.

possible here says too much. The *want of harmony*, mentioned in the next paragraph, must be taken for a *negation*, not a *privation*, in the logical sense of those terms. And I would rather call Christianity the *befitting*, than the *necessary*, complement of a sound ethical system.

See Henry Hallam's *Remains*, pp. 172—177.

An Afternoon at St. Lazare.

I PAID a visit on Sunday last to St. Lazare, and all that I saw and heard there struck me as so interesting and so entirely different from the generally received notion of that illfamed centre of crime and punishment, that I cannot but think that others will be interested in hearing a true and detailed account of it. I had been told that the famous *pétroleuse* charged with the murder of Mgr. Surat was still there, and I could not resist the opportunity offered to me by a friend of going to see this extraordinary type of female ferocity—the woman who put a pistol to the prelate's head, and when he mildly asked her what harm he had done her that she should take away his life, replied, *Tu es prêtre!* and shot him on the spot. On arriving, however, we found that she had left the night before for Versailles. There were still remaining fourteen of the four hundred and thirty of her terrible compeers who had been taken on the barricades or in the act of incendiarism and locked up at St. Lazare.

We visited the prison from one end to the other, and nothing surprised us so much as the gentleness of the rule and the absence of all mystery or personal restraint in the management of the prisoners. The gaol had nothing of the repulsive paraphernalia of a gaol about it, and but for its massive walls, its vast dimensions, and a certain indescribable moral gloom in the atmosphere, inseparable, I suppose, from the presence of such a population, one might very well have mistaken it for an orphanage or any other charitable institution on a large scale, conducted by a religious community. The *salles* are magnificently spacious and lofty, with broad, high windows opening on courts (there are four of these *préaux*, as they are called, within the precincts of the prison), the beds are like hospital beds, and there was nothing in the dress of the women, or the manner of the nuns towards them, to tell the uninitiated visitor that they were not respectable patients, instead of prisoners and malefactors of the worst kind. There was the same silence

brooding over the place, the same quiet regularity in all the arrangements, the same supernatural sort of cleanliness which one never sees anywhere but in convents. The population of St. Lazare varies from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred, and the government of these dangerous and desperate subjects is confided to the sole charge of a committee of religious called *Sœurs de Marie Joseph*. They are fifty in number. Their dress is black serge, with a black veil lined with light blue. They were founded at the close of the last century by a Lyonnese lady, whose name the Superioress told me, but I forget it.

It was just two when we presented ourselves at the gate. The house, from its immense size, takes two hours to visit in detail, and the Superioress and another kindly gave up assisting at Vespers in order to show us over it. The prisoners are divided into several categories, which are kept distinctly apart from each other. There are first the *prévenues*, who are put in on an accusation which has not been investigated; then the *détenues*, against whom proof is established, and who are waiting their trial; then there are the *jugées*, of whom the categories are various, as will be seen. These classes never come in contact, even accidentally; they do not even meet at meals. Those who are condemned to one year's confinement only undergo it at St. Lazare, but if the sentence extends to a year and a day, they are sent to the *Maison Centrale*, or one of the *succursales*. When the term of those who are sentenced to one year is out, they may continue at St. Lazare if they choose. Many of them, touched with grace, and sincerely converted from their evil courses, dread going back to the old scenes and temptations that have proved so fatal to them, and prefer spending the rest of their lives in the sombre but safe asylum of the prison. They beg to be kept as helps in the *ateliers*, or as *filles de service* in the work of the house, cooking, washing, sweeping, &c., and they are never refused. The Superioress said they generally make very active and efficient servants, and there is hardly an instance of their falling away from their good resolutions so as to oblige the community to expel or punish them severely.

We were passing along one of the corridors when a sudden noise of voices from the *préau* made us go to the window to see the cause of it. We saw a troop of prisoners pouring out into the court; they were running about, laughing and chattering, and apparently enjoying their momentary liberty with the zest of schoolboys.

"Who are these, *ma mère*?" we inquired.

"*Hélas!*" And the exclamation was accompanied by a gesture sufficiently significative.

"They are generally a very numerous class here," she observed; "but just now there are only some two hundred of them; the *pétroleuses* were largely recruited from their ranks, and we have been despatching them in great numbers to Versailles."

Some one asked if these unfortunates were more refractory than the other prisoners, thieves, and the like? "As a rule, much less so," replied the Mother; "we are hardly ever obliged to have recourse to the *gardiens* with them, and we have more conversions amongst them than any other sections of prisoners. There comes a time to many of them, especially if they have had any seeds of faith sown in their childhood, when the future both of this world and the next comes on them with a sense of horror, and then grace has an easy task with them. I could tell you of miracles wrought in the souls of these poor sinners that really sound like stories out of the lives of the saints, and we have had deathbeds amongst them that were little short of saintly. But then, for all that, we too often see all our efforts fail, and they push grace from them with a sort of fiendish hatred, and go back to their old lives without as much as one moment's passing compunction; when they are hardened, they are utterly hardened, nothing can melt them or frighten them."

We asked if the nuns were not sometimes afraid of them; if they never threatened or insulted them?

"Oh, never!" replied the Superioress, emphatically; "the power we have over them, and the way in which they yield obedience to us, and even respect, is almost miraculous. You see those poor outcasts down there; I suppose there is nothing to be found anywhere more lost and degraded than they are, they are the lowest specimens of the lowest stratum of vice and every species of depravity; well, the youngest nun in the community is as safe in the midst of them as if they were all honest *mères de familles*. I have been twenty two years in religion, and out of that ten years at St. Lazare, and I have never known them to use an expression to any of us that called for reprimand."

She said that the great majority of this section were girls from the provinces, who had come to Paris, young and inexperienced for the most part, expecting to make their fortunes, and

unprepared for the temptations awaiting them in this great soul-trap of a city.

We saw the words—*Oratoire Israélite, Oratoire Protestant*, painted over two doors, and the letters suggested the inquiry whether there were occasionally any English women amongst the inmates of St. Lazare. "Oh, yes," replied the Mother; "we always have a small contingent of English," and then shaking her head and smiling, she added, "and I am sorry to tell you they are the most unmanageable of all, for they are generally given to drink, and when this is the case they are like mad women, and we can do nothing with them. A little while ago we had one who got into such a fearful fit of fury that we had to put her *au cachot*; her shrieks were so loud that they were heard half over the house, and terrified the young *détenues*, and towards evening she became so outrageous that the *gardiens* were sent to put her into the straight waistcoat. They are powerful men, with strong hands and iron nerves, and trained to the work, but she kept four of them at bay for two hours, they could not take hold of her; at last they gave it up in despair, and said, 'It is no use; we must go for *les sœurs*!' One of them came to fetch me. He was trembling in every limb, and the perspiration pouring from his face as if he had been wrestling with wild animals. I took one of our Sisters, and we went down to the *cachot*, where we were obliged to spend the whole night coaxing and caressing the prisoner (*la câlinant et la caressant*) before we got her to calm down and cease shrieking."

I asked to what class of offenders the English usually belonged, if they were exclusively of the lowest. The Superioress said on the contrary, they were often very *comme il faut* in their manners, and evidently had had an education far above the class of domestic servants, some of them were, in fact, quite like ladies; she believed they were mostly governesses or teachers, who came over to Paris in search of situations or lessons, and not finding either, are driven by hunger or despair to steal or do worse; but theft is generally the offence they are committed for. "Sometimes, indeed," said the Superioress, "it makes us laugh to hear the account of their shifts, there is often something so comical in the way they go to work, and the cunning and dexterity they display are beyond belief, it is like an instinct with them; the most accomplished French *filon* cannot hold a candle to them." Sad as this testimony was, it

could not be quite a surprise to any one living in Paris **who** had seen much of the class of English alluded to, but it **will** come probably as a new and terrible revelation to many **in** England, and if this paper should fall into the hands of any **lonely** friendless English girl deliberating about coming to Paris **to** earn her bread, *without being previously provided with a situation*, the writer prays God she may ponder on the foregoing **state**ment, and think twice before embarking on so perilous **a** venture.

Several *salles* are devoted to a class of offenders called *les jeunes insoumises*; these are all very young, some mere children of eleven, twelve, and so on; they are only accused of having dangerous propensities beyond the control of parents, and likely to lead to fatal consequences, and they are sent here to be corrected and trained to better ways. Special pains are directed to the reclamation of juvenile offenders, and the results are often very consoling. The Superioress said that they had lately had a baby of six years old brought to them on a charge of theft. "It was a cake that tempted the poor little mite," said the Mother, deprecatingly; "but she was very naughty and unmanageable in other ways, and the parents were glad of a pretext to get rid of her for a time."

It was not only of such innocent culprits as this that the Superioress spoke with indulgence; her large hearted charity took in all the lost inhabitants of the dismal abode in which she dwelt and toiled with untiring pity, and there was something unspeakably touching in the way she every now and then seemed to excuse, as it were, the worst among them, to plead for them indirectly by showing up whatever remnant of good there was in them. When the women I have already alluded to were coming in from their recreation, we met them in one of the corridors, walking one after another with their arms crossed; we were close enough to them to see them well as they passed us, and anything more ignoble than their features it would be difficult to conceive. The expression of the face was scarcely human, they resembled vicious animals in human shape rather than women. This struck us all so forcibly, that we could not help making the remark to the Superioress. She seemed positively hurt, as if we had said something personally rude or unkind to her, and on my expressing some pagan surprise at it, she broke out into such a tender pleading for "those dear souls *that our Lord longs for, and that cost Him so dear,*" that though

I felt thoroughly rebuked, I could not feel sorry for having called out the protest. It was like having laid one's hand roughly and unawares on a vibrating instrument that sent out a strain of heavenly music. "Oh," she continued, with a look that I shall never forget, "if we only knew what the nature of a soul is, how precious it is in the sight of God, we should never look with disgust at the poor, wretched body that holds it; but indeed I can assure you when one comes near to those poor bodies, the disgust soon wears off, and one thinks of nothing but their souls, their precious immortal souls that were brought at such a price."

The more we listened to her and observed her the less surprised we were at the universal respect, worship I might almost call it, that greeted her presence everywhere—it was so spontaneous, so free from anything like servility or fear. As soon as she appeared at the door of an *atelier*, or a class, or a dormitory, the prisoners rose *en masse* to salute her, and several times I noticed them make signs to those who were not looking or touch them on the shoulder to stand up and welcome *la mère*. She generally had a word to say *en passant*—"Bon jour, mes enfants! Etes vous sages?" &c., and then there was a ripple of curtsies and a chorus of—"Oui, ma mère, merci!" and the hard bad faces would brighten for one moment with a smile.

The influence of the nuns with the prisoners is indeed little less than a permanent miracle. Amongst other instances of it the Superioress told us the following. A desperate woman charged with misdemeanours of the gravest nature was brought to the prison. She was the daughter of a butcher, and, added the Superioress, laughing, *je vous prie de croire qu'elle en avait les allures!* A few days after her arrival she broke into a fit of mad fury during work time, and the *gardiens* had to be sent for to take her *au cachot*, but as soon as they entered the *salle* she drew a huge pair of scissors from her pocket—how she came by them the nuns never discovered—and holding it pointed at them with the finger and thumb of one hand, she beckoned them with the other to come on, yelling all the time like a raging lioness. The four men tried to dodge and terrify her by turns, but it was useless; she baffled every attempt to take hold of her, and finally, giving it up as hopeless, the *gardiens* sent for the Superioress. The woman no sooner saw her than she stopped shrieking and said—"Send these men away; I will go with you but I will not stir a foot with them." "I sent them away,"

continued the Mother, "and told her to give me the scissors. She gave them at once, and then I took her by the hand and led her off without a word. On another occasion," she resumed, "they got up a scheme in one of the *salles* for killing the *gardiens*. The prisoners were to string their heavy wooden shoes together in bunches of eight, and they were to fling these formidable missiles at the heads of the *gardiens* the first time they came to convey a refractory subject *au cachot*. From the great weight of the *sabots* and the strength of the arms they were to aim them, the effect must have been certainly if not instantly fatal, but fortunately there was some delay in the appearance of the *gardiens*, and the prisoners being all ready grew impatient, and soon losing all control over themselves began to yell and to call out for them, and to brandish their *sabots* furiously. The Sister who was *de garde* ran down to warn the men not to come up, and then came to tell me what was going on, and to consult about sending for *la main armée* to the *poste* outside the gates. I thought, however, that the storm might be quelled without having recourse to this extreme measure. I was not the least afraid of the women for myself or any of the nuns; I knew perfectly well that they would never lay a finger on one of *us*, whatever their fury might be, so I walked boldly into the midst of them, looking very severe and wrathful. 'What is this noise about?' I said. 'I am ashamed of you; let me hear no more of it.' Then, taking the ringleader of the band—we always know the one to pitch upon—I told her I must take her *au cachot*. She made no resistance, only stipulating that the *gardiens* were not to touch her."

"Why do they hate the *gardiens* so?" I asked. "Are they sometimes cruel to the poor creatures?"

"No, never," she replied; "they have not the opportunity, even if they felt inclined. But they represent strength and justice, and the prisoners resent this, whereas we only represent weakness and pity, and they don't resent us."

Some one asked if there had ever been an attempt or conspiracy to hurt or kill any of the Sisters. The Superioress said she had never known or heard of anything of the kind. This led to my relating an episode of the Roman prisoners told to me recently by the Papal Nuncio. The prisons set apart for female criminals in Rome are, like St. Lazare, entirely governed by nuns, without, however, the moral support of a *poste militaire* at the gates to enforce their authority. One day a plot was set on

foot by the prisoners for making their escape, after first doing away with the nuns. They were sixty in number and the sisters were but twelve, so the scheme offered little material difficulty, as it will be seen. It was agreed that on a certain day, when the community were assembled with the prisoners in the *atelier*, the latter were at a given moment to fall upon the nuns and fling them out of the windows into the *préau*. The signal agreed upon was when the Superioress clapped her hands for them to put aside their work. The secret was so well kept that not a hint transpired, but the Superioress felt instinctively that there was something brewing. She had no apprehension at the moment, however, and gave the usual signal when the clock struck the hour. No one moved. She gave it a second time. Still no one moved. She gave it a third time more emphatically, and then the leader of the band, furious at seeing herself deserted, walked straight up to the Superioress and struck her a blow on the face. The meek disciple of Jesus quietly knelt down, turned the other cheek, and said—"If I have done you any harm, tell me what it is, but, if not, why do you strike me?" The woman, who one minute before was bent on committing twelve murders, fell upon her knees, and, bursting into tears, confessed everything. The Superioress heard her to the end, and when there was nothing more to be told, "*Now, figlia mia,*" she said, "I must take you to the dungeon. You know this is my duty." "Yes, Mother, I know it," and she gave her hand and let herself be led away as meekly as a lamb. Beautiful omnipotence of the power of love! How lovely this world would be if love were allowed to rule it everywhere!

Before finishing our inspection of the house we assisted at Benediction in the prison chapel. First there was a sermon on the Gospel of the day. About eight hundred prisoners were present. Some were yawning and looking about them, evidently longing to be out of it, and only present because they were so constrained; others were very edifying by the devotion visible in their countenance and attitude, and most were well behaved and respectful. The organ was played by one of the Sisters, and the choir was formed of prisoners out of the class already alluded to. The singing was not very scientific, but it struck us as peculiarly touching, the more so, no doubt, from the associations connected with the choristers. The Superioress said it was looked upon as a great privilege to be allowed to sing in choir, and it is held out as a *recompense and encouragement* for good conduct. As

we saw the little altar lighted up and the golden rays of the monstrance shining down upon the singular congregation, one could not but think what a grand and beautiful manifestation of redeeming love it was, this presence of the God of Holiness, willing Prisoner in such a temple. There were the Sisters of Marie Joseph, women whose lives were pure as lilies, self-devoted victims to the God who died on Calvary for outcasts and sinners, kneeling side by side in unloathing sisterhood with the vile offscourings of this great guilty Babylon. It was a sight mysterious beyond all human understanding, if the mystery were not explained by a Voice from out the little crystal prison-house—"I came to seek sinners . . . and My delight is to dwell with them . . . and whatsoever you do to the least of these you do likewise to Me . . . and there is more joy in heaven over the return of one sinner than over ninety nine of the just."

And many are the joys given to Him and to His saints by the inmates of this great emporium of sinners. Last All Saint Day five hundred of the prisoners approached the sacrament some in the most admirably penitent spirit, but all of their own freewill, and, for the moment at least, with hearts touched by grace and turned away from evil. They were prepared for the feast by a retreat of eight days, preached by a Marist Father.

After Benediction we resumed our inspection, and came finally to the *pétroleuses*. There was nothing in the room or their surroundings to distinguish them from the other prisoners, and if the Superioress had not whispered to us as we were entering the dormitory that these were the women, we should never have suspected the bright orderly room, with its neat trim rows of beds, to be the den of wild beasts it was. An American Protestant lady who was of our party amused the nuns very much by asking repeatedly—"But where are all the wicked ones?" She could not persuade herself—and indeed it was difficult—that the hundreds of women we saw so gently ruled, and held as it were with a silken thread, were the most dangerous and abandoned characters of the metropolis. The fourteen *pétroleuses* were not dressed in the livery of the prison—they wear their own clothes. Some of them were very spruce and comfortable, but all were tidy and clean—not one of them had a poverty-stricken look. They were nearly all of them standing in sullen silence beside their beds. One woman was dandling a baby, a white faced, shrivelled little object, tricked out in a fine blue frock with little flounces. I think I said then

had been four hundred and thirty of these *pétroleuses* in the prison. The Superioress told us they had all behaved very well, and never once made it necessary for the soldiers to interfere. There were cruel, cold blooded, defiant creatures, but this was not their sphere of action. They testified no hatred or ill will against the nuns, quite the contrary, and many of them actually shed tears when taking leave of them. They fell very docilely into the discipline of the prison as to hours and regulations, and hardly ever had to be called to order for breaking silence. On one point only they were intractable—they would not work.

"It's enough to be conquered and butchered by Versailles," they would answer, "but we are not going to work for them." And neither threats nor entreaties could induce them to take a needle in their hand or to sit down to a sewing machine. It was no use explaining to them that they would not be working for Versailles, that they would work for themselves, and might buy extra food at the *cantine* with their day's earnings; no, they got it into their heads that Versailles would in some way or other be the better for their working, and nothing could get it out of them. The very name of Versailles used to rouse them to fury; it was like a red rag to a bull. They boasted of their exploits under the Commune as things to glory in. One swore she had set fire to five buildings, and her only regret was that she had been too late to set fire to St. Lazare. Many of her companions expressed the same regret, with a quiet effrontery that would have been amusing if it had not been so appalling. Every one of them declared that if it were to begin over again they would do just the same, only better, *because now they had more experience*. "And what is your opinion, *ma mère*?" I said. "Do you think it will begin again, and that the *pétroleuses* are still in existence, or was it a type born with the Commune and passed away with it?" She replied unhesitatingly that she believed it would begin again, and that the *pétroleuses* would come out in greater force than ever; that they were neither daunted or disarmed by the failure of the Commune, but rather infuriated by defeat, and more resolute and reckless than before—reckless to a degree that only bad women can be, and ready to stake body and soul on their revenge. She said that the conduct of Versailles was weak and ill judged beyond her comprehension; that they had far better have left these women free at once, on the *plea that they were women*, if they did not mean to deal out

their deserts to them ; but now these desperate creatures exasperated by incarceration, and by a mockery of a trial either liberated them or sentenced them to a punishment, they knew perfectly well the Government did not mean to let them out. It was like letting loose so many bloodhounds on France to set these women at large again.

"We have seen them *de près*," continued the Superior, "and we are all convinced that the next attempt will be more successful than the first, *nous avons des jours terribles devant nous*." Speaking of the *pétroleuses* n'ont pas dit leur dernier mot." Speaking of the Commune, led to our asking about her own experiences with it. It appears that the *employés* at St. Lazare, the Director, the Inspector General, and their assistants were among the first to be let out, and agents of the Hotel de Ville installed in their place. The first thing these guardians of public justice did was to free one half of the population, such as were available for public service, and able servants they proved themselves at the barricades and as incendiaries. To account for and in some measure palliate the superhuman ferocity displayed by the women of the Commune, I may as well mention here a fact not generally known, and which was told to me by a distinguished medical man who was here all through those terrible saturnalia, and by two Sisters of Charity, who could also speak from personal knowledge. It would seem that the snuff distributed out to the population from the Government *bureaux de tabac* was mixed in large proportions with gunpowder. The effect of this ingredient taken in very small quantities is to excite the system abnormally, but taken in large ones it brings on a kind of *delirium tremens*. The wine distributed to the *pétroleuses* at the barricades and elsewhere was also heavily charged with such element of madness. It seems to me that it is rather a consolation to hear this, for though it reveals a diabolical influence of soul hatred in the few, it explains, on the other hand, the fact that occasionally we saw young and hitherto mild inoffensive women suddenly transformed into demons.

The Superioress said that for the first three weeks the nuns *fonctionnaient avec la Commune*, nothing could exceed the respect and consideration they received from them. "They were as docile as little girls to us," she said, "and never did anything without coming to consult us. The *Inspecteur Général* named by the Commune happened to be an *ancien greffier* of the prison. My surprise when I saw him in his new character

with such credentials, was great ; but he seemed himself very much ashamed, and when I asked him what had induced him to join the Commune, he replied, that in doing so he had been entirely actuated by *devouement* to the nuns ; he had accepted the office because he knew we should want a protector, and he preferred being on the spot to watch over us himself. It was not a laughing matter, or I could have laughed at his audacity. And he actually pleaded this argument on his trial at Versailles, and was acquitted on it ! He had always been a wellconducted, honest man, and I am not sure that in the bottom of his heart this good intention towards us may not have been mixed up with a great many other less good ones. During all the time he was in constant communication with me, he never had the courage once to raise his eyes to my face. He told us a good deal about what was going on outside, and especially what the women were doing. He spoke in enthusiastic praise of their spirit and courage. He said the fort of Montrouge would have been lost one day but for a girl of seventeen, who, seeing the soldiers *démoralisés*, and the gunners abandoning their guns and turning to fly, rushed up to one of them, seized a light and put it to the cannon, and so mocked the *fuyards* and taunted them all with cowardice and want of mettle, that she rallied every man of them and saved the place. But for this, Versailles would have taken it. Ten minutes later, and the defence would have been abandoned. ‘Had it not been for this plucky little *diabliesse*, we should have been lost !’ he exclaimed. Such traits as this prepared us for the *pétroleuses* of a few weeks later ; but he only saw patriotism and valour in them.”

Things went on very amicably between the gentlemen of the Commune and the Sisters for three weeks. Then a change came over them. They were not rude, but there was what the Superioress described as *de la fureur contenue* in their manner towards the nuns, and the latter felt that the blood fever was rising, and that they would soon break out into open mutiny. The Superioress felt this more strongly than the rest, and she was sorely perplexed how to get her flock out of the way of the wolves while it was yet time. It was no easy matter ; for as she quaintly said—“ *On ne fait pas partir cinquante religieuses comme cinquante épingles dans une boîte par la poste*, and in the present state of mind of the Communists, to awake suspicion was to have the whole community seized and locked up forthwith. The first thing to be done was to procure a *laissez passer* from the

Hotel de Ville. She had been obliged to go of late several times to the Prefecture on one business or another connected with her functions in the prison, so the authorities there knew her, and had always treated her with marked civility. She said that the first time she went there the faces of the so called officials struck her as positively demoniacal; they were all of them half drunk, men taken from the gutters of Belleville and Villetta to fill offices, of whose commonest outward forms they had no idea, yet they were as deferential to herself and the nuns who accompanied her as so many priests might have been. This did not prevent her saying to her companion as soon as they were alone—"Well, if we did not believe in hell, the faces we have seen today would have revealed it to us."

She applied for a *laissez passer*, and got it without any difficulty. She kept it in her pocket all that day, and the next morning she seemed to hear a voice saying to her interiorly—"Now is the moment; *faites les partir!*" The exodus was planned so well, and carried out so discreetly, the nuns going in threes and fours at a time, that not a shadow of suspicion dawned on the *employés*, their gaolers, as they now considered them. All that day the Superioress kept constantly with them, never letting them lose sight of her for a quarter of an hour at a time, coming and going perpetually, and making future arrangements for one thing or another, so as to put them more completely off the scent.

It was only when evening came, and there were but eight nuns in the house beside herself, that the flight was discovered. The rage of the Director was undisguised. But if he could not catch the fugitives, he could revenge himself on the devoted ones who had shielded their flight at the peril of their own lives. The Superioress was at work in the midst of the little remnant of her little flock when he rushed into the room, *le pistolet au poing*. A few words passed between them, angry on his part, calm and resolute on hers; then, with an oath, he left the room abruptly.

"I knew as well as if he had told me," she said, "that he was gone to see if there was a *cachot* vacant to put me in. I did not feel terrified. God gives such strong graces in moments like that! but I felt the same kind of internal voice saying to me—'Now is your time; take the others and fly!' We hurried down the stairs just as we were, and went out. We turned to the left and walked on as fast as we could, without running, towards the *Gare du Nord*. We could hardly have turned the corner of the

street when the Director was in pursuit of us. *Les détenues*, who saw us leave the house and take to the left, called out to him—‘To the right, citoyen! They are not twenty yards ahead!’ He followed the direction, and this saved us. We reached the station just as the train was about to move. The guards saw us coming, and cried out to us to make haste and jump in. ‘But our tickets; we have not taken them!’ I said. ‘Never mind, jump in; you will pay at the other end!’ and they hustled us into the nearest carriage. We had not seated ourselves when the Director appeared on the platform, pistol in hand, and crying out frantically to the train to stop. But it moved on, and landed us safely at Argenteuil.”

A few days after the *Soeurs Marie Joseph* had cleared out from St. Lazare, the nuns of Picpus were taken there. This the Superioress thought was one reason why the officials were anxious to get them out of the way; they meant to put the others there, and they did not want any inconvenient witnesses of their own proceedings.

When we had seen all that was to be seen in the vast building, the Superioress took us to the private chapel of the community. The space occupied by the sanctuary was formerly the cell of St. Vincent de Paul; the altar stands where his little bed used to be, and the window step is worn away by the pressure of his feet when, in his last years, increasing infirmities obliged him to have recourse to the solace of a footstool. The prison was formerly a Lazarist monastery. The refectory is exactly as it was in the time of St. Vincent, unchanged in all, except its occupants, and the great sombre corridors echoed for twenty years to the footsteps of the sweet apostle of charity. His memory is held in great veneration throughout the prison, and the inmates speak of him with a sort of rough, filial affectionateness that the nuns told us is often very touching; they seem to look on him as a friend who ought to stand by them.

I had nearly forgotten one incident in our visit that had a peculiar beauty of its own. We were passing by the open door of what seemed an infirmary; all the beds were occupied, and there were several nuns sitting in the room, when one of them ran out and said—“Oh, *ma mère*, you will not pass without coming to say *bon jour* to our *vieilles*? Ever since they heard you were showing the house, they have been watching for you.” The Superioress said it was late and she really had not time just now; but the nun begged harder, and said that *les vieilles* knew

that she was going into retreat that evening, so they would not see her for eight days, and the old women seeing they were in danger of being refused, began to cry out so piteously that the Mother, asking us if we would not mind walking down the ward, yielded and we went in. These old women are all infirm and incurable, and have been sent as such from one hospital or another to St. Lazare. Their delight when the Superioress came in and spoke a word to each was almost rapturous. I stood to speak to one old soul, but instead of detailing her own aches and pains, after the usual manner of those dear, blessed, garrulous, poor people, she burst out confidentially into extatic praises of *notre mère*, how sweet and kind she was, and how she loved them all, and what she did for them, and what an angel she was altogether, "as indeed all the *bonnes sœurs* were," the good soul made haste to assure me. I found on comparing notes with my friends, that those to whom they spoke had improved the opportunity in the same way. It seemed quite a treat to them to find an audience for their grateful praises of the *sœurs*. Indeed, as far as our view of them went, the Sisters of Marie Joseph fully justify the love they reap so plentifully. The Superioress is what the French would call *une maîtresse femme*, a combination of energy and gentleness, with a certain frank brightness of manner that is very winning to strangers, and must be a great help, independent of stronger agencies, in enabling her to win the confidence and disarm the rebellious spirits of the women she has to deal with. It was wonderful to watch her as she passed on from *salle* to *salle*, saying just the right little word to all of them, and bringing a smile on all the faces, old and young, good and bad. Her manner, while it was perfectly simple and familiar, never lost its dignity; but there was not the faintest tinge of that spirit which too often hinders the salutary influence of virtue with vice—keep off, for I am holier than thou! With these infirm old women, she was affectionate and caressing as a mother, petting them like children, and encouraging their fearless familiarity towards herself. They had been here all through the Commune, they told us, and witnessed from their windows—the infirmary is on the ground floor—all the scenes enacted in the court by *ces dames*, as they mockingly styled them, who had come to replace the Sisters. But the worst of that terrible interval to them was the terror they were in of being burnt to death. They saw the flames rising on all sides from the conflagrations in the neighbourhood of St. Lazare, and

were in momentary expectation of seeing the prison itself

The doors were opened for them to fly, but "*à quoi bon, ne nous n'avions pas de jambes pour fuir?*" they observed, slyly. Before the Superioress took leave of the incurables, she asked them to pray for the nuns during their retreat, which was to begin that evening. They promised in chorus that they would, and one said—"We will offer up all our sufferings this day for *les bonnes sœurs*," and all the others pledged themselves to the same.

So ended our visit to St. Lazare. It was a sad and yet an amazingly consoling one. We hear a great deal about the crime and immorality and wickedness of Paris, and God knows there is plenty of them; but there is much also that is bright and pure and beautiful mixed up with the bad, if only we looked for it and proclaimed it. We should find the pearls of Purity, the rubies of Charity, the emeralds of Hope, and the salt of the Holy Spirit scattered everywhere amidst the general corruption, and bring and redeeming it.

G. R.

Father and Child.

LONG, long ago a whitehaired blind old man
Sought with a fair young guide the Ægean shore ;
A rocky ledge along the margin hoar.
He sat, and listened to the wild waves' roar ;
They spoke to him of things that were no more.
With lifted, sightless eyes he seemed to peer
Into the vast unknown that stretched before ;
Then bent his hoary head and seemed to hear,
As in a dream of Heaven, sweet music whispered near.

Full o'er his soul the flood of glory burst—
Bright visions of the mighty days of old,
When heavenly powers with mortal man conversed,
And men themselves were of diviner mould ;
His parted lips the inward rapture told.
In silence long he sat. Then, swift and strong,
As though no feeble walls of flesh could hold
The restless spirit, broke the tide of song ;
And the great waves exulting glanced in light along.

The maiden gazed upon her noble sire,
And caught each thrilling accent as it fell,
And wrote on memory's page those words of fire,
And like a sacred trust she kept them well.
Aye ! to the end of time those notes shall swell,
They breathe a spirit that no years can tame,
And latest ages feel the wondrous spell.
Sweet Poesy ! where'er thy sway is owned,
Thy mighty Father reigns, in glory throned.

Russia and her Church.

I.

It would probably be an exaggeration to say that there is at present any very lively interest taken by Englishmen generally in Russian affairs, or in the state of religion in Russia in particular. Every now and then we have a sensational book, written by some one who has scampered over a part of the country, or spent a few weeks in St. Petersburg or Moscow, and professes, as is the fashion with the trashy and pretentious literature of the circulating libraries, to give a bird's-eye view of Russian society or of Russian religious thought, but which does not even attempt to sound the depths either of the social or political condition of the millions who live under the rule of the Czar. The reforms introduced by Alexander the Second, coming as they did after the excitement of the Crimean war, which forced the public attention to Russia, have no doubt awakened some interest. Some enthusiastic Britons are moved by the hope of seeing our own incomparable Constitution imitated in Russia, and, with a noble but somewhat unintelligent credulity, that the venerable tree will always strike its roots deep and flourish in any soil whatsoever to which it may be transplanted. Then it must be further supposed that the many shareholders of Russian stocks in England feel some sort of interest in the country to which they have trusted their treasure. These motives of public attention produce, after all, but a feeble and transient impression. But there are others which are not so easily satisfied with some power to the more thoughtful members of the community. Thus, there is always a party in the Anglican Church anxiously looking out for some chance of union or communication with foreign Churches—always excepting the Roman Catholic Church—and the members of this party have more than once shown this kind of selfish interest in Russian Orthodoxy. We must add to these the respectable persons, of whom not a few are to be met with here and there in the literary society, to whom Russia and everything Russian is the favourite bugbear. To such persons every

thing bad that happens, happens in the first place by the permission of Providence, and in the second place, with almost equal uniformity, by the machinations of Russia. "If the Tiber overflows its banks, or if the Nile does not do so"—it is all the fault of the Czar and his emissaries. Russia is the Macedonia of Europe, she intends to swallow up all the other States in her future universal Empire, and hopes to bring about this result partly by diplomacy, partly by gold, and partly by force. To balance these alarmists, there is another class of World political speculators who look upon Russia as destined to save Europe instead of overwhelming her. These people base their anticipations on the undeniable truth that Russia is a strong monarchy, in which the old Christian principles of government are to a certain extent preserved, and they think that she may have some day to perform the work of rebuilding society upon these same principles, which have been more or less discarded everywhere else in the European world. Lastly there has always been in the Catholic heart a strong yearning for the deliverance of Russia from the schism in which she has grown up, but which was never in her, as in other countries, a matter of deliberate choice. She has treated Catholicism, in many respects, most shamefully and cruelly, but her fatal alienation from Catholic unity was not her own act, and her subsequent conduct to the Church has the excuse of blindness, ignorance, and the slavery in which the civil power keeps her matters of religion as well as in all others. And thus it has come about that we hear frequently of prayers and associations of prayers for her conversion, and that many eyes are eagerly strained to descry, if possible, any elements in her present condition which may seem to contain in themselves the hope of a brighter future.

We cannot but believe that the instinct which has turned many Catholic prayers to the spiritual regeneration of Russia comes from the highest source, and we hope to see its influence spread and deepen year after year, until the irresistible pleadings of the whole Church of Christ on earth may achieve the great conquest which must involve so many pregnant results for the benefit of the world. The history of the Russian Church is unique in the annals of Christianity. Without entering into the details of the narrative, we may say with Mr. Palmer,* that

* *The Replies of the Patriarch Nikon*. Translated by W. Palmer, M.A. Longmans 1871. Preface, p. xvii.

"this prodigious extension of Christianity" (he is speaking of the growth of the Russian Church) "which can scarcely be said to have begun before the expulsion of St. Ignatius in A.D. 858, was obtained chiefly during those two centuries of alternate schisms and conversions which intervened between Photius and Cerularius, and that it by no means stopped short on the consummation of the schism by Cerularius, but continued still to speed till A.D. 1240, and even under the Tatar yoke, converting heathens, producing apparently saints and confessors and martyrs, and multiplying miraculous apparitions and healings, in connection often with local saints and with holy images and relics." He adds that the hierarchy frequently rebuked princes with true apostolical liberty, and aided very powerfully, not only in the introduction of letters and laws, as might have been expected, but also in the consolidation of the unity of the monarchy which was afterwards to become an enslaver and a tyrant. The history of the so called "schism in the Papacy" in Europe, when saints afterwards canonized and revered by the whole Church were found under the obedience of the Antipope as well as under that of the Pope, is enough to prove that the highest graces both of sanctity and of miraculous powers need not be withdrawn by God when the persons to whom they are vouchsafed are by simple mistake or ignorance in an abnormal ecclesiastical position. The Catholic historian will readily grant what the writer whom we have already quoted goes on to suppose, that "the mass of the Russian people, both laity and clergy, though bred up with an imperfect notion of the unity of the Church, in ignorance of the authority of the Holy See, and with great prejudices and misconceptions concerning it, were in good faith in their traditional Christianity, and only materially in schism."* Missionaries to the heathen, in particular, rightly baptized and in the possession of true orders and true sacraments, if without any personal knowledge or share in the separation in which they had been born and bred, would enter on their holy and dangerous career with undoubting faith, and we might expect to find that they had not been wanting even in the preternatural signs which are promised to the Christian apostolate, and in which the mere Protestant missionaries have from first to last been deficient.

But there is another side to the question. If the early history of the Russian Church, in her inevitable and involuntary external

* P. xix.

separation from the centre of vital unity, has been brightened with Catholic glories and a fecundity which reveals her secret and unconscious communion with the one Mother of all the children of God, the later annals of the same Church are signally eloquent in the lessons which they teach as to the fate which must sooner or later fall upon an isolated communion in its conflict with the world and the civil power, unless it can support itself by connection with the one rock of strength which the civil power can never subdue, the throne on which sits the Vicar of Him Who has overcome the world. There are many Christian communities which retain but shreds and fragments of Christian doctrine, many which have lost the sacraments and the priesthood, many which have sunk into utter sterility and lifelessness, many which have engrafted heresy after heresy on the scanty portions of the Catholic creed which they have retained. To all these the Russian Church is far superior in respect of the particulars just now named, but in her utter slavery to the State, and in a long list of practical evils which have taken root in her in consequence, she has few rivals and no equals in misery. The moral of her career is written in luminous letters, which he who runs may read. One thing alone she wanted, Catholic unity. The want of that made her the slave of the State, and the yoke of the State has made her—what she is.

It may be convenient for the purposes of this paper if we try to give a short sketch of what we may take to be without exaggeration the present condition of the Russian Church. It is drawn in the main from the recent work of Père Gagarin, who though not an ecclesiastic before his conversion to Catholicism may be considered as well informed on the subject as any active-minded layman is usually found to be on the ecclesiastical condition of his own community. We shall follow the divisions of his book—*Le Clergé Russe*—and speak first of the secular clergy, then of the regulars, thirdly of the seminaries, fourthly of the bishops, and lastly of the Synod which now governs the Russian Church.

II.

Even in the Catholic Eastern Churches celibacy is not a necessary qualification for orders. A priest cannot marry, but a married man can be ordained. The Maronite priests are almost all married, and many of them acquit themselves in a most admirable manner of their sacred functions. They are elected by their flocks out of their own midst, their peculiar character

rendering practicable this departure from the rule which is observed in the West. The inhabitants of Lebanon are simple, and full of faith, so that it is easy to understand how a system which may be suitable or even beneficial to them, can prove very much the reverse when applied to a people of another character, and carried out under widely different circumstances, as is the case in Russia. However, even when taken at its very best, we must, of course, always expect in vain from a married clergy the selfsacrificing devotion of an unmarried, and a Church whose priests were *all* married would be a strange and abnormal thing. Hence, in all the Eastern Churches, side by side with the seculars, who are married, we find the regulars, who of course are not. And, as a bishop is bound to be a celibate, the bishops are of necessity chosen from among the unmarried clergy, and thus it has come to pass that the regulars, or black priests, as they are called in Russia, have acquired an immense amount of influence and authority at the expense of the seculars, or white priests, who have gradually come to occupy a position of recognized inferiority, the primary cause of this inferiority being, let us remember, their married state.

To speak more particularly of the Russian Church, in which there has always existed a marked separation between the two classes of clergy. Here, up to a comparatively recent period, there has been no actual opposition between them, all the influence, learning, and intelligence of the whole clerical body remaining with the regulars, and the seculars passively acquiescing in such a state of things. But Peter the First overturned the whole constitution of the Church, and his successors have carried on the work which he began, which has completely revolutionized the position of the secular clergy, making them into an hereditary corporation, and creating, so to speak, a clerical caste. Whether the result actually brought about was or was not originally contemplated, it is, at any rate, much to be deplored, and has been accomplished by means of a series of wrongs, usurpations, and iniquitous measures. The first step was the creation of seminaries, to which priests were compelled to send their children. Such children were next forced to follow the profession of their fathers, by the closing against them of every other career, while, at the same time, almost insuperable obstacles were thrown in the way of any one in another class who might aspire to the priesthood. Nor was this all; for

marriage, which had been optional before ordination, was made obligatory, and the unfortunate seminarist was not even left at liberty to select as he would the companion of his life. In order that the daughters of priests might not want husbands, he was forbidden to marry out of his own class. Some bishops even push the prohibition further still, and do not allow the seminarist to choose a wife out of any diocese except his own. The caste once created, the hereditary principle once laid firmly down, certain consequences were sure to follow. For instance, it has been found necessary, in order to the prevention of disputes, to decree that a vacant benefice is either to pass as a matter of course to whoever will marry the daughter of its deceased holder, or else to be reserved for the son of this latter, if he has left one under age. Can it be hoped that, while the ranks of the clergy are recruited in such a manner as this, they will contain many who possess a due sense of the sanctity of their calling, or who strive to acquit themselves with fidelity of its exalted duties? The priesthood has become a trade, and a trade, too, which cannot even be followed or abandoned at will.*

To the formation of a clerical caste is to be ascribed the hatred and jealousy at present existing between the two classes of clergy. Nor are they divided by mutual aversion and distrust alone; there is also a radical difference in their views. To say that the seculars have Protestant tendencies, while the regulars incline towards Catholicism, would be to speak too broadly. But, if we compare the Russian Church with the Anglican, we may say with tolerable accuracy that the seculars resemble the Low

* "The young ecclesiastic who desired to enter into office had first of all to look about for a suitable heiress, and to make arrangements with her relatives: he pledged himself by contract either to pay his mother in law a yearly portion of his income, or to pay a sum of acquittance, for which she undertook to procure him the appointment. The matter was so systematically carried on, that the bishop's secretary constantly possessed a complete register of the marriageable daughters of the priests of the district, and this register was consulted on every appointment to a vacancy. The pernicious working of this evil custom is palpable; and it was even increased by the fact that the Russian women (except the aristocracy) were generally inferior to the men, as regards culture, and that every priest knew that his pastorship came to an end with the life of his wife. The dependence of the priests on their wives and relatives has, therefore, long been a favourite subject for Russian novels, and we need only to read one of Blagoveshtshenski's tales to be initiated in all the circumstances which have arisen from this system. Its effect on the young has been especially disadvantageous; for even during their life in the seminary they look out for heiresses in order to get into office as soon as possible, and in this way they not unfrequently neglect their own improvement. This state of things was so notorious and so wide spread that *it excited the attention of the Government, and was repeatedly mentioned in the*

Church party and the regulars the High Church—the former possessing a presbyterian tone, while the latter insist upon the prerogatives of the hierarchy. But this divergency of religious tendency is not at all enough to account for the jealousy and hostility which exists between the two classes of the Russian clergy. The strong feeling which separates them can, it would appear, be compared to nothing which exists, or has existed, in Catholic experience. Jealousies of every kind have been the bane of ecclesiastical organizations from the very beginning: such feelings had an important influence even in bringing about our Lord's Passion,* and no age of the Church is probably entirely free from the mischief which they engender unless they are strongly kept under by Christian charity and the prudence of enlightened rulers. But nothing in the Western Church, happily, can be compared to the relative situation of the regulars and seculars in Russia, where the latter are an hereditary caste, inferior in learning, position, and wealth, to their rivals, and not only their inferiors, but their subjects. The seminaries, the episcopal sees, the seats in the governing Synod, every post of influence and importance has, until quite lately, been in the hands of the regulars, who are, moreover, occasionally recruited from the highest classes, and almost uniformly receive into their ranks the most brilliant and promising of the students in the seminaries. Of late there has been a tendency on the part of the Government to raise the seculars to high posts, and gradually to destroy the monopoly of the regulars. This, for the time at all events, can only whet the appetite of the seculars for further

general Report which the Head Commissioner of the Synod annually presented to the Emperor" (*Modern Russia*, p. 235. By Dr. Julius Erckardt). The writer here quoted is, we imagine, a Protestant, and appears well informed as to the state of Russia. He tells us that the present Emperor has changed the system, as far as law can change it. "The law passed in the year 1867, which abolished the hereditary character of the livings, and expressly prohibited that a man should marry [into] or maintain the family of his predecessor as a condition of his appointment, was one of the most important and advantageous measures which the present Government has taken. Although, from the nature of the matter, years must elapse before the beneficial results of this breach upon the old nepotizing system can operate on a large scale, and give a different colour to the life of the secular clergy, yet an essential advance has been made in the fact that the old system is publicly condemned, and that the younger clergy, under the protection of an Imperial decree, are afforded an opportunity of attacking the old custom" (*Ibid.*, p. 236). But the real reform would be, as is hinted further on, to abolish the necessity of marriage before ordination, retaining the rule which prohibits it after.

* St. Matthew says of Pilate, "Sciebat enim quod *per invidiam* tradidissent Eum" (*St. Matt. xxvii. 18*).

changes. The regulars are forced to stand on the defensive against the fierce onslaught which is made upon them by their determined adversaries, who will, no doubt, never cease their attack until they have almost annihilated the power of the black clergy. As has been said, the seculars have carried several very important positions. Until quite lately, the chaplains to the various embassies and the military chaplains were invariably chosen from among the regulars; but now the case is reversed, and even the head chaplain of the army and navy, as well as the Emperor's confessor, are both married men. But all previous conquests are counted as nothing, so long as celibate priests alone can become bishops. The point is a difficult one to gain, but patient perseverance may succeed at last, especially as the seculars have on their side the Government, the newspapers, and that daily increasing body of persons who have thrown off religious belief whatsoever.*

If the politicians in whose hands the destiny of the Russian Church is placed were wise, they would without delay abrogate all those measures by which the clergy has become an hereditary caste, for that reform is one which cries aloud to be made, and is, indeed, more necessary than any other of many needed changes. With respect to clerical celibacy, they might be content to be not more exacting than the Holy See, and, under existing circumstances, compulsory celibacy might perhaps be undesirable for the Russian clergy. But compulsory marriage can in no case be anything but prejudicial, and there would be immense advantages to be gained by the existence of a body of unmarried secular priests, who would form a sort of connecting link between the married clergy and the religious. Such, at least, is the suggestion of Père Gagarin. It may perhaps be thought, on the other hand, that it is better to have priests necessarily either married or celibate, than to allow of uncertainty or change upon such a point, or that, at all events, if volunteer celibates would be very few. There is so vital a difference between Anglican ministers and priests of any Church whatsoever, that it is not easy to argue from the case of the one to that of the other. Still there is something in the fact that the Catholicizing movement among Anglicans which has now been on foot for more than thirty years has been singularly unpro-

* The Government has begun by allowing certain married priests—members of the *Synod*, *chaplains* to embassies, and the like—to wear the mitre. The Emperor's confessor heads the movement.

ductive in the direction of clerical celibacy. Surely, a quarter of a century ago, if any one had been called on to predict the onward course of the movement in question—supposing it to go on with unbroken success—his anticipations would perhaps have fallen short of what has actually resulted in many points, but as to this, they would far have exceeded the issue. Sacerdotalism, ritualism, the development of new principles of worship, the multiplication of “religious” women of various shades and institutes, the practice of confession, high celebrations, and the like—all these things are conspicuous as signs of the movement, but we do not see by their side any appreciable increase of celibacy among the clergy, even though their claim to the “priestly” character has been so openly made and so widely acquiesced in, and though the assertion and recognition of such claims point so naturally to the celibate on very many grounds of the highest importance. It might, however, be different in Russia, where the sacerdotal character in the clergy is unquestioned and universally known to the people, where there exists already so large and influential a mass of celibates in the regular clergy, and where the rule against marriage after ordination would secure the voluntary celibate against his own inconstancy, and give him a recognized position as such in the eyes of others.

There is, we fear, not much ground for thinking that aspirations after a better state of things are largely at work among the secular clergy of Russia. Indeed, the only point which is discussed with much eagerness by the Russian press, in reference to the secular clergy, is the possibility of an amelioration of their pecuniary condition, and yet it would appear that poverty is by no means one of the worst of their many miseries. The parish priests are not, as a rule, very poor, at least in the towns; their sources of income are numerous, and they live rent free. In the country they are less well off, but even there many of their grievances are merely imaginary. The number of the priests might easily be curtailed, and the length of the services abridged. An immense number of deacons, cantors, and the like, might be discarded, and thus the “caste” would be reduced in number, and the revenues saved for the parish priests. It would be difficult to find, even among the sects, a body of religious teachers which has fallen so low as the Russian parochial clergy, or which fulfils the duties of its calling in so sadly imperfect a manner. Indeed, the Russian

parish priest seems to imagine that his only duty consists in performing certain external ceremonies; and seldom to dream of seeking to make our Lord known and loved, or of teaching men to follow His Divine footsteps. It is as if he knew not the value of souls bought with the price of the Precious Blood. We must hope that there are always numberless exceptions to be made to these general statements, but the description comes to us from authorities who would not willingly exaggerate. Such is the condition to which the measures of Peter the Great have reduced the most important portion of the clergy of the country.

III.

There will always exist within the Church a body of persons who have been called to the religious life, and, though no Order can be indispensable in itself to her well being, still much would be wanting to the fulness of her life, and the vigour of her action if the religious element were to be suppressed. And if this be true of the Church at large, it is more especially so with respect to the Eastern Church, in which it is almost exclusively among the religious that celibate priests are to be found, and in which a married priest can become a bishop. Hence, religious orders are more influential, and more important in the East, than they are anywhere else. These remarks bring us back to the Russian Church; and here we may say, in passing, that the unmarried clergy has always been far more popular in Russia than the married; this popular favour, which even the lax state of monastic establishments has not been able to overthrow, but in the present day, the chief strength, and indeed almost the stronghold of the religious, or black priests. The revenues of the Russian monasteries are very considerable; all their possessions were indeed confiscated by Catharine the Second, about a hundred years ago, but indemnification has been made in various ways for this spoliation. An annual allowance is made to every religious house, proportioned to the number of its inhabitants, and several grants of landed property have from time to time been made by the State to the various establishments. Their most profitable source of income is to be found in the generosity and credulity of the Russians, of which characteristics the monks do not scruple to take every possible advantage.

The Russians [says Père Gagarin, p. 73] give willingly to convents, and the generosity of the people is solicited constantly by *most varied and ingenious* inventions. Rich people and great pe

are fond of getting themselves buried in the precincts of the monasteries, and the graves are sold at a very high price. The funerals and the prayers, the recital of which is provided for at the tombs of relations, also bring in large sums to the monks.* Collectors are sent over the whole of Russia, to gather alms. In the most frequented places, in the great cities, and on the roads, chapels or oratories are to be seen where Mass is not said, but where venerated pictures (*icons*) are exposed. The Russian people frequent these chapels very much, and every one who goes there buys a candle or puts some money into the box. The pictures which have the reputation of being miraculous, as well as the relics of the saints, are ordinarily in the churches of the convents, to which they attract an immense concourse of people, and no one goes there with empty hands. Some years ago, the Synod canonized a Bishop named Tychon. "The solemn translation of his relics which is equivalent to the ceremony of canonization, attracted two hundred and fifty thousand persons. It is said that the house of St. Sergius" (at

* "The sums which are paid for monastery tombs are really fabulous. The St. Petersburg Nevsky monastery demands at least one thousand five hundred silver roubles for a single grave ; under some circumstances double that sum : and in this manner it gains annually some thousands of roubles. The Moscow monastery, Sergiev-Troitskoye, is regarded as still more noble and sacred. Of course the burial fees are extra, and also the annual Mass in remembrance of the deceased. . . . Still more considerable is the income arising from the so called 'Intercessions for the quick and the dead.' As soon as a monastery requires money, it sends out, by permission of the Synod, a number of monks who, provided with 'register books,' traverse the country. Whoever wishes for an intercession, inserts his name in the book, pays an amount corresponding with his property, and thus gains the right of having his name mentioned in the annual intercession. A few years ago, a monk of Athos collected in this manner, in three districts of the one province of Vyätka, the sum of twenty thousand silver roubles, which he carried back to his home in half-imperials. . . . Every monastery also possesses the right of setting up boxes for offerings within a certain radius, and of appointing guardians of the same, who exhort the passers by to give alms. It has recently been considered especially valuable to possess the privilege of having boxes at the railway stations. The Moscow Sergiev monastery, to which the Moscow and Petersburg railway is assigned, receives from the boxes alone which are placed along this line about two hundred thousand roubles : smaller sums, but still amounting to thousands, fall to the provincial monasteries. Lastly, every more important monastery is at the same a place of pilgrimage, as soon as it can boast of the possession of the wonderworking picture of a saint, and these, during the last few years, have been almost all removed from the parish churches into the monasteries. . . . Considerable profit is also derived, even outside the monastery walls, from the wonderworking pictures ; for these, from time to time, make journeys to the great cities, and, for liberal alms, condescend to visit even private houses. The custom especially is universal for cities which have been visited by an epidemic to invite the miraculous picture to make them a longer visit, and having [*sic*] them carried into the houses of the sick. According to official statements, during the last great cholera epidemic in Moscow, twenty seven thousand silver roubles were gained by the visit of ~~one~~ sacred picture ; a fact which does not appear incredible when we know that every visit is paid with at least twenty five silver roubles" (Erckardt's *Modern Russia*, pp. 221—223). We quote this author as corroborating the statements of Père Gagarin, not, of course, as if we could entirely applaud the spirit in which he writes, which is sometimes not much better than the English in which his thoughts are clothed.

Moscow) "receives every year a million pilgrims. The celebrated picture of our Lady of Iberia, which is to be seen in a chapel built against the walls of the Kremlin, at Moscow, belongs to the Pererva convent. It is calculated that the receipts of this chapel in 1843 amounted to four hundred thousand roubles."*

Severe charges are brought against the monasteries by hostile writers on the score of the misappropriation of their large revenues. These charges are considered by Père Gagarin as, possibly, exaggerations, but it cannot be denied that the inmates of the monasteries, and especially the superiors, are enriched by these offerings of the faithful, and the simple truth seems to be that as a community life does not prevail except in a small proportion of the monasteries, the revenues are divided, and a third part usually falls to the share of the superior. The *Golos* (a Russian paper) estimates the income of the superiors of the four great Lauras—the largest and most famous of the monasteries, at Kief, at Moscow, at St. Petersburg, and at Potchayef in Volhynia—as from forty thousand to sixty thousand roubles annually (*i.e.*, from one hundred and sixty thousand francs to two hundred and forty thousand). No bad income, certainly, even for an English "head of a house" or bishop! These, however, are the great prizes. The convents and monasteries, besides these four great Lauras, are divided into three classes, and the authority already quoted rates the income of the superiors of the lowest of the three at from one thousand to five thousand roubles, and this sum rises in the case of the second and first classes respectively to from five thousand to ten thousand roubles, and from ten thousand to thirty thousand. If we understand the statistics correctly, there are nearly forty convents (or monasteries) of the first class, between sixty and seventy of the second, and nearly a hundred and twenty of the third. This is a great diminution from the ancient numbers, a large number of religious houses having been suppressed either at the date of the confiscation of the goods of monastic orders in 1764, or at a subsequent time.

It cannot be denied, as we have said, that there are great abuses as to the disposal of the revenues of the monasteries, but these abuses may fairly be said to be in the main the work of the Government, and the result of the miserable system which has made the Church a simple department of the State. The tone of the writers to whom we have already alluded appears to

* *Le Clergé Russe*, p. 75.

indicate a clamour on the part of the liberalizing press in Russia and elsewhere for a second confiscation of monastic goods, or perhaps for the destruction of the religious orders. Père Gagarin seems to be afraid that the Government, which is still allpowerful, and from which alone at the present moment any active measures can be expected, may be induced to listen to such a clamour, which is certainly only too much in harmony with the spirit of the age, or, we may rather say, with the worldly spirit in any age. But the Russian Government will show no wisdom or foresight in such a measure. If the monasteries could be made more what they ought to be, if they could be reformed in such a spirit as to make them once more institutions really worthy of the name of religious houses, they might again become the centres of light and true civilization to the community around them, and their revenues, when they are larger than necessity requires, might be spent in the foundation of a thousand works of piety and charity throughout the land. Unfortunately, at the present moment they appear to be religious houses only by a figure of speech.

It is grievous to contemplate the abuses which prevail in the monasteries of Russia. All are supposed to observe the rule of St. Basil, and to form several congregations; mutual dependence, however, has long been at an end, and each house is now completely isolated from the rest. In former times this was not so: the larger houses had a number of smaller monasteries dependent on them, and this served to keep up discipline. There are about three times as many monks as there are nuns, because of a decree of Peter the Great, which forbids any woman to be professed before the age of forty, so that numbers live on in the convents, waiting for their profession, and not a few novices end by returning to the world. Of religious men, a very large majority are priests, and the religious life is, for the greater part of them, a career rather than a vocation. It not unfrequently happens that the young seminarist has not any attraction towards the religious life, or regards it with a repugnance which even the hope of a mitre fails to overcome. Therefore, since it is not easy to procure the number of subjects requisite to fill such posts as can only be intrusted to men of some mind and cultivation, the most unworthy expedients and shameful deceptions are resorted to, in order to force many unfortunate dupes to embrace a monastic life. Père Gagarin quotes an author of the present day for an account of the manner in which the metropolitan of Moscow,

at the beginning of the present century, used to fill up his monasteries. If the student whose entrance was desired resisted all persuasions, he was invited to a drinking party by one of the monks, and when he was well in his cups, the ceremony of giving him the tonsure and the habit was gone through. Then he was put to bed, and his secular clothes were taken away. In the morning he found himself a monk, and though he might tear the habit to pieces in his fury, he was in time calmed down and led to submit to his fate. Even at present, we are told, something of the same sort occasionally takes place. The University students are not unfrequently to be found in taverns and other like places, and it sometimes happens to them to pass the limits of temperance. A student is carried home on a litter: the ceremony goes by the slang name of the "translation of his relics." He is one of those more brilliant youths whom it is desired to enlist in the monastic cause; the superior of the Academy, who is always a monk, sends for him, gives him a reprimand, and tells him he is expelled. But he adds at the same time that he will forgive all if he sees signs of true penitence in the culprit. The only sign of penitence that he will consider sincere is a paper in which the hero of last night's debauch begs for leave to make his religious profession! It is not likely that superiors who know so little about what a religious vocation really is would be able to form their novices, and, in the greater number of houses, there is no such thing as a novitiate, properly so called, but a mere assemblage of young men waiting to be professed, and allowed to spend the *interim* in amusing themselves as they see fit. If they weary of the cloister, they can seek relief from *ennui* without its walls at any hour of the day or night, and it need hardly be added, that the formality of asking leave to go out is dispensed with altogether.

Without a novitiate, there can be no real religious life, and there is none in Russia. In one monastery we find the greatest laxity; in another, the most rigorous despotism; the rule is nowhere observed; and as to the vows, it would be difficult to say which of the three is the most flagrantly disregarded. There are, in fact, as we have said, but a few houses in which community life is even attempted. Superiors, instead of being elected by the religious of each house, are appointed by Government, and the first step towards remedying the present

deplorable state of things, would be to emancipate the monasteries from all State control. It is absolutely essential, if there is to be any restoration of the religious life at all, that the interior control of the houses should be in the hands of persons who have some knowledge of the end to which the whole system is directed. At the present moment, which may turn out to be critical to the whole future of the Russian Church, nothing can be done without the action of the Government, which, if it could be wisely inspired, might originate a movement from which incalculable good might follow. But the work must be carried on from within, and the only wise course for the Government—in Russia as well as elsewhere—would be to set the Church free and to assist her to remedy in her own way the evils for which the State is far more responsible than herself. Anything like a reform of the religious institutions on the principles of “modern civilization” would only make matters a thousand times worse than they are. Unhappily, the bureaucracy of a despotism such as that of Russia is not often free from the conceit that it can understand every system without belonging to it, and rectify every abuse by a stroke of the pen. The Government has the power of making it impossible for religious life to revive, but it has not the power of recalling it to life by official manipulation. We fear that it would have to be more sensible than most European Governments in order to see this very plain truth. It may be thought indeed that the building is almost too dilapidated to be capable of restoration; it must rather be pulled down and constructed afresh. We trust, however, that better things are in store in the future. There are in Russia many pious souls who yearn for the peace of a cloister. If they enter the religious houses of their own country, they soon leave them again; some go to Mount Athos, or to Palestine; some knock at the door of the Rascolnic houses; but all these only experience fresh disenchantment, and become more thoroughly disillusionized. Happy are they if they learn at last that in the Catholic Church, and in her fold alone, can their weary feet find rest, and their longsought ideal become a reality! But this blessing can only belong to a few. What a far greater cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving should we have, if the Russian religious houses could once more become what they ought to be, and take the lead in the return of the whole country to Catholic unity!

IV.

In the early days of the Russian Church, sacred science was well and successfully taught in its ecclesiastical schools. Not is this surprising, if we remember that it formed at first a part of the Church Catholic, much that was orthodox lingering on long after the unhappy schism. Indeed, even at a comparatively recent date the plan of the classes was arranged from a Catholic model; the *Summa* of St. Thomas was explained, and the *Ratio Studiorum* of the Society of Jesus was even to be met with in some cases. From time to time the Catholic colouring has varied in depth, growing fainter or stronger according as Catholic ideas were regarded with more or less favour at Court; but, in spite of these variations, the general tendency has always been downwards, and the state of things has grown gradually worse and worse. There is something even touching about this history of an attempted revival of Christian learning in the seventeenth century, which might have brought in its train immense good to Russia and the world. Père Gagarin tells us—

The first place among the ecclesiastical schools of Russia belongs without contradiction to the Academy of Kief, founded in 1631, by Peter Mogila. . . . After having studied philosophy and theology at Paris he served with distinction in the Polish army, and was particularly conspicuous at the battle of Khotin (1621). One year later he embraced the monastic life in the monastery of the Crypts at Kief; in 1628 he was archimandrite of the celebrated Laura, and was soon afterwards called to the see of Kief. He governed, as metropolitan, the Greek Church (not united) in the Polish States from 1632 to his death in 1646. One of his first cares was to establish a printing press and a school, which was called an Academy, and had classes of philosophy and theology, besides the classes of grammar. . . . Mogila is the author of a catechism or exposition of the orthodox doctrine which was solemnly approved by the Greek Church at the Council of Jassy in 1643 and that of Jerusalem in 1672. It was also received by Adrian, patriarch of Moscow. It may be said that the doctrine of this catechism, excepting on the points of the Pope and the *Filioque*, is Catholic. The *Summa* of St. Thomas was expounded at Kief. The whole organization of the classes was traced on that of the Catholic Colleges; one is reminded at every turn of the *Ratio Studiorum* of the Society of Jesus. There is even a Congregation of the Blessed Virgin.

The necessity of doing something to counteract the growing ignorance of the clergy was soon felt at Moscow. The celebrated Nikon, one of the greatest figures who have appeared in the history of the Russian Church, undertook the correction of the liturgical books which had been corrupted by the copyists, and the resistance which this *reform met with* made the necessity of having schools felt and understood.

The Czar Feodor had just succeeded his father Alexis. Nikon was still alive, and one of his disciples, Simeon of Polotzk, exercised great influence at the Court. He was a man of merit, born in 1628; he came to Russia in 1667, after having made his studies in Poland and frequented the Catholic schools. He was charged with the education of Feodor. . . . When his pupil ascended the throne, Simeon took advantage of the credit which he enjoyed to found a press in the palace. Then he began to preach—a bold innovation, as before his time no one did more than read homilies borrowed from the Fathers. He also showed Catholic tendencies. This was enough to irritate the patriarch Joachim, a man of narrow mind. Simeon, strong in the friendship of the Czar, cared little for the anger of the patriarch, and even thought of depriving him of the supreme dignity. His plan was to replace at the head of the Russian Church, his master Nikon, who was still living in exile after having been deposed by the order of Alexis. To prevent a schism, Simeon proposed to the Czar to create four patriarchs instead of the four metropolitans, and to place Nikon over them with the title of Pope. This project was very nearly being carried out (p. 110.)

Père Gagarin here explains that this was a time when the Court favoured Catholicism. Feodor's wife, a Polish young lady, was supposed to lean towards it. The policy of Feodor was to ally himself closely with Poland, and enter into a league against the Turk with the Emperor of Germany, Venice, and the Pope.

Under such circumstances it was that Simeon conceived the plan of founding at Moscow a school which was to spread civilization among the clergy and the people. But he had scarcely laid the foundations, when he died. The only man who could make head against the patriarch had thus failed, and the plans which the Czar had favoured were compromised. He knew no one to whom to confide the direction of the school, and his fear of the opposition of Joachim made him hesitate to bring professors from Kief. So he took advantage of an embassy which he was sending to the Sultan, to ask the patriarch of Constantinople for professors. The embassy set out in 1681. The next year Feodor died, and the government passed into the hands of Sophia, the faithful heiress of his policy. In 1684, two Jesuits arrived at Moscow with an embassy from the Emperor of Germany, and had no difficulty in obtaining permission to remain in the city. Indeed, we have no doubt that Sophia and her Minister, Galitzin, intended to confide the school to the Jesuits.

A year after, however, two Greek professors sent from Constantinople made their appearance, and were placed at the head of the school, the Jesuits also opening one of their own. Controversies arose, in which the patriarch sided with the Greek monks, and many of the Court with the Jesuits. But all was ended in 1689, by the revolution which placed Peter the First on

the throne. Sophia was shut up in a convent, Galitzin exiled, the Jesuits expelled, and some of their friends executed. Peter owed his triumph to the patriarch and the more ignorant part of the clergy, and he repaid them for their adhesion by persecuting the foreigners and those who had Catholic tendencies.

We thus come to the same famous name, that of the creator of modern Russia, as the author of this decline in ecclesiastical studies and religious and clerical education, as well as of others. Speaking generally, it may be said that the ancient system prevailed until the time of Peter the First, and that in his reign those opposing tendencies, which had long been gathering strength, attained at length so much definiteness and importance that they claimed to be regarded as a separate system, the chief aims of which are—that modern languages should be made more prominent than ancient, literature be preferred to science, profane studies be followed rather than ecclesiastical. Everything Catholic is by degrees being rejected, and Latin is ceasing to be taught, without a thorough knowledge of modern languages being substituted for it; a sort of surface cultivation is imparted, while the reason and the understanding are left untrained.

The author from whom we have been quoting gives us many interesting details of the various changes which have from time to time been introduced into the system of education. The direction in which the changes have been made has varied with the character of the successive sovereigns, and of the persons who for the time had influence at Court. Under Catharine the Second, Joseph the Second of Austria and his institutions were the object of imitation; under Paul the First there was a reaction, and a system was sketched out which would have given something like a solid education to the seminarists. This system appears to have been drawn up under the influence of Father Gruber, the General of the Jesuits in Russia. But this plan was very soon modified. It would appear, also, that zeal for that orthodox faith which is the boast of Russia has not had much influence in the regulation of such seminaries as have existed in the country. Alexander the First, early in the present century, “reorganized” the ecclesiastical studies, and the guiding spirit in the new measure was the well known Speranski, at that time Secretary of State to the Emperor. He was a man for paper systems and centralization in everything, and his *arrangement* of studies lasted long enough to influence a good

many of the bishops and clergy of the country ; but among the authors the use of whose books he enjoined, more than one were Protestants, and these were to be read for dogmatic and moral theology ! He appointed several Protestant professors : among them was a certain Fessler, an apostate Capuchin who had become Protestant, married, divorced one wife, and then taken to another. This man taught first Hebrew and then philosophy. Fessler afterwards became Protestant bishop of Saratof, and married again after the death of the second woman whom he called his wife. It is not very wonderful, then, that there should be some Protestant doctrine to be found among the clergy.

At the present moment, whatever is to be done in the way of improvement must, as is the case of the religious orders, begin from the Government, and we fear that it is not likely that those now in power will be wise enough to make any stand against the shallow and contemptible tenets which are now in fashion almost everywhere in Europe, the predominance of which is a sure sign of the approach of an age even more ignorant, more conceited, and more frivolous, than that in which we live. The old battle between real mental culture on the one hand and the system of cramming boys and youths with a mass of indigested information on all sorts of subjects on the other, is not, we fear, very likely to be fought out in Russia with a successful issue for the former of the conflicting alternatives. Moreover, the Government inherits the miseries which its predecessors have created, and as former Czars have ruined the religious orders in the enslavement of the Church, Alexander the Second cannot call upon them to do their natural part in the great work of education, were he ever so much minded to do so. The fact is, that there are in Russia no teaching orders, with definite methods and traditions of their own ; and, even if there were such orders in the country, the bishops could not be at liberty to confide to any one of them the direction of the seminaries of their various dioceses, for they had themselves no freedom of action with respect to the ecclesiastical schools. This evil, we understand, has lately been rectified ; the seminaries have been placed by the present Government in some degree under the bishop. But it seems to have raised against itself no inconsiderable clamour on this very account, and from that party which in Russia, as well as in England and Ireland, contains the deadliest enemies of all true progress, as also of the freedom of the *Church and sound education* under her guidance

—the so called Liberals of the age. No more narrowminded brood of bigots ever existed on the face of the earth than the men who, in the name of philosophy and liberty, are anxious to introduce and perpetuate everywhere in matters of religion and education the curse of State control, bureaucracy, and centralization. In this lies the true root of the evil, and not, as those Russian books and journals which treat of this subject attempt to prove, in the fact that religious are always placed at the head of the seminaries. For how could this be otherwise, seeing that all other priests are married! As soon as there shall arise a celibate secular priesthood, then will seculars be fitted to govern ecclesiastical schools. Other evils besides those which we have mentioned were rife in the Russian seminaries. Each professor regarded his professorial chair, not as a permanent appointment, but as a mere stepping stone to something else; so that the teaching was never good. And the government of these establishments was no better than the teaching. Though professedly under the direction of the Synod, they were practically under the control of one of the Ministers.

It is only fair to the present Government to allow that some partial measures in the direction of reform have been taken lately, but they have excited violent hostility, and the most furious attacks have been made upon them by a portion of the press. The attempt to put more power into the hands of the bishops, and to watch more carefully over the moral and religious training of the young seminarists, is stigmatized as a tendency towards Jesuitism. Those who have raised this foolish and unmeaning cry seem to have quite forgotten what a priest should be, and what his duties really are. The attempt at reform is a well meaning one, and we believe it to have been made in good faith; but it must be very doubtful, from the causes which we have stated, whether it can succeed. The men capable of carrying it out are not forthcoming, and the evil is, apparently, too deep and wide spread for partial remedies. Still, in this as in other matters, Russia certainly possesses the material elements of improvement. What is wanting is the spirit that may give them life, health, and activity. *Emitte Spiritum Tuum, et creabuntur, et renovabis faciem terræ!*

v.

The Eastern Church was originally divided into four *Patriarchates*; round each patriarch were grouped several

olitans, every metropolitan had in his turn a number of under him, and each separate diocese had its own

The See of Rome was of course supreme even over patriarchs, but the Pope was only appealed to in extraordinary cases, questions of lesser importance being decided by patriarchs. When the Russians embraced Christianity, the patriarch of Constantinople sent them a bishop, who was subject to his authority; before long several dioceses were organized, and the see of Kief became the metropolitan see, not ceasing to be dependent on Constantinople. It does not belong to our purpose to enter into a detailed account of the history of relations between the two Churches, it will be sufficient to say in a general way, that while continuing nominally subject to Constantinople, the Russian Church soon contrived to acquire a measure of autonomy. Towards the end of the sixteenth century the Patriarchate of Moscow was created, and the metropolitans were released from that allegiance to Constantinople which had hitherto been merely nominal.* When Peter the First ascended the throne there were eight metropolitans, but that "destroyer of hierarchy," not content with abolishing the Patriarchate, dissolved them all, so that when he set up his Synod, all the bishops were equal before this tribunal in which all authority was concentrated. If nowadays one is called an archbishop, another metropolitan, and so on, these titles are purely honorary, and nothing, being attached to the individual and not to the see. In this way it comes to pass that the idea of a hierarchy has disappeared from the public mind—we say it has almost disappeared, for now and again an article in some newspaper proves that men still reflect on the subject. We find appeals to the canons, by right of which the provincial councils are empowered to elect, condemn, and depose the bishops. We need only remark that in the Russian Church these canons are completely disregarded and set aside. The Government has usurped the position of the bishops, the power of removing them and appointing them, and still more, it has made them functionaries of the State, even in the exercise of their spiritual powers. It would be tolerable enough for the Emperor to nominate bishops if the Synod had independence and authority sufficient to enable it to refuse its sanction to the appointment of any bishop whom it could not conscientiously

* synodal acts relating to the creation of the new Patriarchate will be found in Palmer's work above referred to, pp. 43—53.

approve ; instead of this it has become a mere cipher, and more than once notoriously unsuitable bishops have been appointed, in the teeth of such opposition as it could make, so that its ratification of the imperial nomination is a mere formality. The canons further reserve, as we have said, to the provincial councils the right of judging and condemning bishops, so that no bishop can properly be deposed, except by a decree of this tribunal, in order that by this means their irremovability and independence might be guaranteed. It need not be said, that all this system has been swept away. The only judge of bishops in the Empire is the Synod, or rather the Government. As a matter of fact, Russian bishops are transferred from see to see, voluntarily or involuntarily, upon the most trifling pretexts, and they are liable to suffer the most grievous punishments, to be deprived, degraded, tortured, exiled, or put to death at the will of the Emperor, and all this for no ecclesiastical offences, but for political crimes, real or imaginary.

As to the manner in which his episcopal authority is exercised, no one in the whole Empire is more completely under official control as to the acts which belong to his high dignity than the Russian bishop. The seminary is not under his management.* He has a council or concistory of priests to assist him in the government of his diocese, but this concistory is practically in the hands of a secretary who is a layman nominated by the Government, who is present at all the meetings, who draws up all papers and manages all the correspondence. He has a whole staff of officials under him, and is in constant communication with the Synod and the Government. Moreover, the case is worse almost than it might be if the whole of the affairs which come before the concistory were managed by a bureau in the Home Office at St. Petersburg, for venality is the plague of the whole official class in Russia, and the clerks of the concistory are said to be more venal and corrupt than any other set of officials in the Empire. They alone are in possession of the technical knowledge of the precedent according to which many cases have to be decided. "The bishop," says Père Gagarin, "is not present at the sittings, the secretary takes the papers to him and presents him with the report ; he is the ordinary channel between the bishop and the concistory, and he is able to make the bishop modify the decision arrived at by the assembly, or, when he transmits to the latter the orders of the bishop, he can give them the colour which suits him best. Almost

* There is now, as we have said, a change in this respect.

always the single motive of his opinion consists in the money which interested parties have given him."* As for the moral and personal influence of the bishops, it is very slight. Pastoral letters, addresses, *mandements*, and the like, are inspired by the Synod, or never issued. At all events, their authority being practically null, no one heeds what the bishops say. The ceremonies of the Church are very magnificent and imposing, but when they are over, the bishops are mute. They are merely treated as officials. More might be said, if we are to trust the authors before us, as to the positive faults of conduct which too often accompany the want of independence, for which the system, and no person in particular, must be blamed. The charges of which we speak, embrace indifference to the real interests of the clergy, pride, greediness of gain, and ignorance of ecclesiastical law.

We may again take occasion to say, that our quarrel is not with individuals, but with the system ; even in the present deplorable state of the Russian episcopate, there are not wanting among its members men of austere life and irreproachable morals. The branch indeed is withering fast, but here and there a green leaf still shows that the sap has not quite ceased to circulate, and that it might yet revive and flourish, if it were only grafted betimes into the ancient stock. If the Russian Government, indeed, is wise enough to set the Church free, and encourage independent action in the bishops, there may perhaps be some delay in the improvements which are so much needed—for men who have long been in chains do not all at once acquire the natural use of their limbs, and there have been instances of freed men who have preferred their prison to freedom. But improvements are sure to come at last. Here, again, we fear it must be said that if the Russian Government deals fairly with its bishops, it will have to face the spirit of the day, and to depart from a long series of precedents which have been set it by most Catholic Governments in the world for some two or three centuries. But we must now pass to that peculiar feature in the ecclesiastical organization of the Empire which gives its character to the whole system, and the influence of which has been perpetually meeting us in the considerations on which we have been hitherto dwelling.

* *Le Clergé Russe*, p. 26.

VI.

The Russian Church, as we have seen, was for a long time governed by a metropolitan, who himself depended upon the patriarch of Constantinople. When at length the connection was finally done away with, and the Patriarchate of Moscow created, Nikon, the first patriarch, found himself in possession of no small authority. Misunderstandings, however, soon broke out between him and the Czar, and the temporal power triumphed in the struggle. The spiritual power might have recovered from its temporary eclipse, if among the successors of Nikon some man of energy and intelligence had been found capable of reconquering the lost territory, but no such person appeared, while the throne of the Czars, on the contrary, was soon ascended by a man who possessed in an eminent degree the very qualities in which the heads of the Russian Church had shown themselves so strikingly deficient. What the religious opinions of Peter the First really were it is not easy to say ; * he probably had not any very definite creed ; at any rate, he hated the Russian clergy, and determining to make himself their master at once and for ever, he resolved to abolish the Patriarchate, and substitute for it a council to which he gave the name of Synod. This council was composed of a president and two vice-presidents, all members of the episcopacy, also of four councillors and four assessors, chosen from the regular and secular clergy. In the present day there is no longer any president or vice-president, and all the members of the Synod are bishops, with the exception of two secular priests, one of whom is chaplain and also confessor to the Emperor, and the other is the head chaplain of the army and navy. Each member is obliged to take an oath to the effect that the supreme judge of the Synod is the monarch of all the Russias for the time being.

The idea which Peter the Great embodied in this Holy Synod is simple in the extreme : it is exactly the idea of those Anglicans who carry out the Royal Supremacy to its fullest and most logical consequences. The Synod was not at first even called a Synod. Peter's plan was to create a number of Colleges, or, as we should now say, Ministries, by means of which the various departments of the Government were to be managed.

* It is said that at one time he intended to bring about a reconciliation with Rome, but that this was in order that he might marry a Catholic princess. See Gagarin, *Le Clergé Russe*, p. 217.

These Colleges were named accordingly, that of Foreign Affairs, Revenue, Justice, Revision, the Army, the Admiralty, Commerce, Exchequer, and, again, of Mines and Manufactures. Last of all, in addition to the Mines and Manufactures, Peter created a tenth College, called the Spiritual College, which was to be his instrument for the exercise of his supreme authority in the Church, as that of Mines and Manufactures was to be his instrument of his supreme authority in the matters of which it had cognizance. It had not even, at first, the name of Synod at all. The public prayers (*ektenia*) used to name the Patriarch as the supreme authority in the Church, and now the College must be put in his place. "It seems, however," says a late writer on the subject, "that they found the name of College, connected as it was with Mines and Manufactures, to be too profane for the purpose, as in a petition to the Czar the Spiritual College proposed to His Majesty the adoption of the denomination of 'Most Holy Governing Assembly.' Peter altered it to 'Most Holy Synod.'"^{*} But, in fact, he intended it to be simply a department of the Government, and as much the organ of his own supreme autocratic will as any other department.

It would be almost a waste of time, as far as our present purpose is concerned, to draw out in detail the action of the Synod in ecclesiastical matters. Our readers will find a full account of this in the lately published work of Father Tondini, to which we have just now referred. It is enough to say that the theory that the Czar is the Patriarch, as Peter himself said, the "Head of the Church," as Paul the First phrased it, is fully carried out in practice, the Synod being his representative and organ. If the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which is now considering its judgment on the lawfulness of maintaining the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Anglican Church, had been erected into a permanent commission for the government of that Communion in every respect, instead of being merely the Queen's organ as supreme judge within the Establishment, we might have in England something like the Holy Synod. But in England the habits of freedom on other matters, the liberty of thought and criticism, the activity of mind which characterizes our race, the force of public opinion, and the very limited range allowed to the monarchy, except in theory, would render such an institution altogether impossible if it attempted to work in the

^{*} Tondini, *The Pope of Rome and the Eastern Popes*, p. 26.

way in which the Russian Synod has worked. It has thoroughly controlled the whole action of the bishops in their dioceses, and reduced them almost to ciphers; it has even put words into their mouth, and drawn up the sermons or homilies which they are to read to their people. It receives complaints against them, and judges them. Its constitution is exactly analogous to that of the Senate, which was the Czar's organ in temporal matters: the instructions and regulations for these two bodies are exactly parallel. The thought must strike the reader very forcibly, that this branch of the Russian despotism cannot survive the other. If ever Russia becomes constitutional, we cannot doubt that the Government will still strive to maintain the Church in subjection to itself; but it seems almost to have overdone its work, which, like the penal laws against the Catholics among ourselves, might have had a better chance of perpetuity if it had not been so monstrous in itself.

A curious corroboration of this is to be found in the criticisms which, even in Russia itself, are freely lavished upon the acts of other Governments by no means different in spirit and character from what is ordinary to the Holy Synod. Peter the First has not lacked imitators, less powerful, and less to be dreaded than himself, who have done on a small scale what he accomplished on a large scale, and whose proceedings have been freely blamed by the very newspapers which abound in elaborate apologies for the state of things at home. For instance, Prince Couza, Hospodar of Wallachia and Moldavia, has lately treated the Roumanian Church somewhat cavalierly, without, however, attempting changes at all equal in magnitude to those which Peter the First effected, and it is curious to read the unsparing condemnation which the press, the Government, and even the very Synod itself, have not scrupled to pass upon the unsuccessful schemes of the unlucky Hospodar. In fact, Russian and Eastern authorities—for the Patriarch of Constantinople took part in the censure on Prince Couza—are strong against anything like the Synod in theory. It is certain that the teaching of the Eastern Church does not in any way recognize the sovereign as the Head, we will not say of the Universal Church, but even of a National Church. The teaching, however, is at sad variance from this practice, for Father Tondini has given us proofs of the servility of the Church in Greece to the *King of Greece*, and even of the Greek Church at Constantinople to the Sultan himself. The Czars have manifestly arrogated

to themselves an authority which is in no way their due, but which is nevertheless consistent with their own ideas respecting their autocratic power, for they claim an equal jurisdiction over every form of worship, and, while professing to respect all creeds, they really rule in ecclesiastical matters with as high a hand as they do in civil, and demand the right of governing the Catholic Church in their Empire, just as they govern the Armenian Church, the Protestant, or the National. The same principle is applied to Jews, Mussulmen, and Buddhists—and this subjection of all creeds is termed *religious toleration* !

It is evident that the Russian Church has fallen into a condition of most complete subjection to the State. It has been, so to speak, incorporated into the State, and has no longer any independent existence, nor is there the slightest identity between the Russian Church as we see it now and the Russian Church as it used to be. Peter the Great achieved a religious revolution which can only be compared to that accomplished in England by Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. One evil which must always result from State bondage is isolation, and the Russian Church forms no exception to the rule. It stands absolutely alone, entirely disconnected from every other Church. It was indeed separated, even while it still possessed a Patriarchate of its own, but the separation has been aggravated tenfold by the creation of the Synod, and the gradual absorption of the Church by the State. This, we repeat, is indeed the root of the evil. Levitism, and the usurpation by bureaucracy of the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, are very much to be deplored, but they are, after all, only offshoots from the fatal root. The abolition of the Synod is the first and indispensable step to be taken in the path of reform, the measure without which all others must be inefficacious—the *delenda Carthago* of every effort. And the Synod once abolished, what then ? An irresponsible Patriarch, at the head of the whole Russian Church, would be a dangerous person in many ways ; it would be necessary that he should, in his turn, be subject to some ecclesiastical authority. Where should this supreme authority reside, if not in the Pope ?

VII.

We do not give the foregoing paragraphs as in any way a complete sketch of the religious state of Russia at the present time. Such a sketch would necessarily include an account of

the Russian sects, very numerous and very powerful in their hold upon the people, and would require also some sort of general view of the progress which has been made by infidelity, freemasonry, and other elements of evil in the population, and of the educational, moral, and intellectual condition of the mass of the people. We have confined ourselves to the Russian Church, or rather, to the Russian clergy, and have endeavoured to put together the facts within the reach of ordinary readers, a consideration of which may enable us to form an idea of the condition and state of vitality which now characterize the great organization in which the spiritual prospects of the nation are bound up.

The review in many respects is certainly not very encouraging. It will disappoint, perhaps, many of the more ardent Anglicans, whose interest in the Russian Church is mainly the fruit of a secret desire to find elsewhere in the Christian world that vigour of life and full development of strength and multitudinous grace which they see in the Catholic Church, and which they would fain persuade themselves not to be her incommunicable heritage. Instead of a living and energizing power, trampling the world under foot, holding up its head against Imperial aggression, and shedding all around it the light and warmth of Christian learning, piety, charity, and activity in labours for the bodies and souls of men, they will see in the Russian Church a body which has its hierarchy, its sacraments, its religious orders, its ritual, its pilgrimages, its orthodox doctrines and practices of piety, and the like, but all the while cold, servile, ignorant, inactive, apathetic under the most crying wrongs and the most intolerable usurpations. By the light of the facts which have been stated, it looks as if life had almost departed: as if there were a heap of dry bones before us, and little more. It will be well for such an Anglican as we are supposing if he asks himself the further question, how all this has come about, and if he hits, in his searchings for an answer, on the thought of the paralyzing effect of a state of pure schism upon even an undoubted "branch" of the Sacred Vine. The Catholic inquirer will have far other thoughts. He will be deeply grieved at whatever indications he may meet with of the absence of life from the Church of Russia, of the degeneracy of her religious and the inefficiency of her clergy, not only because such a state of things implies the loss of many souls which might otherwise reign with *God for ever*, and all the thousand triumphs of Satan which are

sure to follow when the sheep of Christ are as without shepherds, but also because it involves the disappointment of his own ardent hopes that the time may come when Russia may be restored to Catholic unity by a movement from within, similar in spirit to that which has brought back so many souls to peace from Anglicanism and other forms of Protestant error, but which might conceivably differ from that in having a far grander consummation in the reunion of the whole body which it has influenced rather than in the rescuing of single persons. The Russian Church set free from this trammel of State control, might reform and revive itself from within, and as the level of its spiritual life and religious activity rose higher and higher, it might soon overtop the barrier which has been raised to separate it from the Catholic Church throughout the world. The Catholic may see, indeed, cannot fail to see, in the comparative degradation of Russian Christianity the fatal effects of the state of schism ; but he cannot rejoice in that degradation, or look on it as a matter of triumph rather than of the deepest sorrow, and his wishes and prayers must all tend to whatever may in any degree or direction elevate and invigorate what has fallen so low and become so feeble.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that all general views like those on which we have been dwelling, must not only pass over many particular blemishes and leave unsounded the depths of many a hidden evil, but must also fail to reach a thousand special instances of life and beauty, or to trace the secret influence of the Christian means of grace which are undoubtedly in the possession of the Russian Church. The writers whom we have been using tell us very little of the condition of the Russian laity, and although we must be prepared to find that ignorance, laxity of practice, and perhaps some corruptions and superstitions, must prevail among the people where the clergy is not in its normal state, we may still believe confidently that there is a great amount of simple Christian virtue to be found in a people that enjoy the true sacraments and inherit the orthodox faith, though overlaid by some misconceptions and many prejudices. Those who know best the state of Protestants in England are usually the most convinced of the immense goodness of God in the graces which He distributes to those who are in good faith among them, and of the countless numbers of souls that are thus favoured and preserved. The same may surely be said with confidence of large masses of the population of Russia, though we are not

forgetful of the crowds of sects which have broken off from the National Church, or of the very great progress which infidelity has made in the country. It is surely no unreasonable hope that we indulge in when we anticipate that the day may come when either by the action of the Government itself, or by the force of public opinion pressing down the bureaucracy which now enslaves the Church, that Church may become free and acquire the power of developing its own internal resources in a new period of life and vigour. Whenever real toleration becomes the principle of the Government, as is inevitable, we may hope that the Catholic Church will show her lifegiving and civilizing power by the side of the national Communion, and that the result may be not only a large number of individual additions to the Catholic ranks, but the exercise of an elevating and attractive force which may draw the national Communion itself by the irresistible gravitation of charity to the bosom of Catholic unity. Great things may be in store for Russia, and she may yet play a mighty part in the future history of Europe and of the world. Why may we not hope that the goodness of God may awaken within her a spirit which may move her towards that unity from which she has been separated, indeed, but which she has never wilfully and deliberately abandoned? English Catholics should be the last to despair of witnessing such mercies, for their own far more guilty country has, within the memory of the present generation, been visited by a blessed and undeserved grace of the same order. If we are to trust to what we hear, even among the Mussulmans of the East there has lately sprung up a movement towards the religion of our Lord. Let us, then, conceive the highest hopes as to the future of Russia. May the prayers of Catholics win for her the grace to understand that she cannot be truly great and happy as long as she remains in her present isolation; and may the many wrongs which Catholicism has received at her hands be redeemed by a long series of glorious and fruitful services for the advancement of the faith!

Ancient Guilds in England.

IN the confusion consequent on the overthrow of the Roman Empire, when the barbarians of Scandinavia and eastern Europe were sweeping away the effete civilization of Rome, and rudely but effectually laying the foundations of modern life broad and deep, the appearance to a spectator at the time of the convulsion and of its results would have been far different from the impression derived from the retrospective survey of the future historian. The Empire was indeed a gigantic piece of machinery, portentous was the unhinged condition of its parts : it was a soulless corpse, still indeed retaining the outlines of symmetry and cohesion, but destitute of the breath that vivifies and renovates. Its functions acted sluggishly ; the poison of an impure circulation had penetrated to every artery and vein, when the destroying angel suddenly swept past and cut short its long agony.

Before this final catastrophe, which the imperial system had been preparing for centuries, the spirit of true freedom, the union of respect for law and reverence for the individual's dignity, had all but entirely disappeared. The system of centralization, the inevitable outcome of the Augustan institutions, had palsied the spontaneity of the people ; the wire-pulling in the Cæsar's palace was repeated mechanically through the provinces. The prætors and governors of provinces received minute instructions from the capital, whether Rome, or Ravenna, or Constantinople ; the municipal authorities took their cue from the governors. These officials were either not vested with adequate powers, or, if so vested, were taught to remit the exercise of them to the central authority. The unlucky citizen who, in a moment of rashness, dared to impugn the wisdom of an imperial decree, or to complain of an excessive tax, not unfrequently found himself the next day on his way to the capital, where the forfeit of life or liberty appeased the offended *dignity of the sovereign*. Such a governmental system,

if in the hands of an energetic and good ruler, might, doubtless greatly conduce to the welfare and happiness of the people; but these conditions for its beneficial tenure are proved history to be too insecure of fulfilment to justify any theory of a good Government based upon them. The centralization of power and influence and interest in one spot attracted unto the Roman Empire, as it has done in countries of our own day, all the social cormorants to that spot; and it in turn quickly became the carcass around which was waged the battle for the prey. The Court is surrounded by a proletariat, which from laziness or necessity is fed by the ruling powers, and thus leisure is afforded for the concoction of the ideas which are to lead the rest of the Empire in its trail.

The unjust administration of the laws and the inability of the State, whether from the weakness of servility or of youth to protect the lives and property of its subjects, would naturally tend to the assumption of mutual responsibility for each other among the governed, and to the adoption of law codes devised and administered by selfconstituted authorities. In this, in all human affairs whose regulating principles are immediately derived from the inalienable rights of man, we see history repeating itself, and human nature asserting its power under whatever fortuitous pressure. The right of selfpreservation is as indelibly written as it is universal in its operation; the worm will turn upon the foot that crushes it, and there is no man or collection of men whose degradation can be deeper than the memory of this fundamental law of their being. Under the worst tyranny of the Roman Empire, when the sovereign almost taxed the breath of man's nostrils and ruled with an iron rod, we might find indications tending to show that the wretched people knew their rights and exerted themselves to vindicate them. When the framework of society is unhinged and authority is synonymous with superior power, the weaker elements will unconsciously and by instinct draw closer to one another, and shelter behind the united bulwark.

This tendency towards the formation of unions or brotherhoods is so universal that it needs but to be pointed out to be acknowledged. It existed and exists among all peoples and at all times; it is confined to no set of circumstances and can be restricted by no law; it is the ingrained instinct of social man—it is the necessity of his being. The relations of kindred and of friendship dictate the same course as

community of religious or material interests, and the union is knit the closer the greater the external danger. But over and above these fellowships for mutual support and protection, which might be called primary and essential to man's existence, there are found in the history of most nations certain secondary and accidental societies, or guilds, established for the promotion of some common object. Whether social or political, of a good or a bad tendency, clubs, guilds, societies, or brotherhoods, they are all rooted in the one grand principle of union being strength. There are two periods when such unions seem to shoot up and flourish most luxuriantly—the infancy and the decrepitude of national existences. In both periods the object is the same—mutual support and defence. Nor is this theory invalidated by instances in which a society is formed for the destruction of order, as is the case with Continental Freemasonry, or is led away from its original road into the bye paths of violence and sedition. Such changes have ever been, and perhaps notably so with the above mentioned society. But as abuse does not mar the utility of an institution, so it still remains that the system is good in itself, founded as it is on the primary laws of human nature.

Still, it must be confessed that the ease with which a confederacy of individuals can be used for political purposes, renders it a grave question how far they can be tolerated in practice. In the first place, there can be no doubt that in an ideal state of society, when good government and respect for the law support each other, they would not be advisable, inasmuch as they would not be needful. But taking the world as it is and always will be, with its strong leaven of the bad and the base, a nice inquiry presents itself as to whether, and how far, the advantages of brotherhoods, especially when sworn, countervail the almost inevitable evils arising from them. History would seem to testify that the abuses of these institutions have ever outrun their legitimate use, and that their influence has been aimed at the overthrow of the existing order of things. The *ἐννομολογία* of Athens, the "Societates" of Rome, the Società of mediæval Florence, the Carbonari of modern Italy, the Franc-maçons of Belgium and France, and to some degree the trades' unions of England, are in this respect on an equal footing; they have left the sphere in which they might have contributed to the protection of the weak against the strong, and have, *instead, entered upon a new phase of their existence:*

when they become a positive element of peril to authority. Yet all the above clubs, if we could trace them to their origin, would probably be found to have arisen from the just ties of family or of legitimate mutual interest. But as people developed, and the interests of classes became more and more antagonistic from the greater variety of pursuits, from the rivalries of factions, and, finally, from the wild passions of men, they too lost their primitive character, and changed from open and voluntary auxiliaries of law into secret hotbeds of sedition and assassination.

These general remarks will give the reader an outline of the basis on which the institutions of brotherhoods and guilds are built. Their common origin, the instinctive tendency to combine for more efficient protection, has become somewhat overlaid by the various degrees and modifications in development which the transplantation into different soils has brought about. Their existence in the earliest periods of European history is sufficiently attested by capitularies, decrees, and statutes. Some modifications of them rendered themselves obnoxious to the State as early as Charlemagne. This remark applies especially to unions sanctioned and confirmed by oath. Now, this conduct of the great monarch cannot be accounted for by any theory of excessive centralization, since centralization would naturally curtail the powers of the great princes and nobles of the Empire, rather than the modest power of a guild: a conclusion the more forcible and legitimate, when the overgrown extent and the half-civilized elements of the Frankish monarchy are considered. Moreover, the terms of the capitulary in question seem to bear out this theory. They adjudge the usual barbaric punishments of scourging, nose slitting, &c., not only to associations whose objects were directly unlawful, but also to such as appeared united for resistance to violence and robbery. If our information were more detailed, we should most probably find that unlawful acts were as commonly the fruit of guilds, even in those times as legitimate acts; and the disposition to apply the strength of the combination to the purposes of thwarting the execution of the law would explain the persistent hostility of the restored Empire to them. It must at the same time be borne in mind that the stringent rule of the first Frankish sovereign, the subsequent incursions of the Normans, and the consequent weakening of order in every rank of society, would naturally *at once a cause and an incentive* to the lower classes to aim

an improvement in their condition by means of confederations. It was long, however, before the Continental guilds attained to a tithe of the prosperity which the sanction of authority conferred on those of England.

It is a curious fact, that though guilds existed in England at least as early as on the Continent, they were nevertheless saved, from their very commencement, from the opposition made in the case of these last. Nor is it, in our judgment, a satisfactory explanation of this striking phenomenon to say, that the English people, even in those early times, had learnt the blessings of selfrule, and, by consequence, the antecedent necessity of limiting the objects of their associations by a spirit of respect for order and law. This spirit, even if it exists, must be kept alive by the fostering care of strong and beneficent rulers; and though the end of the ninth and the tenth centuries can unfold the stories of an Alfred, an Athelstan, and an Edgar, still the greater part of that period saw England misruled by ruthless Kings, and harried by the ravages of Dane and Northman. The central authority was often too weak to make its action felt far from home: there were treacherous settlements in the heart of the country, which destroyed the harmonious action of the parts, and over and above all these, there were our own unruly forefathers, who still retained vestiges of their old lawless and violent character. Where social relations had acquired greater consistency, and a more peaceful disposition reigned, as in the larger towns, such as London, the advantages of confederation against such crimes and robbery were easily recognized, and Kings found it to their interest to support the burgher against the unquiet section of the community. From whatever causes it may have arisen, this policy of sustaining the commonalty against the tyrannous exactions of the higher class has, with few or no exceptions, been the all but constant peculiarity of our English Kings. And when it is well considered, it will be seen to be the main cause of the success achieved by our guilds, and of the liberties for selfgovernment enjoyed by our boroughs.

But passing over the general questions on the subsequent development of guilds,* we will draw our readers' attention to a special class, which seems to have taken deep root in English

* Those who desire to examine the material aspects of the Early English Guilds should consult the introductory essay by Dr. Brentano to the issue, under the above title, of the Early English Text Society. From this volume we have extracted the facts which follow.

soil. We mean the religious guilds. They offer unmistakeable proofs of the sincerely pious spirit of the people, and, indirectly, of the high character of the clergy. Whatever may have been the secondary objects of some of these societies, the main end of most seems to have been religious. In some cases guilds owed their origin to trivial circumstances. An instance of this is the origin of a guild mentioned by Wilda. Some tradesmen were one evening in a tavern, and when they paid their reckoning they found they had several shillings over. They escaped from their difficulty, as to what was to be done with the money, by spending it on a candle, which was to be burned before a statue of our Lady. Another guild owed its origin to a vow made by some merchants in danger of shipwreck. Some service of religion characterized them all. Their object was that *in omni obsequio religionis conjungantur*. Thus, at York we find a guild of Corpus Christi established in A.D. 1408. The ordinances of this guild are mainly, that (1) on the feast of Corpus Christi, all the priests in their suplices, and the masters carrying white wands, shall go in stately procession, to the glory of God and of the city of York. (2) That six priests, brethren of the fraternity, shall be yearly chosen as masters. The six priests thus chosen shall have the governance of the whole guild, and of all that is needful for it. (3) That all who wish to be enrolled as members shall be received by the above priests. There was to be no oath, and no other bond than that of charity. (4) That the priests shall say daily prayers for the guild members, and perform the usual services on the death of any brother. (5) No layman is to take any part in the governance of the guild; no one is to be admitted to membership but those belonging to some honest craft and of good fame and conversation. This guild was very celebrated. From a manuscript in the British Museum, we learn that no less than fourteen thousand eight hundred and fifty persons took part in the yearly procession. "The master and six priests are bound to keep a solemne procession, the sacrament being in a shryne born in the same through the city of York, yerely, the Friday after Corpus Christi Day; and the day after, to have a solempne Mass and dirige to pray for the prosperity of brothers and sisters lyving and the souls departed, and to keep yerely ten poor folks, having, every of them, towards their lyvinge, by yere, iii*l.* vis. viii*l.* And further they do find eight beds for poor people, being strangers, and one poor woman to keep the said beds, by the yere xiii*s.* iv*d.*"

The good city of York was evidently fond in days gone by of Papistical pageants. The reading of its doings in the "dark days" would surely horrify an enlightened York man of today ; but for all that, it is pleasant to look back and see our fathers so honest in the practice of their religion. In the same city existed the "Guild of the Lord's Prayer." It thus explains its own origin. "Be it known that, once on a time, a play, setting forth the goodness of the Lord's Prayer, was played in the city of York ; in which play all manner of vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise. This play met with so much favour, that many said, 'Would that this play could be kept up in this city, for the health of souls, and for the comfort of the citizens and the neighbours.' Hence, the keeping up of that play in times to come, for the health and amendment of the souls, as well of the upholders as of the hearers of it, *became the whole and sole cause** of the beginning and fellowship of the brethren of this brotherhood. And so the main charge of the guild is to keep up this play, to the glory of God, the Maker of the said Prayer, and for the holding up of sins and vices to scorn." Next follow some wholesome regulations as to the good character of the members, on prayers for the deceased associates, and on doing good works. "The brethren are bound," proceed the rules, "as often as the said play of the Lord's Prayer is played in the city of York, to ride with the players thereof through the chief streets of the city of York ; and the more becomingly to mark themselves while thus riding, they must all be clad in one suit." The good sense and religious spirit of the guild is shown by a rule which provides that changes may be made in its regulations, provided the change be "for the greater glory of God or the welfare of this guild." In accordance with this clause, we find a later rule, "That a chaplain shall, once a year, celebrate Divine Service before the guild, for the good of the bretheren and sisteren of the guild, alive and dead, and for that of all good-doers to the guild. Moreover, the bretheren are wont to meet together at the end of every six weeks, and to put up special Prayers for the welfare of our Lord the King, and for the good governance of the kingdom of England," and for all members, living and dead. This document bears date 21st January, 1388,

* The italics are ours. Poor Mr. Toulmin Smith, the editor of these records, since dead, and Mr. Furnival, the amusing revisor of Mr. Smith's work, "had settled together" that guilds such as the above were not religious but social in character.

and is a picture of Catholic life which we should be proud to look upon and admire at the present day.

Let us now step over to Beverley, and see what was done there by the "Guild of St. Mary" in 1355. "Every year, on the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Mary, all the bretheren and sisteren shall meet together in a fit and appointed place, away from the church; and then one of the guild shall be clad in a comely fashion as a Queen, like to the glorious Virgin Mary, having what may seem a son in her arms; and two others shall be clad like to Joseph and Simeon; and two shall go as angels, carrying a candlebearer, on which shall be twenty four thick wax lights. With these and other great lights borne before them, and with much music and gladness, the pageant virgin with her son, and Joseph and Simeon, shall go in procession to the church. And all the sisteren of the guild shall follow the virgin, and afterwards all the bretheren, and each of them shall carry a wax light weighing half a pound. And they shall go two and two, slowly pacing to the church, and when they have got there the pageant virgin shall offer her son to Simeon at the high altar, and all the bretheren and sisteren shall offer their wax lights, together with a penny each. All this having been solemnly done they shall go home again with gladness."

Alas! that the Ober-Ammergau play alone is of today, and the above pageants of the fourteenth century. These guilds are nearly without exception thus dedicated to our Lady or some saint, and established to do them honour. Thus the Guild of the Purification at King's Lynn is founded "in ye honuraunce of Ihesu Crist of Heuene, and of His Moder Seinte Marie . . . and speciallike of ye Purificacioun of oure Lady Seinte Marie." The date of this foundation is 1367. Another at Bishop's Lynn is dedicated to "ye concepcioun of oure Leuedy Seynte Marye." It is an interesting peculiarity, showing the strong hold which devotion to the Blessed Virgin always had on the Catholic mind, that, whosoever was the patron saint of the guild, our Lady is almost universally mentioned as a special patroness. Take, as an example, the guild of St. Edmund, North Lynn. We read that "in ye honour of Ihesu Crist of Heuene, and of His Modere Seinte Marye . . . and speciallike of yat holi martyr Seint Edmunde ye Kynge, yis ffraternite is foundyn and stabled." Again, the Saddlers' and Spurriers' Guild (Norwich) was established "to ye honor of oure Lady Seynt Marie, &c., in ye yer of

for Lord's birthe Ihesu Crist, a thowsande thre hundred foure
ore and ffyue."

The objects of these guilds are the performance in various
forms of the corporal works of mercy. For this purpose there is
in course a fixed contribution, forming the fund from which the
expenses incurred by the guild are defrayed. Direct religious
worship is almost always explicitly provided for. After this are
ranked the objects for which the guild was established, foremost
among which is the moral well being of the associates. Next
come the practical duties incumbent upon the guild and
its members, the payments to sick members and to those who
have lost their property by accidents, such as fires. Funerals
are properly attended to, as well by money expenses as by the
attendance of members. The good conduct and "conversation" of
the members is strictly enforced by fines and penalties, while they
are forbidden to go to law with one another before they have
endeavoured to settle their differences by an appeal to the good
members of the guild. *O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint.*
The great feast day of the guild's patron is, as might be
expected, celebrated with due solemnity. A banquet was
prepared, at which all the members of the guild were bound
under penalty of fine to be present. Much importance was
attached to these meetings, as they were justly considered the
means of strengthening charity and goodwill among the
brethren. Any breach of charity on these occasions, by
quarrelling, &c., was punished by a fine. That the poor were
not forgotten amid these festivities is shown by the regulations
of the "Guild of the Holy Cross," at Stratford-upon-Avon.
Every sister of this guild shall bring with her to this feast a
great tankard, and all the tankards shall be filled with ale, and
hereafterwards the ale shall be given to the poor. So likewise shall
the brethren do; and their tankards shall in like manner be
filled with ale, and this also shall be given to the poor."

That there were also merchant guilds, whose main objects
were the interests of trade and commerce, is shown by the
official returns made to the King in A.D. 1389. Most of those,
however, quoted in Mr. Toulmin Smith's volume were of an
exclusively religious character, as the above extracts abundantly
testify. A member of one of these guilds no doubt gained other
secondary advantages from membership, yet the fact still stands
that religion and piety were matters of everyday life among
the guild members. There was a Catholic or supernatural

atmosphere which our forefathers imbibed as naturally drew in the breath of their nostrils ; their minds conceive any divorce between the future and the possible, and therefore their associations assumed an aspect as readily as ours put on the garb of philanthropic consideration will explain the view of Protestants of the middle age guilds as social institutions. They are unquestionably social ; their objects and their means eminently social. But they were something more than that. They rose above the level of naturalism, which is the greatest part of Protestantism. They did for the love of Jesus Christ and of "Hecce Modyir Seynte Marye" what the nineteenth century does for the sake of respectability, and lies the difference in a nutshell. There is a chasm, but not deep, between those days and these. Prosperity then was a mere question of broad acres or of swollen purses, or of titles or of telegraphs. Our fathers did not dig downwards in search of progress and of our common mandril ancestor ; they were content to have had sufficient, and more—they seem to have been satisfied and happy.

A Contemporary Elegy on Edmund Campi

[We printed in our last volume some Catholic poetry of the sixteenth century, a curious collection in the British Museum. We have taken from the same the following contemporaneous Elegy on the martyr Edmund Campion. In this case the spelling has been modernized.]

Why do I use my paper, ink, and pen,
 And call my wits to counsel what I say ?
 Such memories were made for mortal men—
 I speak of Saints whose names cannot decay.
 An angel's trump were fitter for to sound
 Their glorious death, if such on earth were found.

Pardon my want, I offer nought but will,
 Their register remaineth safe above.
 Campion exceeds the compass of my skill,
 Yet let me use the measure of my love ;
 And give me leave in low and homely verse,
 His high attempts in England to rehearse.

He came by vow, the cause to conquer sin,
His armour prayer, the Word his targe and shield,
His comfort heaven, his spoil our souls to win,
The devil his foe, the wicked world the field,
His triumph joy, his wage eternal bliss,
His captain Christ, which ever blessed is.

From ease to pain, from honour to disgrace,
From love to hate, to danger being well ;
From safe abode to fears in every place,
Contemning death to save our souls to hell,
Our new Apostle coming to restore
The faith which Austin planted here before.

His nature's flowers were mixed with herbs of grace,
His mild behaviour tempered well with skill ;
A lowly mind possessed a learned place,
A sugar'd speech, a rare and virtuous will.
A saintlike man was set on earth below,
The seed of truth in erring hearts to sow.

With tongue and pen the truth he taught and wrote,
By force whereof they came to Christ apace ;
But when it pleased God it was his lot
He should be thrall'd, He lent him so much grace,
His patience then did work as much or more
As had his heavenly speeches done before.

His fare was hard, yet mild and sweet his cheer,
His prison close, yet free and loose his mind ;
His torture great, yet small or none his fear ;
His offers large, but nothing could him blind.
O constant man ! O mind ! O virtue strange !
Whom want nor woe, nor fear nor hope, could change.

From rack in Tower they brought him to dispute,
Bookless, alone, to answer all that came.
Yet Christ gave grace, he did them all confute,
So sweetly there in glory of His name,
That even the adverse part are forced to say
That Campion's cause did bear the bell away.

This foil enraged the minds of some so far,
They thought it best to take his life away ;
Because they saw he would their matter mar,
And leave them shortly nought at all to say.
Traitor he was with many a seely slight,
Yet packed a jury that cried guilty straight.

Religion there was treason to the Queen,
Preaching of penance war against the land ;
Priests were such dangerous men as have not been,

Prayers and beads were fight and force of hand ;
Cases of conscience bane unto the State,
So blind is error, so false a witness hate.

And yet behold these lambs be drawn to die,
Treason proclaimed, the Queen is put in fear ;
Out upon Satan, fie thy malice, fie,
Speak'st thou to them that did the guileless hear ?
Can humble souls departing now to Christ
Protest untrue ? Avaunt, foul fiend, thou liest.

My sovereign liege, behold your subject's end,
Your secret foes do misinform your grace,
Who in your cause their holy lives would spend,
As traitors die—a rare and monstrous case.
The bloody wolf condemns the harmless sheep
Before the dog, the while the shepherds sleep.

England, look up ! thy soil is stained with blood,
Thou hast made martyrs many of thine own.
If thou hast grace their deaths will do thee good,
The seed will take which in such blood is sown ;
And Campion's learning, fertile so before,
Thus watered too, must needs of force be more.

Repent thee, Eliot, of thy Judas kiss,
I wish thy penance, not thy desperate end ;
Let Norton think, which now in prison is,
To whom was said he was not Cæsar's friend ;
And let the Judge consider well in fear,
That Pilate washed his hands, and was not clear.

The witness' false, Sledd, Munday, and the rest,
Which had your slanders noted in your book,
Confess your fault beforehand—it were best,
Lest God do find it written when He doth look
In dreadful doom upon the souls of men ;
It will be late, alas ! to mend it then.

You bloody jury, Lea, and all the 'leven,
Take heed your verdict, which was given in haste,
Do not exclude you from the joys of heaven,
And cause you rue it when the time is past.
And every one whose malice caused him say,
"Crucify !" let him dread the terror of that day.

Fond Elderton, call in thy foolish rhyme,
Thy scurrile ballads are too bad to sell ;
Let good men rest, and mend thyself in time,
Confess in prose thou hast not metred well ;
Or, if thy folly cannot choose but fain,
Write alehouse toys, blaspheme not in thy vain.

Remember, you that would oppress the cause,
The Church is Christ's—His honour cannot die,
Though hell herself revest her grisly jaws,
And join in leage with schism and heresy.
Though craft devise, and cruel rage oppress,
Yet skill will write and martyrdom confess.

You thought, perhaps, when learned Campion dies,
His pen must cease, his sugar'd tongue be still ;
But you forget how loud his death it cries,
How far beyond the sound of tongue and quill.
You did not know how rare and great a good
It was to write his precious gifts in blood.

Living he spake to them that present were,
His writings took their censure of the view ;
Now fame reports his learning far and near,
And now his death confirms his doctrine true ;
His virtues now are written in the skies,
And often read with holy inward eyes.

All Europe wonders at so rare a man ;
England is filled with rumour of his end.
London must needs, for it was present then,
When constantly three saints their lives did spend ;
The streets, the stones, the steps you hold them by,
Proclaim the cause for which these martyrs die.

The Tower saith the truth he did defend,
The bar bears witness of his guiltless mind ;
Tyburn doth tell he made a patient end,
On every gate his martyrdom we find.
In vain you thought you would obscure his name,
For heaven and earth will still record the same.

Your sentence wrong pronounced of him here,
Exempts him from the judgments for to come ;
Oh happy he that is not judged there ;
God grant me too to have an earthly doom.
Your witness false and lewdly taken in,
Doth cause he is not now accused of sin.

His prison now the city of the King,
His rack and torture, joys and heavenly bliss ;
For men's reproach with angels he doth sing,
A sacred song which everlasting is.
For shame but short, and loss of small renown,
He purchased hath an ever during crown.

His quartered limbs shall join with joy again,
And rise a body brighter than the sun ;
Your blinded malice tortured him in vain,

For every wrench some glory hath him won.
 And every drop of blood which he did spend,
 Hath reaped a joy which never shall have end.

Can dreary death then daunt our faith, or pain ?
 Is it lingering life we fear to lose, or ease ?
 No, no ; such death procureth life again ;
 'Tis only God we tremble to displease,
 Who kills but once, and ever still we die,
 Whose hot revenge torments eternally.

We cannot fear a mortal torment, we ;
 This martyr's blood hath moistened all our hearts ;
 Whose parted quarters when we chance to see,
 We learn to play the constant Christian's parts.
 His head doth speak and heavenly precepts give,
 How we the like should frame ourselves to live.

His youth instructs us how to spend our days,
 His flying bids us how to banish sin,
 His straight profession shows the narrow ways,
 Which they must walk that look to enter in ;
 His home return, by danger and distress,
 Emboldens us our conscience to profess.

His hurdle draws us with him to the Cross,
 His speeches there provoke us for to die,
 His death doth say this life is but a loss,
 His martyred blood from heaven to us doth cry.
 His first and last and all conspire in this,
 To show the way that leadeth unto bliss.

Blessed be God Who lent him so much grace,
 Thanked be Christ Who blessed His martyr so ;
 Happy is he who sees his Master's face ;
 Cursed are they that thought to work him woe.
 Bounden are we to give eternal praise
 To Jesu's name Who such a man did raise.—Amen.

Results of the Education Act.

The experience of the first twelvemonth's working of the Education Act of 1870 has not borne out the sanguine expectations of its supporters, and, we venture to think, the result upon the country has been very different from what was anticipated. The first immediate result was a gigantic effort on the part of the Church of England to add to the number of primary schools under her direction; the Catholics, with equal liberality far beyond their means, raised a noble subscription to cover as much ground as possible with schools for the Catholic children. The other two parties in the kingdom, the Secularists and the Nonconformists, made common cause; but when they shut their purses, they declined to add schools for their own children, they refused to assist others who were building, and with strange inconsistency, clamoured loudly and even angrily for the confiscation of all denominational schools. To those who have paid but little attention to the spirit and bias of the Nonconformist body, their league with the Secularists, many of whom wish for the complete elimination of all religion from the field of education, and for whom education is more perfect in proportion as it ignores the attributes of God and man's obligations to his Creator, must appear inexplicable. The one characteristic of Nonconformity on those who do not call themselves Nonconformists is, or was, its steadfast fidelity to a principle, and its generous renunciation of temporal advantages for the sake of that principle. A foreigner might naturally ask—"How can these martyrs to principle forego principle so far as to make common cause with a party, where principles, if any, are not only discovered?" The explanation lies in the fact that the dominant feeling in the Nonconformist body is intense hatred of the Church of England. The Nonconformists profess to value education, but they would unhesitatingly sacrifice the education of the poor rather than allow them to be educated by the Church of England; they profess an ardent zeal to spare the

pockets of the ratepayers, but they would sooner pay a double rate themselves, and they would sooner compel all who dissent from them to pay a double rate, rather than allow Protestant children to be educated on a single rate in Church of England schools. It is true that, in the agitation raised against the Act of 1870, the Nonconformists have put forth the Catholics even more prominently than the Church of England Protestants; they have pretended that their consciences are wounded, that they cannot pay a rate which is devoted to the support of Popery, and some of the bolder spirits have challenged distraint rather than pay the odious school rate, which they complain is the old church rate in a new garb. But this outburst of anti-Popery will not blind the eyes of the statesmen of the country; they know the Nonconformists have made a bad bid to convert the universally felt desire for a satisfactory system of Primary Education into a weapon of attack on the Establishment.

And, if we are not mistaken, the leading men of both parties have understood quite well that the Nonconformist trump was a poor card: had the Nonconformists had reason on their side the attack might have proved formidable to the Establishment but the argument was an unsound one, and the attack contained no more danger than usually attends an unmeaning, noisy cry from the crowd.

The Nonconformists, apparently led by their ministers, objected to the Act, that in leaving local School Boards free to decide the payment of fees to denominational schools, it taxed Nonconformists, and devoted their rates to the support of the Church by which the schools had been built. The obvious retort was, Nonconformists who pay the school rate in towns, where the Board has decided on paying fees to denominational schools, do not support any Church; their money buys so many hours of purely secular instruction, from which all religion is excluded, so many hours of instruction in mere reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, &c. It is not a little curious that when urged with this argument, no single Nonconformist speaker or writer has ever attempted to show how the payment of fees to denominational schools supports the Church by which they were built. Mr. Dale, in a letter to the *Times* of December 8th, merely asserts—"To tell us that the money is paid merely for the secular teaching is an insult to our understanding. It supports *the school*."

Mr. Baines, an authority among the Nonconformists, acknowledged in a public meeting that he could not fathom the Nonconformist objection. He added—we quote from memory—that he supposed the payment of fees to denominational schools in some way injured Nonconformity or Nonconformists, though he confessed himself unable to understand how the injury arose.

There does lurk a meaning in the Nonconformist cry which, however, they shrink from publishing. Nonconformists understand that the possession of a school strengthens the Church connected with it: what they think, but dare not say, is that the refusal to pay school fees for destitute children would either starve out the school, or so cripple its efficiency as to render it anything but a support to the Church, or injure the school to some extent, and so injure the Establishment, and so further Nonconformity. The grand days of Nonconformity have passed, when the intrepid devotedness of the parents and founders of Nonconformity have fallen to the depths of such jealousy. When will Nonconformists learn that the path of a glorious future lies not in abusing nor injuring the Establishment in her schools and endowments, but in rivalling her in her works of piety and usefulness. Let Nonconformists found schools for themselves, and conduct them so as to surpass the schools of the Establishment: in such rivalry lies the secret of the success of Nonconformity.

Meanwhile, rather than witness the prosperity of the Anglican schools, they trample on the rights of destitute parents; they refuse to allow them to send their children to the school of their choice; or if they dare to do so, the Nonconformists feel no shame in asking the managers of the school to give their instruction gratuitously, all to fall in with their small anti-Establishment jealousy.

The Nonconformist body has fallen into a discreditable blunder. They imagined they had discovered a terrible piece of artillery; but the gun has burst without doing any harm, beyond the harm of recoiling on its inventors. And as if to make their blunder worse, they trouble the air with threats of breaking up the Liberal body and abandoning Mr. Gladstone to the tender mercies of his adversaries. They dare not coquet with the Tories, otherwise we are taught to believe they are on the point of forming an alliance with any body, to prevent the payment of fees to *denominational schools*. The great difficulty, perhaps, is

to meet with a party ready to join them—Secularists and Non-conformists, this conjunction defines the position exactly.

True Liberals, true friends of progress, the advocates of rational liberty, in public and private life, all deplore the partial success, it might almost be called the failure, of the Act of 1870. To say nothing of Education in its highest and in its true signification, there does exist a want of mere instruction, a necessity for it, which was not known in past ages. The instruction which might have fitted a man for society in the middle ages will not fit him now. At a time when so much travelling is accomplished in railways and steamers; when the whole fabric of commerce rests on credit, even in its small branches, when speculation works on scientific principles, when the poorest have within their reach the opportunity of saving banks and annuities and insurances, it is not too much to say that every one should know how to read and write. Acquaintance with the use of the bow and arrow was not more necessary in a tribe of red Indians, than the knowledge of reading and writing is to every member of our English community of the day. Some knowledge of agricultural life was not more indispensable to the serfs, the *adscripti* globe of the middle ages than the three R's to our poorer population. Only enthusiasts can see in elementary instruction an adequate substitute for education, or hope that the three R's can make men honest and truthful, or confound morality with knowledge. Only the wildest visionary can deny that a little knowledge may be a very dangerous thing, or doubt but that, as a red Indian might wound his own hand with an arrow intended for an enemy, so a servant, by reading cheap and nasty literature, may lose the purity of mind and destroy all the soundness of her understanding and will. Sensible persons recognize the necessity of elementary education, and acknowledge with shame that England is not the foremost among civilized nations in this respect, and that she falls lamentably short of a point which might easily be attained. The desire for legislation was strongly felt throughout the kingdom; the Ministry certainly could count on the honest sympathy of the whole country.

The unfortunate religious divisions of England never told the tale of their evil effects so plainly as in the case of the Education Act. The problem was simple; the want of instruction crying: only for the religious difficulty, legislation would *have been easy*; every child would have been compelled

attend school, and schools would have been provided in localities which were destitute. The wearisome history of the Education Act is still fresh before us ; the noisy, unreasoning opposition of a faction who thought themselves strong enough to dictate to Mr. Gladstone, protracted a most unprofitable discussion and distracted the attention of Parliament from the more urgent questions of compelling attendance and ensuring a certain proficiency of knowledge ; the question before the country was not, shall the best primary education be secured for every child, but shall the cry for education be wrested by the Nonconformists, never zealous in the cause of instructing the poor, into a weapon of offence against the several denominational bodies which had distinguished themselves by the sacrifices they had made in that cause.

So loud was the cry of the Nonconformists for a merely secular education that men forgot to ask themselves what part the Nonconformists had played in the march of intellectual improvement through the country. Had the policy of the last fifty years of Nonconformity been looked into, the inquirer would have remarked that many small chapels—clean, cheap, dreary places of worship had been built—mostly with money raised on mortgage ; that under these chapels there was a half room, half cellar, destined for that worst form of educational activity, the Sunday school ; that at a later period, in the most flourishing congregations, when the mortgage was cleared away, a more pretentious building was raised, often with architectural merit, and a separate building was then erected for the school. The system was financially sound, it risked little in this world, perhaps did not look for much in the next ; it was safe, it was many things, but it involved no sacrifice of money for the education of the poor. Later on, the supineness of the Nonconformists in the cause of education was more remarked, and it was with much pleasure we observed the topic was handled by Mr. James Whitty at the Liverpool School Board—

But let them see what the denominations did in the past and what his Roman Catholic friends had done. He found from some statistics he had analyzed, that the Church of England possessed sixty six schools, which provided accommodation for thirty five thousand four hundred and thirty three inmates ; that the Nonconformists, taken altogether, had founded twenty schools, giving accommodation for seven thousand six hundred and six inmates ; while the Roman Catholics, though not possessing the greatest amount of wealth, as compared with other classes of the community, had erected twenty nine schools, of larger dimensions

than most of those he had referred to, which gave accommodation for twenty thousand four hundred and eighty eight children ; besides which there were two or three mixed schools, which bore no denomination, which accommodated three thousand five hundred and twelve children, and these altogether accounted for an aggregate of about sixty or seventy thousand. Had the Nonconformists, with their wealth and zeal, love of progress and intelligence, done more to enlighten the people than the Roman Catholics had done in proportion ? When compared with the Roman Catholics, they appeared greatly to have neglected their duty in this matter (*Catholic Times*, Nov. 25, 1871).

A brief but true history of the educational movement of 1870 would be furnished the statement that the section of the Dissenters of England, which had previously least distinguished itself by zeal for the education of the destitute poor, seized the opportunity of the Education Act to attack the existing educational resources of the kingdom, to satisfy their religious animosities, and called for such a strain on the rates as practically hindered the erection of Board schools.

The Nonconformists, we say, allowed their religious animosities to sway them round in full opposition to the progress of education, and we fear it must be said the antireligious bitterness and fanaticism of the leading spirits among the Secularists made them the willing allies of the Nonconformists in their policy of inaction.

What has been the progress obtained in England during 1870 ? The battles of the Imperial Parliament were fought over again with equal fury, perhaps with equal intelligence, at every School Board in England. There has been much talking ; much feeling has been excited, and not kindly feeling ; school managers complain that the uncertainty of legislation, the modifications introduced into the code, the hesitation of Parliament and Boards alike, have checked the flow of voluntary contributions and interfere with their own action ; they do not know who are to be their masters, who their inspectors, what measure is to be dealt out to them. But what has been done ? Have schools been built ? have gutter children been compelled to attend ? have any steps been taken towards defining the extent of elementary education to be required from our boys and girls ? Has the position of the denominational schools been determined ?

As far as we know, no schools have yet been commenced, or even decided upon ; as far as we know, nowhere has a School Board had the courage to encounter the problem of compelling the attendance of the children. The School Boards of Sunderland

d Swansea have seen their way clearly to refusing the schools for the children of parents who claim their right of sending children to schools connected with their own Churches. The Liverpool School Board has decided on paying such fees. In Birmingham and London these fees are to be paid for the sent, but the minority make no secret of their determination to revive the discussion and obtain a reversal of this first decision. The London School Board, we fear, has become somewhat conspicuous by showing how smart talkers and intelligent men may be completely wanting in the tact and sense and exactness of purpose which are necessary when a work has to be accomplished.

This is a sad *resumé* of a year which witnessed a great national aspiration for the improvement of its children! And the future does not offer much ground for hope. The local element has been allowed too important a function in the extension of education; a handful of London professors, Liverpool merchants, Sunderland tradesmen, country squires, provincial attorneys, are not the persons to strike out a grand, simple, comprehensive scheme of primary education; they are not to be trusted with the building of schools; it should not be in their power to impose the school rate. The absurdity of their position is brought out in the natural, but very laughable demand for the right of inspection of schools, which are already under Governmental inspection. "We levy the rate," cries the grocer; "no money of ours shall be spent where we have not the right of election." What can you answer? And yet how amusing the position is!

Primary education is or should be an Imperial undertaking; it should be placed far beyond the sphere of religious bickerings. Certain leading principles should be fixed by the Government and carried out thoroughly. Parliament has decided that primary instruction should be carried on apart from religious instruction. Let this principle be honestly and consistently carried out in every elementary school of the kingdom; let the hours devoted to primary instruction be reserved exclusively for that purpose; forbid the introduction of religious instruction during such hours; let the Conscience Clause be rigorously insisted upon; and let transgressors, be they who they may, understand they will be severely punished.

Parliament has decided that local School Boards may pay school fees of destitute children sent by their parents to

schools of their own denomination. Let Parliament advance a step further, and compel School Boards to recognize the rights of conscience in poor parents, and to pay the fees when the parents are unable to do so. Let Parliament put a stop to the miserable huxtering and bargaining, already too common among the School Boards, which trade on the religious zeal of the denominations to drive hard bargains with managers who, it is thought, would educate the children gratuitously rather than allow them to be sent to the Board school. Let Parliament fix the fee in all schools, and require it to be paid to every school which is admitted to be a public elementary school. Or better, perhaps, let the cost of all public elementary education be borne by the country, and let Parliament pay every school on some fixed scale, regulated partly by the attendance of children, partly by the results of the Government inspections and examinations. Let Parliament, or rather the Executive, abandon its present paring system of grants, under which school inspectors appear to be sent round mainly to cut down to the minimum the allowance due to the attendances; let it reward success, and offer to young children openings in higher education, in schools of design, in the army, &c. &c. Parliament has decided that the elementary instruction is to be entirely separated from religion: let the Executive eliminate the obnoxious parsonic element from the school inspectors. Among parsons the prig type, the kind old lady type, appear very frequently, and few parsons seem to have the talent of avoiding giving offence to those who differ from them in religion. The abolition of inspecting parsons would be a step forward in the cause of popular instruction.

When smart professors in London debate for hours how many hours per *diem* should be spent in muscular exercises, whilst they debate whether boys and girls should be taught to swim, whether boys should be instructed in drawing or girls prepared for household duties, let Government decide that every child shall be taught the three R's; let Government build the schools and send in the bills to the Boards; let Government sweep the children into the schools and charge the expense of the machinery on the School Boards; let the instruction be commenced, and when the beginnings have been made, it will be time to consider whether improvements can be made. One bitter experience lies still before our legislators in Parliament and in *School Boards*, and that is the very small amount of knowledge

which the great majority of the children carry away from the existing primary schools, or are ever likely to carry away unless a marked improvement in the attendances be enforced, and unless better books and better methods of teaching be called into existence. Even the testimony of the school inspectors scarcely states with sufficient emphasis the very limited results which hitherto have been secured in the instruction of our poor children.

Above all, let the Government address itself without delay to the solution of the problem of compulsory attendance. Parliament casts the burden on School Board, School Boards try to coax school managers to aid in gathering in the Arabs and gutter fry of our large towns. Meanwhile, the Arabs roam undisturbed, and the gutter fry have made no progress. Have our legislators considered how serious a change in our national habits this compulsory attendance implies? Has *pater familias* inquired how much early rising, how much hard work must precede when the poor man's child is to reach the school at ten a.m.? Let *pater familias*, a gentleman in easy circumstances, who rides down to his place of business in his brougham, ask his lady whether she finds she has time to lose in the morning if their son and heir is to reach his college at nine a.m.; or, if he doubts her account, let him rise earlier and see with his own eyes the cook, the maidservants, the mistress, all on the strain to rouse the slumbering schoolboy, to make him presentable, and launch him on his school life with a befitting breakfast. It may occur to him that the wife of a labouring man, who has to despatch her big boy to begin his appointed round of toil at six a.m. sharp, then has to get ready his real breakfast for eight a.m., then has to rouse the small family, dress them, feed them, and prepare them for school—and all this without a servant—it may occur to the rich man that it is not easy for the gudewife to have her children at their places in the school for ten a.m. As a matter of fact, only tidy, orderly, and very industrious women can secure this result regularly; the lazy, the slovenly, the unthrifty mother is seldom in time. And yet, our new Education Act supposes not merely the labouring classes, but the destitute and starving; not merely the decent poor, but the most improvident; not merely those families who have a meal to look forward to, but those who never know when they rise where their breakfast is to come from; not merely the respectable poor who recognize the law, but the outcast poor,

only too frequently living at war with all law and order, under such restraint that they may be expected, as a rule, to send the halfclad, halffed young children to the school before ten a.m. What a revolution in our ideas of liberty, in our habits, does not this imply! What a police force, what machinery will be required! School managers, and school managers in presence of such a social chaos, remind one of Dame Partington with her mop and pail, undauntedly, but not over wisely, on the seashore preparing to dry up the Atlantic.

The compulsory attendance of poor children at school evidently is a police question; it should be intrusted to the Home Secretary; he ought to create a department, or subdepartment, the Education Police Department, whose duty should be to relieve school managers and School Boards of all duties foreign to their natural sphere, and secure the presence of the children. The managers have their hands full in the school premises; the School Boards should see to the proper distribution of schools, to their effectual management, to the encouragement of the most successful schools and children, to the formation of skilled hands, &c. The Education department of the Council of Education may superintend the examination of the schools, the allotment of grants, &c. And the Education Police Department will then find itself charged with all the external management of the children—the taking the census, the prosecuting negligent parents, the reporting on the condition of the educational districts, the compelling attendance. Let us imagine for one moment such a department in existence; let us imagine it worked by such a staff of intelligent, prudently bold men as we possess in the Post Office Department; let us imagine such a staff in frequent and close communication with the great centres of our population, and we may say, without fear of contradiction, the educational status of England would be as much in advance of the actual state, as the circulation of letters in 1871 is in advance of what it was in the year 1821.

If the Government would only act—ask for powers to do instead of throwing down bones of contention for the political factions of the country to quarrel over—they would soon be encouraged by the hearty support of the whole nation. The same dissensions of last year have not destroyed the sincere wish for a thoroughly national school for primary education. Honest and sober minds have been shocked by the alliance of the Nonconformists with the avowed enemies of Revelation. Honest men

have smiled when Nonconformists clamoured for the suppression of denominational schools, and then naively offered to make over their own schools to the School Boards, provided the reading of the Bible was retained as of obligation; there are follies and contradictions in the educational history of 1870 to sadden the most forbearing of mortals; but all said and done, certain broad facts still remain.

The nation wishes all its children, even the poorest, to be instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic; it wants every child to be required to attend school; it will not allow the religious liberty of parents to be tampered with; it will not endure that the school room should be turned into an engine of proselytism, either by any particular denomination, or, still less, by fanatical unbelievers; it is prepared to pay the cost of the primary education of all its children, only it asks, not unnaturally, that the expenditure should be wise, not wanton; it looks to the Imperial Government to undertake this Imperial duty, Imperial in its magnitude, Imperial in its importance, and Imperial in the results which may be expected to flow from it.

G. P.

Reviews.

THE ATHENS OF THE SOPHISTS.

L'Ecole d'Athènes au quatrième siècle après Jésus Christ. Par Louis Petit de Julleville.
Paris : Ernest Thorin.

It would be an interesting inquiry to trace the fashions of human thought, since the world took to thinking, as typically exhibited in what may be roughly described as the ruling Universities—those great institutions which, each in its own age, have led the taste of successive generations. We ourselves are living in the commencement of an era utterly new, when the popular tone of thought is scientific, that is to say, is based on a real or supposed deduction from fact. The great University which ministers to this taste is the cosmopolitan oracle of the press, in which the original inquirers of all nations hold chairs, and lecture to audiences of all ranks and ages across continents and oceans. Of the age just past—that of our grandsires—the age of scholarship and literature, Oxford and Cambridge as they were may be taken as fair representatives: before the Renaissance, again, came the mediæval schools of abstract reasoning, fitly typified by Paris, while across the gulf of barbarian invasion, amidst which men had other things to occupy their minds than tropes and quiddities, we find the heathen centres of mental activity, of which the mother and mistress, as well as the most illustrious individual, was Athens. Holding for so long a time—a good thousand years—the proud position which she in fact invented, it would be impossible accurately to describe in one word, as we have tried to do in the other cases, what was the staple of her wares. But throughout all her periods of changing fortune and varying taste one gift was always specially Athenian. Whether she took to oratory or to drama, to philosophy or to history, her sons could always say what they had to say as no one else ever said it. Pericles, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Thucydides, Plato—each in his special branch has been the model and the despair of writers and speakers ever since, and so we shall perhaps do no injustice if we say that *the* power which Athens held and could communicate was the power of using words.

This same power, however, here, as often since, proved a dangerous gift. It is true that it can hardly be so to the actual artist who possesses it, for to produce beautiful language one must have beautiful thoughts, and one who has learned to think will hardly be tempted to become a mere seeker of sweet sounds. But no less true it is that there is a music in a well balanced period and a smoothly finished verse, which is apt to *dwell in the memory* and tickle the ear apart from the sentiment which *it enshrines*, and that men who perceive this come almost naturally to

think that the two things are separable—that they can be great writers or speakers without being great thinkers; that there is something admirable in smoothness without sense and rhyme without reason. From such a creed our age is nowise free, but in Athens it came to be professed with a frankness which we shall probably find nowhere else. The natural bent of the people led to this. Livy describes them as already being, two centuries before Christ, as good at talking as they were bad at everything else, and no reader of the speeches of the greatest of their orators can fail to contrast the sublimity of his words with the substantial paltriness of the response they evoked. But, whatever the cause, come to pass it certainly did that a school—ultimately the school—at Athens set it down as the highest of human ambitions and accomplishments to be able to carry an audience along by mere force of talk, without any reference to its substance; as Gorgias boasts in the dialogue that he would undertake to contend before an audience unaware of the truth about medicine with a doctor.

Confuted, and possibly checked for awhile by Socrates and Plato, the Sophists who thus thought and taught survived their opponents, and remained in the end the masters of intellectual Athens. M. Petit de Julleville's book gives a full and interesting account drawn from all available sources of the period of final triumph and utter debasement of their art, if *pace Platonis* we may dignify it with the name.

In the last century of the reign of "Rhetoric," the fourth century of our era, the power of talking for talking's sake seems unquestionably to have been that which men came from these ends of the earth to learn. Other sciences were not excluded—philosophy, mathematics, history, astronomy, medicine entered into the curriculum, but as means only to the great end. Not what was true in them, but what was beautiful, what might give birth to brilliant metaphors or happy similes did a genuine Sophist care to know. The great end was to be able to speak better than any one else, on the shortest possible notice, and on the most unpromising possible subject; to be able, in fact, like the Dean of St. Patrick's (was it Stella or Vanessa that said it of him?), to say the most beautiful things about a broomstick.

Such as the art was, however, it was pursued with wonderful enthusiasm, and the greatest master of it at any period was a power in Athens. Not that here any more than elsewhere preeminence was allowed to be undisputed. In spite of the authority of the State which condescended to award the palm—rival luminaries being banished and recalled by successive Proconsuls—there was always a host of teachers each in active and violent competition with the rest. The following of each professor entered into the question of his claims with enthusiasm. Not only did they fight in the streets with all the ardour afterwards exhibited by Nominalists and Realists, but they went down to the Piræus to watch for new comers, who as soon as they disembarked, were pressed by one or other of the rival gangs, and carried off to sit at the feet of a master, whom often they had not come to hear. Other troubles besides awaited the unhappy freshman—notably the boisterous ceremony of induction, which is best known as having been omitted in favour of St. Basil at the instance of St. Gregory of Nazianzum.

The masters who seem to have established the best claims to preeminence are three in number—Julianus, Proairesius, and Himerius,

their successive reigns filling up the century from its sixth to its ninth year. The most remarkable figure is Proairesius—the only Christian in the list, who lived and taught beyond the age of nine and who is represented as having been nine feet high. In spite, however, of the enthusiasm which he evoked, and the triumphs which he achieved (he was summoned to Gaul by the Emperor, who wished to hear him speak, and had a statue erected in his honour at Rome), nothing remains to us to show what he could do; as also the little which does remain is quite on a par with what we have from Himerius. It will, perhaps, be best worth our while to consider the art as exhibited by that worthy.

In doing so we shall but have to draw out at greater length the ideas already summarily given. Form then was everything—matter served as padding for the form. The great ancients were read and rifled—not for their thoughts, their ideas, their true treasures; simply and solely for their “style.” Allegories, tropes and figures, appeals to Marathon and Salamis, amplifications of every fact of mythology, such constituted the stock in trade of a Rhetorician. The greatest and proudest triumph of his art was to be able to speak on one side of a question, and then without drawing breath, prove the other. For the practice of this valuable faculty a number of exercises were devised: “*laliai, epideixis, dialexeis, schedia, meletai, chreiai, propemptika, protreptika, phosphenematika, plasmatika*,” had to be made and remade to give dexterity. Himerius has left us some specimens from which we can gain an idea of the whole. They are chiefly of the class *plasmatika*. In one it is feigned that Philip of Macedon has demanded that Demosthenes should be given up to him. An orator—Hyperides—is feigned to oppose the demand by reminding his countrymen of Marathon. In a second, Demosthenes is represented as pleading for the recall of his rival Æschines, the staple of his discourse being appeals to the memory of Granicus and Issus. A third discourse is an impeachment, equally fictitious, of Epicurus. Here is a specimen of it: “Parnassus shook and terrified the Persians; they were crushed and entombed beneath avalanches. Today Epicurus affronts heaven—no mountains totter, Hymettus is unshaken, no flames or thunderbolts consume his school. I divine the intent of heaven. Judges! Epicurus is a victim reserved to you!” The unhappy culprit is further described as being “bolder than Ixion, more impious than Salmoneus, more insolent than Tantalus.” A fourth discourse is supposed to be delivered by Themistocles, the Athenians being supposed, at the end of the Persian war, to have an intention of invading the dominions of the great King, which design Xerxes is supposed to offer to buy off Themistocles, equally supposititiously, being against his offer. The name of Themistocles calls up a yet more celebrated and more damning instance of rhetoric; one which is so spoken of that we cannot but take it as a champion of its class. During the days of Julianus, the hearers of Apsines, a rival light, had made an assault on Proairesius and other of Julianus’ followers. The assailants then delated the assault as disturbers of the peace. The Roman proconsul determined to exercise justice strictly; he would not allow either of the masters to plead for his own side, but a scholar from each party was to do so, and no one was to applaud. Proairesius was chosen, his opponent, who was

also the leader of the assault, being one Themistocles. Proairesius began; he complimented Julianus, he touched on the hardness of his case standing as a prisoner because he had received a wrong; then he burst forth, "If, therefore, it be permitted to commit an injury and then to become plaintiff, if such a one is to be believed and the defendant not, be it so; and then behold the city of *Themistocles*." This wretched pun took the audience by storm. The stern judge in the tribunal set the example of disobedience to his own orders by springing from his seat and applauding frantically; Apsines, even, and his crew, could not restrain their marks of admiration, which, however, did not save them from a sentence to be scourged. After this it can hardly be needful to bring fresh instances to show how much was taste debased.

M. de Julleville, however, will not countenance so sweeping a condemnation. He admits, indeed, that as far as he is able to understand our contemptuous estimate is but too well deserved; that after reading with conscientious care every scrap of Himerius which is left to us, he is unable to find there anything more than a strange jumble of affected elegance and natural vulgarity, a little that is neat, and much that is rapid, while the bombast of the language fails to cover the utter want of thought; and this he owns is the most moderate estimate that can honestly be made. But, on the other hand, he brings two arguments to induce us to pause ere we condemn, of which one, at least, is of weight. How is it, he asks, that such men as Basil and Gregory—and the notorious Julian—men whose force of mind we must acknowledge—found pleasure in such a study, if it were really no more than to us it seems to be? Did not Basil devote four and Gregory six years to these schools, which we pronounce to have been but laboratories of wind? And did not the latter saint write an epitaph on Proairesius, in which he describes the light of the world as being quenched by that Sophist's death.

To this we venture to answer that these men were great, not because, but in spite of their training; that they did precisely break through the cardinal dogma of their school; that there was a matter for which they cared more than for any form; and that sometimes even in their case the form does not enhance the matter. That they were not ruined by the atmosphere they breathed is but the brilliant exception that proves the rule.

But M. de Julleville has another argument with which far less can we agree. He contends that the ages which separate us from these men make it impossible for us to judge them aright; our point of view is wrong; there is something in the thing which we don't see. Granting that speech is but the garniture of thought, cannot garniture be beautiful apart from a thing garnished? is it quite certain that there is not something admirable in the simple and independent love of talking well—independent that is of thought? May not this art of language be a sort of music for which nowadays we have lost the ear?

From this plea we must utterly dissent. We cannot conceive that even music should be enjoyable without some connection in the mind; Sir Walter Scott, we know, never enjoyed an air that did not call up words. But, whatever be thought of this matter, the relation of language to thought would seem to be indisputably that of shadow to substance. And the *argument of time* adduced to help the Sophists seems to settle

the matter most conclusively against them. How comes it that we appreciate writers so much farther removed from us? that we can enter into *their* thoughts and see with their eyes? Nay, more—if we can appreciate the energetic and unornamented outpourings of Demosthenes, can not indubitably judge that an oration written in cold blood, about a subject that never had a being, without any Philip to inspire it, or a quick-witted, slow-handed people to give it an edge, an oration winding about from history to mythology in search of tropes and metaphors, as laboriously built up with the due proportion of choriambes and pœans about as true an imitation of his style as the river Meander is the likeness of Niagara. Nay, if there be really a beauty in such things, are not blameworthy in failing to find merit in such productions as Swift caricatured in the “Lines by a person of quality,” and the Rejected Addresses in “Lurid smoke and frank suspicion.” Old Fuller tells that to tack on big words to small ideas is “not fine fancy but foolery;” and that “it rather loads than raises a wren to fasten feathers of an eagle to her wings.” And, in like manner, we cannot think that the pabulum offered by the Sophists to the mind can in any circumstances have been wholesome, consisting as it did of such a paltry halfpennyworth of bread to such an intolerable deal of vapid sack.

J. G.

LES ASSEMBLÉES PROVINCIALES.

Les Assemblées Provinciales sous Louis XVI. et Les Divisions Administratives de la France.
Par le Vicomte de Luçay. Deuxième édition, revue et augmentée. Paris :
George de Graet, 1871.

This book treats of the origin, causes, working, and results of French Provincial Assemblies of 1787, and of the Administrative system created by the Constituent Assembly in 1789. It touches upon decisions of the French Assembly in June, 1871, and gropes for beginnings of local administration under the Merovingian dynasty. Though principally occupied with enactments that were passed in stormy times, it has evidently been composed in the quiet of an lawyer's chamber, into which past years have poured their documents but not their passions. The writer does not write like a partizan; there is no special pleading in the book, but sensible remarks occur where suggestive facts give them an appropriate place.

At first starting the writer has portrayed the manner in which rights of the French provinces were in some instances carelessly lost, others violently wrestled away, and in others again more fortunately held fast. What were these rights? Selfgovernment in all that did not directly concern the general interests of the whole kingdom. The administrators of these local rights were the clergy, nobles, and commons convoked in assembly. Such assemblies were at the beginning of Louis the Sixteenth's reign the privilege of only one third of the population. The provinces inhabited by this happy moiety of the people were called *pays d'états*, or territories with class assemblies. It will be desirable for purposes of comparison and reference to give an accurate view of the liberties which they enjoyed. Once a year by virtue of royal letters patent, a certain number of the clergy, nobles, and municipal authorities

assembled at some town appointed by the Government, heard the wants of the treasury stated by a royal officer, and then proceeded to vote supplies. Each order had but one vote, so that the clergy and nobles could outvote the *tiers état* in spite of the numerical superiority of the latter. The distribution and the getting in of the supplies were duties devolving upon these assemblies; to them, too, belonged the direction of provincial public works. Before breaking up, the representatives of the three classes appointed a permanent committee which, within their instructions and subject to their secretary, was to wield their power until they again met. It was in the nature of things that this executive commission should find itself continually thwarted by the King's officer, called an intendant, whose province it was to direct works whose object was more general than local, to preserve order, and to distribute justice. We shall often see this state of collision recurring in subsequent attempts to combine imperial and local administration. Had the duties of the royal officer been less important, there would have been but one thing wanted to make the condition of the *pays d'état* practically perfect; this was a greater equalization between the privileged classes and the *tiers état*.

We have already explained how the method of voting gave a certain majority to the clergy and nobles, if they chose to combine; and in questions more especially affecting their interests, such combination was to be reputed. This caused great disaffection among the commons when once they had been indoctrinated with the rights of man. In spite, then, of the large liberties which these provinces enjoyed, when compared with the *pays d'élection*, where there was no local government, their people were not content. If the happiest citizens were in a state of unrest, what are we to imagine were the feelings of those governed not only arbitrarily but, as a rule, oppressively? The best answer to this question is afforded by the horrors of the Revolution.

It will, perhaps, be interesting to follow our author in his description of the rise, cause, and phases of the arbitrary government which made itself so justly detested. It must be held in mind that at one time or other all the French provinces possessed and used the rights which we have above described as existing in the *pays d'états*, at least to the extent of meeting to vote subsidies. The persons *elected* by the people to apportion the subsidies thus voted, in many provinces gradually became immoveable, and then in course of time, though retaining the name of deputies, they came to be appointed by the King, which gave them formidable power. The provinces which suffered this metamorphosis of their representatives into governmental officers continued to be called, by a misnomer, *pays d'élection*, or territories having a right to election. Several causes combined to make the change agreeable to the commons. They felt abashed in the presence of the clergy and of the nobles, found it inconvenient to leave their business for the annual assembly, and saw no great mischief in leaving their affairs in the hands of their own deputies. By the time that the latter had lost their original characters, habit had accustomed the people to the new state of things.

But the powers which the quondam deputies had usurped they were destined to lose. They parted with their administrative power in favour of a royal officer who had the title of "general," but retained their judicial power in all cases connected with taxation. Richelieu would not

let them be absolute even here, and allowed appeals to be made from their decisions to a high officer called an *intendant*. This new creation of Richelieu's put all the threads of government in the King's hands. He made his power absolute, filled his coffers, prostrated the people, and drained their resources. The intendants were sometimes called King's men; a short exposition of their powers and of their doings will show that they had no claim to be called the people's men. Religion, justice, war, agriculture, commerce, navigation, police, public works, all fell under the control of the intendants. "Not even a Briareus," to quote the Marquis de Mirabeau, "can hope to perform a tithe of the duties which devolve upon the new officers. The best intentioned among them are powerless to see half the good they might do, and lack the strength to do half of what they can see." But the intendants were not always well intentioned; many looked upon the office as a stepping-stone to something higher, and finding that presence at Court was a better recommendation than conscientious work at their post, they avoided residence as much as possible. Yet, had they always been at the spot, the extent of their jurisdiction, and the multiplicity of their duties, made it necessary that an army of underlings should be at their back: in the appointment of these lower officials the country had no voice, they were the nominees of the intendant. The last stage of the distribution among the people was in the hands of these subordinates, but the actual levying of the money was confided to the taxpayers themselves, who took the burden of collecting in turn, six being employed every year.

These collectors were a veritable scourge. Bound to make good any deficit, they were sorely tempted to shrink before resistance and oppress the yielding; their duties were sufficiently onerous to prevent their attending to their ordinary means of living, which made them the more intent on receiving the commission which they were allowed on the money paid in. After all, this was only an abuse: it was not in the nature of things that the collectors should always spare the rich and come down heavy on the poor, but it was part of the system of taxation that the rich should be spared. This will be clear from a consideration of the custom which regulated the levying of the direct tax called *taille*. This tax was in some provinces levied on land; in others, on the individual. In the latter case, the clergy and nobles, as well as a host of officials, were *ipso facto* exempt; the exemption obtained in seventeen out of the twenty provinces which made up the *pays d'élection*.

It would be impossible in a short review to do justice to the information which M. de Luçay provides with regard to the taxes, direct and indirect, at different times, in different provinces, and for different classes of society. The peasants were obliged to give up several days' work every year in order to keep the public roads in repair. They had to bring their own tools, teams, and carts, often from a distance so great that the best portion of the day was spent in going and returning, and the beasts were tired out on reaching the scene of labour. Many a chord was struck in a society thus constituted by the promulgation of the rights of man. This made the overburdened classes and the wiser heads of the privileged classes anxious to think out some reform of a state of things which had outlived its propriety.

Fénelon proposed that each diocese should have a meeting of the

three orders for local government and the distributing of the taxes, that it should send deputies to one of twenty assemblies which were to stand between the diocese and the *states-general*. The latter were to consist of deputies from the twenty *states-local*. He further contemplated the substituting occasional royal inspection for permanent intendants, the abolition of the anomalous impost on salt called *gabelle*. A little later, the Marquis de Mirabeau formed a plan similar in principle, by which he attempted to form an alliance between the traditional superiority of the upper classes and the growing desire for perfect equality on the part of the commons.

Then came Turgot's radical proposal to administer the country by what he called municipalities. In this system, the town or village municipality was the lowest in rank, or the nearest to the people; all those possessed of six hundred *livres*, or about £24, were to vote for this council. Next came that of the district, which consisted of deputies from the town municipalities. On a higher level still stood the municipality of the province, which was to help to produce the grand municipality, the last result of those quadruple selection of deputies. Turgot used the name of municipality to show that the assemblies had no merely administrative and no constitutive powers. Le Trossu similarly proposed a quadruple system of administration, the simplest element being the *arrondissement*, the most complex the Great Council. He agreed with Turgot in making property, and not rank, the qualification for voting and for eligibility. None of the projects were actually put into execution, but they helped Necker in the plan which he succeeded in persuading Louis the Sixteenth to adopt as an experiment in Berri. By this plan, the *pays d'états* were to remain as they were, but the *pays d'élection* were gradually to obtain the rights which, in 1778, were conferred upon Berri, and in the following year on Haute Guienne. In these provincial assemblies all three orders were to meet, the *tiers état* having a representation equalling in number the clergy and nobles taken together, and the voting was to be by head. Still, none but commons of professional position were elected to represent the *tiers état*; and in the excited state of public opinion it was not considered safe to confide the selection of the members to the people. The precaution, as it proved, occasioned in great part the very commotion which, perhaps, its omission would have failed to prevent. The King chose half of the members, and these filled up their number. Similarly, half of the district assembly was appointed by the provincial assembly, and they filled up their number, and then proceeded to do the same for the assemblies third in order. This retention of the nominating power was intended to last for a time only: not so the rigid condition that the assemblies, after voting supplies, should in no way hamper them with conditions. In case any delay was made in getting in the money, the intendant was to proceed to levy the money, independently of the assembly.

Louis the Sixteenth's tentative measure was received with favour in Berri, and these new legislators made wise use of their new powers, supplying a happy augury of the beneficial results which would follow the extension of the same privileges to all the *pays d'élection*. Haute Guienne acquired similar liberties in the new year, but Dauphiné refused the new system, and clamoured so loudly for the restoration of its

ancient state assembly that the King yielded. Immediately the same throughout France was for similar state assemblies. The Berri type of provincial meeting no longer satisfied the demands of the people. Necker had retired before the opposition which his reform had provoked, and Calonne was the Minister who endeavoured to satisfy public expectations by persuading Louis, by one measure, to give large liberties to all the *pays d'élection*. His plan was to allow every individual over twenty five, and worth ten *livres* a year, to vote for the members of a parochial assembly. The latter elected some of its own members to represent it in the department or district assembly, which similarly helped to form the provincial assembly. The latter resolved itself into five committees for different branches of administration, gave report of its proceedings each day to the intendant, but would not be interfered with by him unless it took no measures for gathering in the money which it had voted. It elected a permanent committee of eight, two of whom retired every year.

Certainly there was enough liberty here to satisfy sober, reasonable minds, but, unfortunately, the privilege most prized by the people, that the election of the members, was to be defined for three years. And not the local parliaments—a result of registration—fiercely protested against the new measure, going in some instances so far as to refuse to register the decrees appointing the new constitution, in others forbidding them to meet when summoned by the King. Such was the crisis caught by the Revolution—a crisis in which the parliaments throughout the country stood opposed to the King, the assemblies to the intendants, a moment at which there was no authority in the country sufficient prominent to arrest attention. With a sudden spring a new power came upon the scene, and threw bands of iron upon the multitudes, who had just recovered selfgovernment, but had not had time to know how to use it against their oppressors. What with the assemblies of the Notables, which necessarily interfered with the action of the provincial assemblies, and the short time that had elapsed between their establishment and the meeting of the Estates General in 1789, it is not surprising that the assemblies were unable to do much, yet Viscount de Luçay shows that they did enough to astonish any one who takes the circumstances into consideration.

R.

DR. NEWMAN'S ESSAYS.

Essays, Critical and Historical. By John Henry Newman, formerly Fellow of Oriel.
Two vols. London: B. M. Pickering, 1870.

We owe this republication, in a collection, of Dr. Newman's occasional Essays to the position which he filled as the leader of the tractarian party from its first formation till the time of his own submission to the Church, and to the use which Anglicans have often made, and are sure to make, even after the appearance of the volumes before us of the name and authority of their former guide and champion. There are still many Anglicans who can hardly make up their minds that Dr. Newman is not one of themselves. Others speculate upon the motives which may be assigned for his conversion, and try to persuade

themselves that they were insufficient, unreasonable, or at least, personal, owing their chief weight to some peculiarity of character in the man, rather than to the inherent unsoundness of the cause which he undertook, in all good faith, to make the most of, and which crumbled to pieces under his honest and unflinching manipulation. Dr. Newman has had the compliment paid him by his countrymen of having his movements accounted for by a number of anxious theorists, all desirous to evade in their own persons the argument which may be drawn from those movements. No one, certainly, has ever, as far as we know, ventured to account for them on any low hypothesis; but not the less, or perhaps all the more, has there been a fertile crop of suggestions which attribute them to some fantastical idiosyncrasy. As his *Sermons* have already been republished, and will probably take their place among the permanent treasures of the English literature, it was pretty certain that his scattered Essays would in like manner be collected. Many of them are, of course, controversial, and reflect the colour of his mind at various stages of that mental struggle and history which, thanks to Mr. Kingsley, has been chronicled for all time in the famous *Apologia*. These articles, as far as they were directed to the defence of the Anglican position against the claims of the Catholic Church, were likely to be refurbished up, like old armour in a time of invasion, and made to serve a controversial purpose in some anti-Catholic campaign. Dr. Newman, seeing this, has anticipated his Anglican admirers. He has republished his Essays himself, adding notes and qualifications which show the present state of his mind on the subjects to which the arguments refer, and his own present thoughts concerning those arguments.

As all Dr. Newman's writings will certainly live, not only on account of their intellectual standard and historical interest, but also on account of the beautiful language in which his thoughts are clothed, we feel extremely grateful for the occasion which has in a manner forced him to look over these Essays before republishing them, and to give them to us in an attractive shape, and with such comments as reflect his Catholic judgment on the points to which some of them refer. We have more than once bewailed the too frequent lot which befalls essays and articles of the highest order, which are originally written for our periodicals and reviews.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd depths of ocean bear :

and the oblivion to which old periodicals are relegated is as dark and as unfathomable as any ocean in the world.

Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter,

—a few, whom some potentate of the Row particularly favours, have their scattered treasures gathered up and strung in volumes; but a vast number of most excellent articles perish altogether. No one can doubt this who is at all acquainted with the comparatively large proportion of the most eminent men, in each generation, who have been at least occasional contributors to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* alone; and who considers how frequently it is the case that those and other leading periodicals and reviews contain articles which almost exhaust a

subject, and which are the fruit of many years of study in some particular line, by an author who perhaps never writes again or publishes anything else. For all we know, even Dr. Newman's articles might have remained dispersed if he had not now collected them, unless indeed they had been collected for controversial purposes by the party of which he was the guiding spirit at the time at which they were written.

The Essays now before us were published at intervals during nearly twenty years, from 1828 to 1846. This last date falls within the period of Dr. Newman's life as a Catholic: it is represented by a single Essay, a beautiful, delicate, and affectionate critique on Mr. Keble's *Lyra Innocentium*. The earliest of the Essays on *Poetry* with reference to Aristotle's Poetics, published in the *London Review*, a short-lived Quarterly, in 1828, contains what we may almost call a theory of poetry, a subject on which the writer had incidentally to allude in reviewing the *Lyra*. This first Essay is almost too full of thought for its length—it is perfectly crammed with exquisite bits of criticism. The next Essay, on Rationalism in Religion, is a reprint from the *Tracts for the Times*. The Fall of Lamennais, Mr. Palmer's View of Faith and Unity, The Theology of the Epistles of St. Ignatius, the Prospects of the Anglican Church, the Anglo-American Church, and the Life of the Countess of Huntingdon, complete the subjects of the first volume. The Essays in the second volume are, first, the famous article on the Catholicity of the English Church, Mr. Newman's "last shaft against Rome," in the *British Critic*; and then papers on the Protestant View of Antichrist, on Mr. Bowden's Life of Gregory the Seventh, on Private Judgment, ending with two papers on personal friends, late Fellows of Oriel, John Davison and John Keble. This last is the review of the *Lyra Innocentium*, already mentioned. The Essays are interspersed with notes and comments, which set the argument right, or answer it, where it is against Dr. Newman's present convictions; and these, of course, are in some sense the most important parts of the whole publication, at least those which have the most immediate interest, as utterances which are entirely new.

The two most important of these notes are that on the Ignatian Epistles, in the first volume, and that appended to the article on the Catholicity of the English Church, in the second. The first is a trenchant argument, meeting the new difficulty which has arisen since the publication of the article on St. Ignatius, in consequence of the discovery of the Syriac form of the Epistles, which is connected with the name of the late Dr. Cureton. At the time at which Dr. Newman wrote, the only question lay between the "longer" and "shorter," Medicean, manuscripts of St. Ignatius, and learned men were fairly agreed as to the spuriousness of the former. Dr. Cureton brought a new element into the controversy by questioning the authenticity of even the shorter form of the Epistles, and this argument has now been met by Dr. Newman, who gives very good reason for his adherence to the Epistles as defended by Pearson and others; and suggests that the Syriac manuscripts—which, in reality, are not uniform in their own witness—contain passages, "excerpta," from the Epistles, and not the whole. Still more interesting, for the moment, will be the other long note which we have named, in which Dr. Newman carries on an argument which completes the argument with regard to Anglican Ordinations, which was set forth in a letter printed in our own pages some years ago. Perhaps

he has seldom written anything more practically weighty and conclusive than the broad free argument with which breaks down, as it seems to us, the last technical defence which Anglicans can make for their position—a defence which serves, we are sure, for a snare to thousands of souls. But we shall not attempt to epitomize what is already short enough; and we content ourselves with the passage in which Dr. Newman meets, as no one else, perhaps, could meet, the retort urged by some writers from Macaulay and Chillingworth, that Catholic Ordinations may be unsound as well as Protestant Ordinations.

I cannot deny, certainly, that Catholics, as well as the High Anglican School, do believe in the Apostolic Succession of ministry, continued through eighteen hundred years; nor that they both believe it to be necessary to such a ministry; nor that they both act upon their belief. But, as I have said, though so far the two parties agree, still they differ materially in their respective positions, relatively towards that Succession, and differ in consequence in their exposure respectively to the force of the objection on which I have been dwelling. The difference of position between the two may be expressed in the following antithesis—Catholics believe their Orders are valid, because they are members of the Church; and Anglicans believe they belong to the Church because their Orders are valid. And this is why Macaulay's objection tells against Anglicans, and does not tell against Catholics.

In other words, our Apostolical descent is to us a theological inference, and not primarily a doctrine of faith; theirs to them is a first principle in controversy and a patent matter of fact, the credentials of their Succession. That they can claim to have God's ministers among them, depends directly and solely upon the validity of their Orders; and to prove their validity, they are bound to trace their Succession through a hundred intermediate steps, till at length they reach the Apostles: till they do this, their claim is in abeyance. If it is improbable that the Succession has no flaw in it, they have to bear the brunt of the improbability: if it is presumable that a special Providence precludes such flaws, or compensates for them, they cannot take the benefit of that presumption to themselves; for to do so would be claiming to belong to the true Church, to which that high Providence is promised; and this they cannot do without arguing in a circle, first proving that they are of the true Church because they have valid Orders, and then that their Orders are valid because they are of the true Church.

Thus the Apostolical Succession is to Anglican divines a *sine quâ non*, not "necessitate præcepti," sed "necessitate medii." Their Succession is indispensable to their position, as being the point from which they start, and therefore it must be unimpeachable, or else they do not belong to the Church; and to prove it is unimpeachable by introducing the special Providence of God over His Church would be like proving the authority of Scripture by those miracles of which Scripture alone is the record. We, on our side, on the contrary, are not in such a dilemma as they. Our starting point is not the fact of a faithful transmission of Orders, but the standing fact of the Church, the Visible and One Church, the reproduction and succession of herself age after age. It is the Church herself that vouches for our Orders, while she authenticates herself to be the Church not by our Orders, but by her Notes. It is the great Note of an everenduring *cætus fidelium*, with a fixed organization, a unity of jurisdiction, a political greatness, a continuity of existence in all places and times, a suitability to all classes, ranks, and callings, an ever energizing life, an untiring, ever evolving history, which is her evidence that she is the creation of God, and the representation and home of Christianity. She is not based upon her Orders, she is not the subject of her instruments, they are not necessary for her idea (vol. ii, p. 86—88).

FORSTER'S LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

The Life of Charles Dickens. Vol. I. By John Forster. London : Chapman and Hall, 1872.

It is, perhaps, one of the better features of the age of shallow frivolity in which we live, that people are at least desirous that the favourite authors who feed their insatiable passion for fiction should be well rewarded and highly honoured, and that the popularity which has waited on them while alive and able to work for general gratification continues after their removal from the scene in the shape of an intense curiosity as to their biographies. The present season is, we imagine, a rather dull season for the publishers and writers of anything very serious and substantial. It is a satire on the times that the most successful publications of the past year should have been *Dame Europa* and the *Battle of Dorking*; and any one who takes the trouble to examine the lists of new books in such publications as the *Publishers' Circular*, or the *Bookseller*, will be surprised to see how little history, how little real science, how much less philosophy and theology has been published in the last twelve months, by the side of thousands of trashy novels and books of travel and adventure. Christmas is becoming the great period of new ventures in the literary world, and Christmas books we have in abundance, some very beautiful and artistic, no doubt, but very few that have cost much of intellectual exertion, or that embody much ability except that of the engraver, the printer, or the binder. But the *Life of Charles Dickens* is an instance of a good book—though, perhaps, not a very deep book—which, without the aid of an appeal to the less severe enjoyments which are derived from pictorial art, has already made itself thoroughly popular, and we may suppose that there are few among the millions to whom *Pickwick* and its successors have become standard sources of pleasure, who are not anxious to know as much as they can be told about the genial and sympathetic soul from which so many vivid impersonations have been thrown off.

Mr. Forster, apart from his known literary skill, has the incommunicable qualification for his task, which consists in his having been an intimate friend and adviser of Dickens, almost from the very outset of the career of the latter. This may unfit him, perhaps, for the office of judge as to the merits or demerits of the subject of his work; but we do not care so much for the most impartial judgment as the world, so long as we have the fullest possible information. The book deserves all its popularity, and will no doubt live along with Mr. Dickens' own works as their inseparable companion. It is not, however, a masterpiece. It is a more commonplace book, for instance, than Mr. Forster's own *Life of Goldsmith*. It is a pleasant, instructive narrative, letting Dickens speak for himself as much as possible, and giving us just the information which we want as to the relation of the man to his works, as to their conception, as to the manner in which they were written, and the like. Moreover, it gives us, to some extent, an insight into the character of Charles Dickens which the works might not have done by themselves. It reveals his intense vivacity and brilliancy, his sensitiveness, his impetuosity, the mercuriality of his nature, if we may venture on such an expression. It gives us, also, a great deal of his fun which has never

yet been published—though he was a man who produced himself, and was obliged to produce himself, in his various works more than most men. Altogether, it leaves a favourable impression upon us, though, perhaps, a severe judgment might object to the overprofuseness with which the letters in the latter part of the volume, written from America, have been poured upon us.

The admirers of Charles Dickens will find, on turning over Mr. Forster's pages, that their favourite author has already in some measure pre-empted the work of his biographer. We do not mean, merely, that Mr. Forster has had an autobiographical fragment to work upon as to the earlier years of his hero, but that one of the fictions with which half the world is familiar has already drawn the picture of much of that earlier period. *David Copperfield* is the history of Charles Dickens as a boy; with, of course, a good many variations and additions. This first part of his life is very interesting; his struggle after knowledge, his early ambition, his intense feeling of the drudgery to which he was set—some time he was a boy in a blacking manufactory—his resolute self-education—all prepare us for much that we find in the author of his famous works. These will be the most attractive chapters in Mr. Forster's volume. Dickens became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle* at nineteen, and slipped his first literary composition into an editor's box at twenty two. Two years after this, he was writing *Pickwick*, and he once attained that foremost place among the popular favourites of his day which he never afterwards lost. It was a pity, we have always thought, that he succeeded so young. A longer process of self-education by means of that hardest of all processes, uphill literary work, would have made him greater than he ever became, and the defects which are to be found all through his works are the defects of imperfect development. Charles Dickens was not much more than an exceedingly gifted boy when he made his first mark, and he never became full grown and perfectly mature. His most brilliant works were written in extreme haste, under the pressure of engagements to publishers which a more experienced man would never have made. No doubt, the glow and dash of youth is in every line, and the charm of the whole depends upon them. He did very wonderful things—we are only saying that under more favourable circumstances he might have done things still more wonderful.

We have mentioned the letters from America which are included in this volume, which ends (1842) with Dickens' departure from that country on his homeward voyage after his first visit, when he was received with immense enthusiasm everywhere. These letters will not altogether please our Transatlantic cousins, as they are full of very plain criticisms. The fact we take to be, that Dickens was not free from that common defect of Englishmen, and especially young Englishmen, which makes them intolerant of external customs which differ from their own, and encourages them to fasten by preference on the disagreeable side of anything foreign. Further, Dickens saw the Americans, in some respects, at a disadvantage, although he was the object of their enthusiasm and even, so to speak, of their devotion for the moment. Few Anglo Saxons can manage the more demonstrative phases of human existence with grace and taste; and we very much doubt whether an English "reception" such as that which was given to Dickens in the

United States, would not have revealed a much larger amount of vulgarity. This is all that we shall say in mitigation of the censures which are to be found in this part of the biography. Dickens was not so much a man of large mind or heart as of immense quickness and keenness. His sympathies were very strong, but not essentially wide. We subjoin a tribute which he paid to the good side of the American character—

“I said I wouldn’t write anything more concerning the American people for two months. Second thoughts are best. I shall not change, and may as well speak out—to *you*. They are friendly, earnest, hospitable, kind, frank, very often accomplished, far less prejudiced than you would suppose, warm-hearted, fervent, and enthusiastic. They are chivalrous in their universal politeness to women, courteous, obliging, disinterested; and, when they conceive a perfect affection for a man (as I may venture to say of myself) entirely devoted to him. I have received thousands of people of all ranks and grades, and have never once been asked an offensive or unpolite question—except by Englishmen, who, when they have been ‘located’ here for some years, are worse than the devil in his blackest painting. The State is a parent to its people; has a parental care and watch over all poor children, women labouring of child, sick persons, and captives. The common men render you assistance in the streets, and would revolt from the offer of a piece of money. The desire to oblige is universal; and I have never once travelled in a public conveyance, without making some generous acquaintance whom I have been sorry to part from, and who has in many cases come on miles to see us again. But I don’t like the country. I would not live here, on any consideration. It goes against the grain with me. It would with you. I think it impossible, utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here, and be happy. I have a confidence that I must be right, because I have everything, God knows, to lead me to the opposite conclusion: and yet I cannot resist coming to this one. As to the causes, they are too many to enter upon here.”

THE FATHERS ON ST. PETER AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

The Fathers on St. Peter and his Successors. By the Very Rev. J. Waterworth, D.D.

“To speak a word in due time is like apples of gold on beds of silver.” If attention to times and circumstances is to be a test of merit, certainly the work of Dr. Waterworth is deserving of great praise. It appears at a time when the temporal and spiritual prerogatives of the Pope are being violently assailed, and every endeavour made to alienate Christendom from the common Father of the Faithful. To bring men back to former thoughts; to draw their attention from the bellowings of passion and the misstatements of the schismatic and heretic, the infidel and the marauder, who for the nonce stand leagued together against the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and fix it on the calm and Catholic language of those holy and learned men who, during the first five centuries of Christianity, laboured by work and word to propagate and perpetuate the faith of Jesus Christ, must be looked upon as a most important employment, by such as prize the pearl of faith and are anxious to ward off the sad results of opposition to the Holy See—rebellion, irreligion, and anarchy. The curse of Cham hangs heavily on the men who dishonour their Father.

Notwithstanding the definition of the Council of Florence in 1439, in respect to the authority of the Roman Pontiff, which not only declares him to be the Successor of St. Peter, the Primate of the whole world, and the Head of the Church, but also the teacher of all Christians, and the possessor of the plenitude of power, by virtue of which he feeds, rules, and governs the Universal Church,* and the oath of obedience taken by every prelate to "the Successor of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles and Vicar of Jesus Christ,"† it was generally felt that questions regarding the prerogatives of Peter, would be raised during the sessions of the late Vatican Council. It is true, indeed, that Pius the Ninth had not uttered a syllable on this head, in his Bull of Indiction. To other and most important matters he had directed the attention of Christianity; and these he had distinctly named as *the* subjects which he wished to be carefully examined by the assembled Fathers. Still there was a rumour afloat—*volitans per regna per urbes*—that to meet immediate wants and difficulties which were likely soon to arise in consequence of the materialistic and infidel tone of society, the question of Pontifical infallibility would have to be discussed and eventually settled by a formal decision; and such appears to have been, too, the conviction of the learned author of the *Fathers on St. Peter and his Successors*. With a zeal which deserves all praise, and a recklessness of labour which those alone can fully appreciate who are thoroughly acquainted with the voluminous writings of the Fathers and other ecclesiastical records of the first five centuries, he undertook the careful perusal of these works in order to learn distinctly two things: first, what was the Scriptural position of St. Peter in the Church, according to the interpretation of the Fathers during the first five ages of the Church; and secondly, what was the position of St. Peter's successors, the Roman Pontiffs, during the same period, as ceaselessly attested by the ecclesiastical writers of that period.

View the undertaking as we may, it was a most arduous one; but it will be admitted to have been particularly so, when the attention of the reader had to be concentrated not on individual expressions, but on the whole theory of belief, relative to Peter and his successors, of each of the Fathers. The author says—

The work professes to reproduce the views and teaching of the Fathers on the prerogatives of St. Peter and his successors. Its aim is, that, when the extracts from each Father have been read, nothing beyond what is contained in them shall be able, by friend or enemy, to be gathered from his writings on these questions—nothing, that is, that can fairly be said to modify, add to, or in any way change, the impression left by the passages given ‡

The volume before us is the best evidence of the successful labours of Dr. Waterworth. We believe that he has done all that he proposed to do, and more. We have examined the work with care, and have found every passage regarding the prerogatives of St. Peter and the Popes with which we have been long acquainted, and numerous other citations and critical observations which were absolutely new to us. We have compared this work, too, with *l'Episcopato* of Bolgeni, with

* Labbe, xiii., 515.

† Prof. fidei Pii IV.

‡ P. xvi.

Ballerini's *De vi ac ratione Primatus Romani Pontificis*, and Schrader *Unitas Romana*, &c., and find none of these superior to it, either critically or authoritatively. Of course we shall not find in every age the same amount of evidence of any one given doctrine. The Fathers of the first ages were comparatively few. As St. Paul says, there were not among the first Christians "many wise, or mighty, or noble"*—no many, in a word, able to compose learned works; nor, owing to the troublous times of persecution, have even the works really composed reached us. Besides, those who did write had to establish the unity of God against polytheism, the divinity of Christ against Judaism, and to vindicate religion against the heavy and unjust charges urged against it by the learned and powerful advocates of Paganism. All things considered, it is nothing less than wonderful that they have referred so often and so distinctly to many of the doctrines and practices of Christianity. This at least can be said without fear, in reference to the questions discussed in the work under examination: Not one Catholic writer can be found to deny—first, that St. Peter had been at Rome; secondly, had been Bishop of Rome; thirdly, had possessed that superiority and headship which the Catholic Church now unambiguously concedes to him; nor, fourthly, was any one ever rash enough to say that the Roman Pontiffs were not Peter's successors, the Heads of the Church, and the great rulers with whom all Christians were bound to be in communion. The objection of silence is null and void: those who urge it would do well to consider on what important matters the Fathers were as a body really silent for a considerable period.

It is true, however, notwithstanding the fewness of the ecclesiastic writers of primitive Christianity, that from the earliest period the Pontiffs are distinctly visible, acting as supreme, and claiming jurisdiction over the Churches in the most distant countries. The history of St. Clement's embassy to the Corinthians, of the decision of Anicetus and the object of St. Polycarp's visit to Rome, of the appeal of the Church of Lyons to Eleutherius regarding, as St. Jerome says, "some Church questions"†—most probably the errors of the Montanists which the Lyonese Confessors had so strenuously opposed; an appeal which was made, as Eusebius says, *ecclesiasticæ pacis gratia*‡—and of the action of Pope Victor in respect to the Churches of Asia, shows clearly how Rome was admittedly the great guardian of morality, discipline and faith, and how earnestly she acted from the beginning as the divinely appointed ruler. Still, these manifestations of universal power were, comparatively, few and far between. With the extension of the Church and the uprising of heresies, the exercise of Pontifical power assumed much larger proportions, and was characterized by results materially affecting the inner and outward developments of Christianity.

We shall now proceed to summarize the contents of the important volume before us. It consists of two parts, one regarding the place of St. Peter in the Scriptures and the Church; the other, the place of his successors as evidenced by the writings of the first five centuries.

* 1 Cor. i. 26.

† *De Scrip. Eccles.*, cap. xxxv.

‡ *Hist. Eccles.*, l. v., cap. iii.

Christianity. Every passage of the Sacred Scriptures containing a reference to St. Peter is distinctly pointed out, and occasionally such references are given to the Old Testament as may help to explain the meaning of the texts cited from the New. Peter's call and promised name; the moment when the name was given; the lists of the Apostles, and the position there occupied by Peter; the manner, too, in which he appears in the Gospels as contrasted with the other Apostles; the promises made to Peter as the foundation of the Church and the Shepherd of the flock; the prayer made for him, and the subsequent command to confirm his brethren, are all laid before the reader in their Gospel fulness, and present as bold an outline of the future greatness of Peter as could well be drawn. This outline is more than filled up by the marginal parallelisms which emphasize the meaning of very many words and phrases, and enable us to feel the full force of the divine word: such as the consequences involved in the change of name; the firmness and stability indicated by the word Cephias; the honour involved in that name regarded as one of the prophetic titles of Jesus Christ; the power of the word gates, the gates of hell, keys of the kingdom, confirm thy brethren; and of those others which occur in St. John xxi. 15, 16, *βοσκε* and *ποιμανε*. Peter's primacy appears in almost every chapter of the sacred Gospels. Peter is singled out by Christ, and from Him he receives a special and prophetic name. He is named first not only in the lists of the Apostles, but also on every occasion in which two or three are mentioned incidentally. He alone is named as addressed by our Lord, and he alone of the Apostles questions and addresses Him. Wherever a choice is made from among the Apostles, Peter is always one chosen. He first confesses Christ to be the Son of the living God, and is therefore declared blessed, the future Rock of the Church, the bearer of the keys of His kingdom, and eventually is appointed to act as the Shepherd and ruler of the flock of Jesus Christ.

Similar is the evidence derivable from the Acts of the Apostles. Peter acts on all occasions as the Head. Not only does he take the lead, but he may be said to hold the position in respect to the other Apostles which Christ had previously occupied. He is the great centre, and around him all gather. He was the first witness of the resurrection before all the people—"The first when the number of Apostles was to be filled up; the first to confirm the faith with a miracle; the first to convert the Jews; the first to receive the Gentiles; the first everywhere."* He took his place at once amongst the Apostles as Head, because he had been appointed Head of the Church, and the appointment was recognized and fully admitted by the Sacred College.

And to show in what manner the Church of the first ages understood the Sacred Scriptures in reference to St. Peter's position in the Church, no fewer than seventy writers, comprising nearly all the learned and saintly guides of God's Church of the period indicated, are cited, and many of them at great length. We will lay before our readers a partial summary of the evidence contained in the writings cited. We have said partial, for nearly every line of their writings contains some strong and dazzling developments of the greatness of Peter as Vicar of Jesus Christ. To thoroughly appreciate the mind of the Church, every line cited should

* Bossuet, *Sermon sur l'Unité*, 1. par.

be read with the most patient and thoughtful care.* Peter, then, is the solid rock : on this rock the Church is built to last for ever. He is the everenduring foundation. The Church built on Peter is stronger than heaven, on account of the words of Christ addressed to him. He is the prince, the head, the tongue, the mouth, the eye of the Apostles. He is the beginning of the Apostleship and of the Episcopate ; the Coryphæus of the Apostolic Choir ; the Teacher and first of the Apostles ; the Bishop of bishops, and only one called Shepherd ; the Primate of all bishops, and the Shepherd of the flock ; to him the flock is committed ; he is to render an account of the whole Church which is confided to him ; he is set over the habitable globe ; is the Preacher and Teacher of the world, the Shepherd of shepherds, ruling and feeding the shepherds themselves, as well as the flocks. He presides, has the primacy, is set over the habitable globe, goes about like a commander and leader. He is the doorkeeper and has the keys of the kingdom, is honoured and preferred before and above all, and from him the grace of the Episcopate descends. His name was changed by Christ to indicate his unfailing character, and as a guarantee for future blessings. He is, in fine, the Vicar of Christ's love, the personification of Christ Himself ; the figure of the unity of all pastors, the ONE appointed to put an end to schism ; the representative of unity, one for all, and in him, as their head, all are included.

Such are some of the characteristic observations of the Fathers made on St. Peter, when commenting on the Sacred Scriptures, especially on the texts (Matthew xvi. 18, 19, Luke xxii. 31, 32, and John xxi. 15—17) to which such notoriety has been given lately by the leader of the Berlin schism and originator of a Church which has neither Pope, nor bishop nor ministers of any kind, except a few defiant excommunicated individuals. As we have already said, no Catholic of the first five centuries ever denied Peter's supremacy, or so explained the Scripture as to *exclude* that meaning which was uniformly assigned to them during the first three hundred and fifty years of Christianity. If, eventually, Hilary represented Peter, *as also* Peter's confession, as the rock, he did so in order to silence the Arians ; while Augustine left it optional to regard Peter as the rock, or Christ as the rock, spoken of in Matt. xvi. 18. On critical grounds alone, did Augustine hesitate about the meaning of the words in St. Matthew. He had, as he states in his retracts, interpreted the words as the Church had uniformly done ; an interpretation which was adhered to in "the hymn chaunted by so many at Milan ;" but afterwards, doubting whether *Petra* was not the primitive word, and *Petrus* a derivative, just as *Christianus* is derived from *Christus*, and not *Christus* from *Christianus*, he left the critical meaning of the passage an open question. This great Father could not but be a modest linguist ; and even Kuinoel and Rosenmüller as well as Neander,† admit the error committed by Augustine and advocate the Catholic explanation as far as *Petrus* and *Petra* are concerned. At all events, Augustine did not deny the old interpretation to be probable and as for the rest, no one ever more ably defended the Holy See than

* We shall not name the Fathers who make use of the expressions cited in the text ; because in fact each of those expressions is used by very many of the Fathers. The work itself must be read and studied.

† *Eccles. Hist.*, iii., 238.

the great African Doctor. He was "held in the Catholic Church by the succession of its bishops from Peter."*—that Peter "who represented the person of the Church by reason of the primacy,"† and "whom Christ had made one with Himself, committing His sheep to him as to another Self."‡

The Fathers could not have expressed in stronger or more decisive terms their belief in the Supremacy of St. Peter. Whether the word of faith proceed from the West or the East, it is equally emphatic. To reject it on the ground of indistinctness, would be equivalent to a declaration that language is the worst medium for the communication of religious ideas; and to stultify the statement of St. Paul that "faith cometh through hearing."

Not only did the Fathers teach that Peter was supreme, but supreme for ever. Peter never dies; he lives in the persons of his successors, the Roman Pontiffs, through them supporting the Church, and feeding, ruling, governing, and strengthening the brethren. The oneness of the Church depends on the oneness of the rock, Peter. On that rock stands the one Church—and hence, whoever is not in the Church on the rock is known at once to be profane and an alien. To render more intelligible the citations from the Fathers which form the second portion of the work under review, we will subdivide the references and consider them under six or seven distinct heads. (1) The Fathers apply to the Roman Pontiff the same titles expressive of headship as they do to St. Peter. (2) They maintain that because he is the head and rock of the Church, therefore all Christians are bound to be in communion with him. (3) To prove this union and their title to Catholicity, they cite the catalogues of the Popes, and thus trace through them their connection with Peter. And (4) in consequence of Peter's See being at Rome, they use the words Catholic and Roman as convertible terms. (5) To Rome, appeals are made by the prelates of every portion of Christendom. (6) By Rome, conciliary action is ratified, &c., heresies are condemned, miseries redressed, and action taken in a hundred varying forms. At all times Rome clearly claims the supremacy and the right to command. (7) And finally, the inerrancy of the Pope is formally proclaimed and practically admitted by the Universal Church.

1. *Titles.*—The Pope is the heir of the administration; holds the place and sits in the chair of Peter. His is the apostolic chair, the principal chair whence unity is derived. This chair is the first mark of the Church, and through it, it has all other marks (*notes*). He is the truly blessed rock, the solidity of the apostolic rock on which the Church is built, the rock against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. He is the Vicar of Christ, the head Priest, the Bishop of bishops, the Œcumenical Bishop, the Archbishop of the universe, the Apostolic Father of the Universal Church, the Ruler of the house of God and of the whole fold of God, the Head of the whole world, the Head of the pastoral honour, the Judge of the whole Church, to whom all must refer and defer; in fine, he is the Successor of the fisherman.

2. *Union with Rome necessary for Christianity.*—This is indeed

* *Contra. Epist. Fund.*, cap. iv.

† *In Joan.* xxiv. 5.

‡ *Serm.* xlvi. 30.

distinctly affirmed in all the passages and statements referred to. Every Christian was bound to be on the rock, in the Church of Peter, and in every way submissive to his teaching. We would refer the reader for more specific information on this head to Tertullian (200), St. Irenæus (192), St. Clement of Alexandria (198), St. Cyprian (205, &c.), St. Ambrose (267), St. Augustine (282), St. Jerome (277), St. Anastasius (281), St. Innocent (289), St. Boniface (299), St. Cyril of Alexandria (306), the Bishops of Dardania (339), &c. The Holy See "is all godly, all gracious, all blessed, all praised, all prospering, all hallowed,"* as the Martyr Ignatius says, and with it "the greatest, the most ancient, and the best known," "all the Churches, that is to say, all the faithful in every direction, must agree,"† for such, as we have already seen, is the appointment of Jesus Christ.

3. *The catalogues of the Successors of St. Peter.*—As an easy method of confounding heretics and establishing their own Catholicity, the Fathers constantly appeal to their union with Rome, and several give the succession of the Roman Bishops in detail. These catalogues appear in the writings of Irenæus (192), Tertullian (200), Eusebius (229), Optatus (251), Epiphanius (266), and Augustine (283—284). By means of these lists the Catholic proved that he was a member of the Church built on Peter, and "confounded all who in any way, whether by things pleasing to themselves or by vainglory, or blindness and evil sentiments assembled otherwise than they should have done."‡

4. *Roman and Catholic convertible terms.*—Since the Church which was Catholic in name and in fact was built upon Peter, whose chair was in Rome, it happened that Catholic and Roman became in the Church convertible terms. In this sense was the word Roman used by Augustine (282), Jerome (272, 280), Ambrose (267, 268), Innocent (289, 293—295), Celestine and Victor of Vite (303), Chrysologus (393), Avitus (346), &c. When Satyrus, the brother of St. Ambrose, was anxious to discover the faith of a certain bishop, he simply asked him if "he agreed with the Catholic Bishop, that is, with the Roman Church,"§ knowing well that if he did, then he was orthodox. An example similar was the test used by Jerome—"What faith does Rufinus call his faith? . . . If he answer that which the Roman Church holds, then we are Catholics."|| There is only one Church and one ministry known as Catholic; this one Church is the Church in connection with Rome, and this ministry is the hierarchical body which derives its orders and its jurisdiction from the Holy See. Separatists from Catholicism use the words—"I believe in the Catholic Church," while actually in flagrant opposition to Catholicism. They may use the word truthfully if they will. But how? By returning to the rock from which they have been torn, and entering the flock of which Peter's Successor is the Shepherd.

5. *Appeals to Rome from every part of the world; and 6. Pontifical action in all kinds of cases regarding faith, &c.*—The zeal exhibited, first by Clement when sending three ambassadors to Corinth to heal the differences, which threatened the unity of that Church (175); secondly by Victor and Hyginus, who threatened to excommunicate the Churches

* *Epist. ad Rom.* † Irenæus, l. iii., 3.
§ Ambrose *De excessu fratris.*

‡ Irenæus, l. iii. *De Hæres*, cap. 1.
|| *Apol. adv. Rufin.*

of Asia unless they conformed to the Roman rule of observing Easter ; thirdly, by Stephen, who uttered similar threats against the African and other distant Churches unless they admitted the validity of baptism given by heretics ; and fourthly, by Pope Julius, who summoned the heads of the Arian faction, as well as the staunch defender of the faith and ablest opponent of Arianism, Athanasius, to Rome to render an account of their faith—these as well as scores of other equally striking examples of Pontifical power over the whole world, evince the faith of the first ages in the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. In the last instance, Julius having carefully examined into the orthodoxy of those prelates who had been expelled from their sees by the Arians, and discovered the falseness of the accusations urged against them, restored all to their respective sees. Among the restored was Athanasius, the illustrious Archbishop of Alexandria.* Later, Innocent restored Chrysostom to Constantinople, and by virtue of the Pontifical power, Cylil of Alexandria deposed Nestorius from that great see.† The power of the Popes was not limited to the Western Patriarchate, it extended over the East and even the great patriarchates themselves, and was clearly recognized by the bishops who assisted at the Councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon.

The superiority of Rome is also clear from the appeals made to it from every country. The Corinthians appealed to Clement, the Church of Smyrna to Hyginus, the Church of Gaul to Victor, and the Church of Africa to Stephen, Cornelius, &c. To the Pontiff appeals from every country were made from the earliest period of Church history. In the year 142 Marcion went to Rome to obtain the revocation of the judgment pronounced against him by the Bishop of Sinope.‡ In 252 Fortunatus and his companions, and afterwards in 262 Basilides and Martialis, appealed against the African prelates.§ In the same year Paul of Samosata, who had been deposed by a Council held at Antioch, had recourse to Pope Felix in order to secure his restoration to his see.|| Similarly, Cæcilian, Bishop of Carthage, who had been condemned by a numerous Council held at Carthage, appealed to Pope Melchiades, by whom he was restored to his former position in the African Church. The appeal of St. Athanasius in 341 has already been referred to, and is too well known to require further development. These are adduced as a few of many early examples. The history of after ages is one continuous record of the action of the Popes in every portion of Christendom. Theirs was the task to summon Councils ; to ratify conciliary decisions ; to attend to all important questions affecting religion ; to protect the good and punish the bad by excommunication and other ecclesiastical punishments, and to attend in other ways to the general interests of the whole of Christendom. The statements of

* "When Athanasius, Paul, Asclepas, Marcellus, and Lucius laid their case before Julius, the Bishop of the City of Rome, he, according to the prerogative of the Roman See, sent them back into the East with the protection of his letters, and restored each of them to their respective sees" (*Socrates*, l. ii., cap. 15 ; Cf. *Sozomen*, l. iii., cap. 8).

† *Concil.*, Labbe, t. iii., p. 349.

‡ See Mansi, diss. 28, in *H. E.* ; Natalis Alexandri, *Sæculi*, iv.

§ See Cyprian, *Epist.* 68.

|| See Zaccaria, *Antifebron.*, l. iii., cap. ii.

the Fathers on these and cognate matters are fully exposed from page 186 to page 309 of Dr. Waterworth's work.

No one can, we think, carefully read the writings of the Fathers here laid before us, without feeling convinced that no doubt could have crossed their minds relative to the infallibility of the head of the Church. We know indeed how several writers and speakers, even at the present day, are guilty of the suicidal crime of denying that St. Peter ever was at Rome. This they have dared to say though all history gives the lie to their denial. As Berthold says—"There is no event, perhaps, in ancient ecclesiastical history so clearly placed beyond doubt by the consistent testimony of ancient Christian writers, as that of Peter having been at Rome;" and what he says is equally the language of Burton, Geisler, Pearson, Lardner, Whiston, &c. Dr. Newman in *Essay on the Theology of the Seven Epistles of St. Ignatius*, page 100, accounts for all the blunderings and ignorance of several who have read the Fathers—"Their notions of the matter of divinity is different from what prevailed in primitive times that the surface of their minds does not come into contact with what they read; points on which they themselves would insist slip on one side or the other between those of the Fathers; their own divisions of the subject are at cross divisions, or in some way or other inconsistent with theirs. If they are ever at cross purposes with the author they are studying; they do not discern his drift, and then, according as their minds are more or less of a reverent character, they despise or excuse him" (p. 191). This is all too true.

7. The infallibility of the Pope appears to us to be involved in every statement of the Fathers regarding Church unity. *Ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia* is a trite expression. But what does it mean? Clearly it means—the Pope represents the Church; as the latter is infallible, so the former. The Church is indefectible and can never err, because it is built on the rock, Peter, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. How could it be so, how could this be a cause of indefectibility and inerrancy, unless Peter himself was indefectible and inerrant? If the Pope is the *Vicar of Christ*, he is the Shepherd and Judge holding the place of Christ;* he has to instruct all and govern all; he cannot err, since inerrancy is to be the characteristic of the Church that is instructed and ruled. He is to confirm the brethren, and not to be confirmed by the brethren him, and hence through him and not through others infallibility is derived. "To the Roman See perfidy can have no access." This See, as the Fathers say, has never been defiled by any form of heresy—it is pure and without wrinkle. Surely all this proves this at least, that the Roman Pontiffs are heaven assisted and guided in all their teachings directed to the Universal Church; and hence, owing to this character conferred upon them, we exclaim with St. Ambrose and his fellow bishops—"Those whom thou condemnest we too condemn in accordance with thy judgment." Sure of the faith of Rome, the Fathers did not hesitate to say that all the faithful were bound to agree in that faith; and as Rome spoke, every faithful Catholic exclaimed—

* *Epist. ad Cornelium*. "Heresies," says St. Cyprian, "come only from an ignorance of this fact." As the Fathers of Ephesus observed, "Peter always judges, through his Successors" (*C. Eph.*, act. 2).

† *Cyprian, Epist. 59*.

"*Roma locuta est, causa finita est.*"* And again, these great promises are made at least as directly to the Rock as to the Church on the rock ; and from this, again, no other inference can be drawn than that of the infallibility of Peter in his Successors. If the Fathers seek to establish their orthodoxy at any time, they prove it by their union with Rome. What if at any time Rome could fail, would the proof be old good? At *all* moments the Church is the teacher of truth; but unless we are assured of the inerrancy of the Pope, how can we say in moments of contention, such as the great St. Thomas Aquinas refers to, what is truth and what a matter of belief? In such moments there is in Catholicism always a principle of security—God has not left us without a guide; we can turn to Rome with confidence, and say with Jerome, "The Church here is rent into three parts, each of which is eager to draw me to itself. . . . Meanwhile I cry aloud, if any one is united to the Chair of St. Peter, he is mine. . . . Therefore I beseech your Holiness, . . . make known to me with whom I ought to hold communion."† As we have also seen, the Roman is identical with *Catholic* faith, and hence it must be true. As St. Peter Chrysologus beautifully puts it, "Peter, who lives and presides in his own See, gives the true faith to those who seek it;"‡ and, whoever is separated from the Roman See is an alien from the Christian religion."§ The words of Augustine at page 284; of Innocent I., p. 295; of Paulinus the Deacon and St. Boniface, pp. 299, 300; of Theodoret, p. 310; of St. Peter Chrysologus, p. 323; of the Council of Rome, p. 345; and of St. Leo, from pp. 315—323; all convey the same idea that the Pope never fails; he teaches infallibly the truth at all times and in all climes. Infallibility *de facto* is claimed by every State, and nearly by every person in power; infallibility *de jure* and *de jure divino*, must be claimed by the Church for the Roman Pontiff, for such is her high prerogative.

THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

The Spirits in Prison. A Sermon on the state of the Dead, preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Rev. Edward Plumptre, M.A. Strahan and Co., 1871.

Those of the Anglican clergy who love to think and speak of their communion as an integral part of the Catholic Church, generally show a very praiseworthy desire to ascertain the meaning of their symbolic formulas, and to follow the light of revealed truth as faithfully as their circumstances will permit. In this they deserve all praise; but their difficulties are great, and they seem to be increasing almost day by day. In the first place, the careful discipline and habits of mind, so necessary to form competent theologians, seem not only to be utterly wanting to

* "*Terrena ejus judicia, judicia caelestia sunt*" (Hilarius, l. x., *de Trinit.*). It is very remarkable how altered men became when raised to the Pontificate. It may be well said—"Hæc mutatio dexteræ altissimi." See this in reference to Popes Vigilius, Pius the Second, &c. "*Etiam mali coguntur bona discere; neque enim sua sunt quæ dicunt, sed Dei, qui in cathedrâ unitatis doctrinam posuit veritatis*" (Augustine).

† *Epist.* xvi.

‡ *Epist. ad Eutych.*

§ Bonifaci, *Epist.* xiv. *Rufo Episcopo.*

them, but they have got into a traditional way of treating formulas, creeds, and articles, as if those utterances had been originally intended to be interpreted by, and accommodated to, the circumstances, systems, and conveniences of those who possess them. Next, their platform—to use an Americanism—forces them to adhere to inconsistencies as well in attitude as in doctrine; and, consequently, they can neither confront an array of evidence on the separate parts of their system, nor stand the scrutiny of a close logical or theological analysis of its whole. The natural effect of this is that they try to justify the rejection of theology and logic; of theology, which is the application of scientific method to the matters of faith, and logic, which is the legitimate exposition of certain principles to their proper consequences and applications. They will not consent that their teaching be brought to the test which all truth is determined by; and hence, their expositions of doctrine, apart from the merits of their system, are vague, tentative, and confused.

These observations are fully exemplified in Mr. Plumptre's sermon on the *Souls in Prison*. Not only does he imply a condemnation of "pitiless and relentless logic," and "accuracy and precision in following the intricate mazes of theological speculation;" but he frequently leaves us in doubt as to the sense in which he uses his words, and the range of his assertions. For instance, he starts with the statement that one article of the Creed has for some centuries lost its hold on the thoughts and affections of mankind. What does he mean by "mankind?" If he means his own Communion, then we have no difficulty in acknowledging him to be a competent witness of the state of religious belief in the Anglican Church. But the obvious meaning of the sentence is that nowhere now among Christians is this article practically believed in. If this be the true interpretation, we are at least prepared to show that, as far as Catholics are concerned, the allegation is altogether contrary to the fact; but, then, we may be mistaken in his meaning. Again, in page 12, he introduces some grave charges against Catholic belief and practice with these words, "Men have thought," &c. To meet this, we should know who these men were, whether they were Doctors, Pontiffs, schools of theology, or a few obscure and isolated individuals. We should also know whether by "thought" he means maintained, believed, taught, or defined. However roughly he may use his words, he will be understood as making charges against the authorized teaching of the Church, and he must answer for this. What we here, however, desire to call attention to is, the indefiniteness and pointlessness of his words. This is still more obvious in words that have a special theological value. He speaks of "witnesses," as far as we can judge, as those who express their own belief, and not as those who give evidence to the existence of faith in the Church of their time. He calls the anathemas of Athanasius "warnings." He speaks, again, of the "Romish theory of Purgatory;" and in the same matter of "popular theology of Rome." We quote these expressions, not to direct attention to the amusing anxiety of Anglicans to give to their own tenets a character of Catholicity, and to Catholic tenets that of provinciality, but to point out that theory, doctrine, belief, and theology, seem to him to be pretty much the same.

Considering that Mr. Plumptre is a Professor of Divinity, and expounding an article of faith, we should have expected something

more of positive argument, and not quite so much of appeals to "wider hopes," "agonized anxiety," "hot thoughts," &c. Indeed, from first to last he seems to be influenced by the emotional, and to be wandering in an atmosphere of dreams. "Dark dreams," "wild dreams," "monstrous dream," "glorious dream," seem to take the place of evidence or authority. "Dark fancies" and "dark visions" seem to beset him. The "dark shadow of Augustine" crosses his path, and "gloom" is "darkened into the blackness of midnight by the dogmas of Calvin." Shortly after we have a "larger hope," to which bear witness "the noblest, loftiest, most loving of the teachers of the ancient Church (I am not afraid to speak thus of Origen)." Origen, we are told, "embraced it as the anchor of his soul," and Gregory of Nyssa "cherished it." This is the Patristic argument, and we give it merely that we may ask on what principle is Origen, indulging in a theory (the final salvation of all) against the common belief of the Fathers, singled out for special admiration, while Augustine and Athanasius are merely mentioned for implied blame. Had they embarrassed, in place of defending the Church, they would, in all probability, have been before this discovered to be "the noblest, loftiest, most loving of teachers." It would be a great gain if Anglicans would agree to accept the *testimony* of the Fathers in matters of Revelation. But if they go on the principle of selection, seeing dark shadows here, and running after loving teachers there, without discrimination between their evidence and their opinion, and without any reference to consent or divergence, we may expect nothing but darkness and confusion.

But Mr. Plumptre and the school of divines whom he represents have other difficulties in their search after truth, of which they are clearly much more conscious than of their want of theological training and method. There seems to be, somehow, such a connection between dogmas of faith and "Romanism" that attention to one suggests a presumption of inclination to the other. Dogma is nothing more than revealed truth authoritatively defined, and it is felt that to hold by this is virtually to accept the "Roman system." Hence the true Anglican method is to treat such, to use an expression of Mr. Plumptre's, "with stammering lips and uncertain speech." Moreover, the preacher must make always some compensation to his conscience and his audience, if he would be, or would be held to be, a staunch Protestant. Mr. Plumptre understands these tactics, and makes use of them with a temerity we could hardly have looked for in a Professor of Divinity. "Men have thought of a given quantity of pain as the fit and adequate punishment of sin; have held that it belonged to the Bishop of Rome to remit or protract the penalty, that all power was committed to him in heaven and in earth, and that he could bind and loose even the spirits in prison. The monstrous dream that there was an accumulated treasure of the merits of the saints, which he could transfer at his pleasure to those who needed it, with all the abuses of indulgences and masses for the dead that grew out of it," &c. (p. 12). He speaks afterwards of "the dark fancies and corrupt imaginations of the Romish theory of Purgatory." Also, "The traffic in indulgences and masses was so monstrous an abuse," &c. (p. 29).

Whatever Mr. Plumptre may mean by "men have thought" and "*Romish theory*," we have a right to assume that he intends to speak

against Catholic faith and practice, and against it inasmuch as it rises out of the Church's teaching. He does not speak of abuses which the Church has always condemned, and has generally succeeded in keeping down. He takes his stand with genuine Protestants, and copies the stock libels and their choice expressions. He does not seem aware that they have never been proved and often refuted. They at least serve his purpose, and are not inconsistent with his notions of dignity and good taste.

First, we should like to know who has said that a given quantity of pain is a fit and adequate punishment for sin, or what the proposition means. If any other punishment can be devised but pain—including, of course, pain of loss—let Mr. Plumptre tell us of it; and if pain is neither to be eternal nor a given quantity, what will it be? The author evidently admits punishment for sin other than eternal, nor is there here any question of eternal punishment. Is this punishment, then, to be not a given quantity if it is to be fit and adequate? The next charge is that "it belonged to the Bishop of Rome to remit or protract this penalty." Not only to the Bishop of Rome, but to all confessors, does it belong to remit sin, and, consequently, the punishment due to sin; and, if we are not mistaken, this has not appeared such a dark superstition to Anglican clergymen whom we could name: but Mr. Plumptre means more than this. He makes out that it is claimed for the Pope to have all power in heaven and in earth, and that he has jurisdiction over the souls in prison. There is no such teaching as this in the Catholic Church. The words of our Lord, St. Matthew xxviii. 18, are understood as expressing the foundation and exemplar of the power given to the Church, not its measure. That power is such as is congruous to the office of the Church, and becoming the Spouse of Jesus Christ and the Mother of the Faithful. It does not extend to the souls in Purgatory, nor has any Pope, either by indulgences or otherwise, ever been known to exercise authority over those souls, or to remit their punishment. Mr. Plumptre has totally mistaken the Catholic doctrine. The "dark dreams" from which he turns with such "righteous abhorrence," are entirely his own or his coreligionists, from whom he may have drawn his information. Theology we can hardly expect from Anglican dreams, but men of good secular education, to say nothing of honesty and truthfulness, should make some effort to ascertain the truth before talking ill of their neighbours. The teaching of the Church is reasonable and clear, and Catholics are not altogether without excuse, if, in the face of these perpetual misrepresentations, they sometimes think their adversaries not to be sincere men.

It was customary in the ancient Church to impose canonical penances for grievous and public sins. For the adjustment of this were composed the Penitential Canons—for instance, of St. Peter Alexandrinus, Gregory Thaumaturgus, Basil, and Gregory of Nyssa. These penances were no substitution or commutation of the eternal punishment due to sin, which was remitted, together with the guilt of sin, *in foro interno*, but were medicinal for the penitent, satisfactory for scandal given, and, when done with the proper interior spirit, were a substitute either wholly or in part, for the temporal punishment due to sin, and to be suffered or remitted either in this life or in Purgatory. Now remissions of those penances were made in consideration of service done to

the Church, and this remission is nothing more or less than an indulgence. The service done—as, for instance, attending on a Christian in prison—was not *in itself* an equivalent for the penance, but was supplemented by the merits of the faithful—that is, in figurative language, was taken from the treasury of the Church. The old discipline of imposing canonical penances, for good reasons, no longer exists; and the difference between an indulgence now and formerly is simply this, that it does not now suppose the penance to have been actually enforced, but simply takes its place, and has its remissive effect. What Mr. Plumptre means by “traffic” in indulgences is, probably, that indulgences have been granted for labouring, subscribing, and collecting for the building of churches, for the support of poor missions, and the like. There is nothing else tolerated by the Church to which his term can be applied, and though it is not properly applied, it is, nevertheless, in his customary manner. Most certain it is that a price or fee for indulgences, or anything in consideration of granting or obtaining them has never been sanctioned by the Church, and would be simoniacal.

Mr. Plumptre seems to think that the application of indulgences to the souls in Purgatory is the granting to them of indulgences. Of course it is nothing of the kind. It is merely a prayer to God, by the Church and him who gains the indulgence, that its remissive value may be applied, by God's mercy, to the departed souls. He also implies that this devotion is used as a source of revenue. We can only say that it is simply untrue. It is unpleasant to have to answer such imputations—and to have to say that no educated man ought to be ignorant enough to make them.

What he says of the traffic of masses is of a piece with the above. The law of the Church is clear and inflexible. It allows a fixed stipend or fee, to be regulated by the bishop in each diocese, for the celebration of mass, not otherwise obligatory, for the express intention of any one who may desire it. But one such fee a day is permitted, and it is not to exceed what is required for a day's support. If the obligation of celebrating is transferred from one to another, the whole fee is to pass with it; and mass for the dead stands just on the same footing as mass for any other purpose. Mr. Plumptre approves of the all but indissoluble association of prayers for the dead with the Eucharistic Sacrifice (p. 28). His objection, therefore, to Catholic practice must be, that a fee is accepted for a special service undertaken at the desire of a private person. Such traffic, of course, is not heard of in the Anglican Church. Mr. Plumptre would not take a fee for preaching or celebrating even in St. Paul's. It would be traffic in the Word of God; but then he should be more charitable in his judgment of others. Catholic priests are sometimes plundered of their benefices; they are not allowed to support themselves by secular professions; they have to administer gratuitously to the poor, and from most of their administrations derive nothing whatsoever. Surely, Mr. Plumptre might find something better to tell his audience at St. Paul's, than that such men were addicted to traffic in masses and indulgences. But some allowance, perhaps, may be made for him. He must do homage to the spirit of Protestantism, a spirit more pitiless and relentless even than that of logic. We all felt for the unfortunate correspondent of a daily paper, who, writing from Rome an account of the opening of the Vatican Council, described the assembled

bishops as a very fine looking set of men. In his next letter he is singing his palinode. We cannot feel simple indignation for him on Plumptre. He might, however, have spared himself and us, on the present occasion at least, the following exhibition of his charity—we not give up our morbid fears and our dark dreams, our distrust of superstition, our controversial jealousies, and turn for guidance and comfort to that which I had well nigh called the *lost* article of the C

The guidance and comfort which he offers to us is a “theory” of imprisoned souls. These unmanageable entities are to be subjected to discipline with a view to progress and final etherialization. Those who have taken an interest in such things on earth are to continue their work in Hades ; and we do not see whether the theory of evolutionary progression through the spheres may not be included. We particularly recommend the matter to Professor Huxley, as suggesting a “hope” for developing, in a future life, little Irish boys into philosophers of his own type. There, of course, the obnoxious denominational system will be excluded, and coercive education will be the order of the day.

J.

M. JULES FAVRE ON THE ROMAN QUESTION.

Rome et la Republique Française. Par M. Jules Favre, de l'Académie Française.
Paris : Henri Plon, 1871.

Every one knows that M. Jules Favre, after having for some time been one of an Opposition very thin in numbers in the Legislative Assembly under the Second Empire, became a conspicuous member of the Government of National Defence, which was the issue of the last French Revolution, immediately after the catastrophe of 1870. M. Jules Favre had had no previous education for the very important and prominent office which he filled in the Government—the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it is not surprising that he showed along that he was more of an advocate than of a diplomatist. I had some very momentous questions to deal with, and was the senior member of that illfated Government, except M. Gambetta and General Trochu, who became at all famous for his manner of dealing with such questions. We must not be hard upon a fallen man, who failed in that he undertook, after undertaking what he was by no means qualified at a time of the greatest trial to his country ; and we may therefore confine ourselves to a short statement of the facts which made M. Favre's conduct of French foreign affairs important to the world at that time.

In speaking of such facts, we of course refer mainly to the policy taken by M. Favre with regard to the position of the Holy See. Soon as Rome was abandoned by the French troops at the outbreak of the German war, it became quite clear that the Florentine Government would take the first opportunity of seizing what remained to be left of the Pontifical dominions. It is true that to do so they had to break their own solemn pledges, but this can only have added a freshness to their appetite. It is very delightful to such men—when there is no one to be afraid of—to lay hands on other persons' property, particularly when that property happens to be consecrated by a religious sanction, so that its seizure has the character of sacrilege as well.

robbery; but to be able to do this in the teeth of a treaty, to be able to add hypocrisy to mendacity by pretending to do it in the interests of religion, and by asking the blessing of the Pontiff who was the subject of spoliation at the very time that the act was perpetrated—all these circumstances presented irresistible attractions to the aspiring Ministers of Victor Emmanuel. The collapse of the Empire gave them the one additional motive which was required to set their hands to the work. It became now certain that it might be done with impunity, as well as with so many other exceptional circumstances of guilt and insolence. The French Republic had business enough on its hands with the German war, and besides, the new Government was composed of men only too likely to sympathize with any aggression on the part of Florence on Rome. M. Favre himself had always been an opponent of the Temporal Power, and now he was Foreign Minister of France. Accordingly, in his first interview with M. Nigra, the Italian envoy announced the intention of his Government to take possession of Rome. The usual forms of hypocrisy were gone through—of course the Government was forced to do this in order to prevent worse consequences, and the like. M. Favre was at the moment trying to get the Italians into the war with Germany. Here, however, he met with a polite refusal. The Ministers of Victor Emmanuel did not think well enough of the chance of France—under the guidance of M. Favre and his colleagues—to think it necessary to make any offer on their own part as a price for the silence of the French Government as to the annexation of Rome.

One thing, however, M. Nigra could not obtain, even from M. Favre—even when, at all events in the surmise of the latter, there was still question of some aid to France from Italy. M. Nigra asked that France should “denounce” the treaty of September, which bound the Florentine Government not to attack the Pope. M. Favre refused, and we here see, for the first time, the influence on his conduct of the consciousness that the majority of the French people, whose representative for the moment he was, felt shocked and outraged at the insolence of the Italians, and would certainly some day or other take up again the cause of the Church and of the Pope. We trace the influence of the same consciousness in the subsequent diplomatic policy of M. Favre. Thus, in the spring of 1871, after the Piedmontese usurpation had lasted some months, proposals were circulated among the European powers for a Conference to settle the relations between Italy and the Holy See. This idea, M. Favre tells us, was first suggested by Mr. Gladstone—no doubt with a view to favour the usurpation of Victor Emmanuel, by obtaining for it some kind of ratification. It was first proposed by Bavaria—not a very sound source—and seems to have had the support of Austria. M. Favre objected to it, and was thanked by Cardinal Antonelli. About the same time, an Ambassador to the Holy See was sent from France, and this step gave much umbrage to the Florentine Government, whose newspapers abused M. d’Harcourt, after his arrival at Rome, in a manner against which M. Favre remonstrated successfully. Later on, when there came to be question of the presence of the representatives of the European powers at Rome at the time of the so-called transference of the capital to that city, we find M. Favre opposing Count Beust, who had ordered the Austrian envoy to go to Rome for

the occasion, and refusing to act in the same offensive way Holy See.

M. Favre, as is well known, resigned his place in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in consequence of the vote of the Assembly at Versailles on July 22, whereby the petition of a number of the bishops of France, begging that some action might be taken for the protection of the Holy Father and his rights, was referred to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. We are glad to have M. Favre's own witness for the importance of this vote.

It is useless to prove [he says], so plain is the evidence of the fact that Italy has not remained indifferent to the discussion and the vote of July 22, and that, despite the language of official despatches, the prevailing opinion in France with her has not been that of satisfaction and confidence. It is certain that, for the extreme friends of the Holy See, the attitude of M. Favre and the resolution of the Assembly are a pledge given as to eventual action in reserve, for which France maintains a liberty of action, the direction of which is sufficiently indicated by her past history. Both these considerations create for us a situation full of difficulties, and are in complete contradiction with our true interests (pp. 163, 164).

Such, no doubt, is the honest opinion of M. Jules Favre. He has always been an enemy of any French policy that would support the temporal power of the Papacy. He has always sympathized in heart with the aggressions of the Government of Victor Emmanuel, and his sympathy, we must suppose, has led him to shut his eyes to the unpardonable dishonesty and meanness by which they have been carried out. We are happy to have his testimony that France does not agree with him. On one point he strikes us as rather inconsistent. He speaks with some amount of disdain the famous *jamais jamais* of M. Rouher, by which that orator pledged the Government of the Emperor to never abandon Rome to Piedmont. Every one knows how badly that pledge was redeemed, and M. Favre has some right to triumph over M. Rouher and Napoleon the Third on that score. But, unless we are mistaken, he is just as much inclined to promise and predict the future as M. Rouher was—he, the chance minister of an ephemeral government of transition. He is quite as ready to affirm that the annexation of Rome is a *fait accompli*, that the Temporal Power is destroyed, never to be restored, as was the Minister of Napoleon the Third to affirm that his Government would never do just what he did, and what, unless the world was taken, he was always desirous to do. And yet it may perhaps be instructive to reflecting men that there is rather more reason to expect the intervention of Providence of God, which has already so often restored the Papal power, may do so once again, than there was some few years ago to expect that the power of Napoleon the Third would be perpetual. The second Empire required the colossal armies of Germany to keep it in pieces, and the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel bears its mortal character written on its very face. It requires nothing at all to keep it in pieces; it is rotten to the core already, and requires no assistance from without to assist at its process of decomposition. On this point we think M. Favre quite as foolish as M. Rouher. Whether the Piedmontese usurpation is to be crushed by France or any other power, we are no more able to tell than M. Favre himself, but we are *sure that Providence has plenty of ways of disposing of it*.

excess, and that the destinies of the Church are safe in His Hands.

We had almost forgotten to notice the singular feature in M. Favre's work, which made its celebrity, for the moment, almost European. We believe that he did a thing rather against precedent when he published his volume so soon after his resignation, containing as it does, so many revelations of the diplomatic action of his own and other Governments. But if it was quite unprecedented to make such disclosures at all, it was quite unique to make them falsely, at least in such manner and shape of falsehood as to be exposed to instant detection. This is what M. Jules Favre did, in the little unimportant matter of an oral declaration of Pius the Ninth as to his desire or willingness, or the reverse, to receive back again the States which have been plundered from him! M. Favre published (p. 103) a despatch in which M. d'Harcourt gave an account of his first interview with the Pope at the Vatican, in which, among other things, Pius the Ninth was heard to say—

La souveraineté n'est pas à rechercher dans des temps comme ceux-ci, je le sais mieux que personne. Tout ce que je désire c'est un petit coin de terre où je serais le maître. *Si l'on m'offrait de me rendre mes Etats, je refuserais, mais tant que je n'aurai pas ce petit coin de terre, je ne pourrai exercer dans leur plénitude mes fonctions spirituelles.*

All the world now knows, though half the world may soon find it useful to forget, that this quotation represents the Holy Father as saying exactly the contrary of what he did say. What the Pope did say, and what M. d'Harcourt reported him to have said, was, "*Ce n'est pas à dire que si l'on m'offrait de me rendre mes Etats, je refuserais,*" &c., and M. Favre has acknowledged that his copyist left out the words which we have italicized. Was the copyist a Piedmontese? That we are not told. But what is, perhaps, more remarkable than anything else in the matter is, that M. Favre's book runs on glibly, as if this falsification had been no falsification, as if the mind of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs had really taken in the words of Pius the Ninth in the mutilated and falsified sense which, as it now turns out, is entirely owing to the copyist. Surely we have here a singular instance of selfdelusion. M. Favre is so determined that Providence will ratify as immutable the acts of Victor Emmanuel and his Ministers in despoiling the Church of her Temporal Principedom, that he finds it quite natural to write and act and speak in his official capacity, as if Pius the Ninth had himself uttered the words which would have given the lie to the whole of his glorious Pontificate!

Notices.

1. MANY of our readers have already made acquaintance with M. l'Abbé Baunard, the author of *La Douce et ses Victimes*, and of a beautiful volume on *l'Apôtre Saint Jean*. It is a pleasure to have to announce that he has just published another very charming work, full of learning as well as of piety, the *Histoire de Saint Ambroise* (Paris: Ponssielgne). St. Ambrose is so grand and attractive a character in himself, his history is so full of picturesque incidents and quotations, that it would be difficult for an accomplished Christian writer not to make his biography interesting. We need hardly say that M. l'Abbé Baunard's new work will be found quite as pleasing as his former volumes.

2. *Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English Historian* (New York: the Catholic Publication Society; and Burns and Oates, London) is the title of a really masterly volume by Mr. J. F. Meline. We gather from incidental expressions that it is a reprint of some articles which have appeared in that excellent Catholic publication, the *Catholic World*. We call the book masterly, because it is no easy matter to follow the mazy thread of the doings and sayings and sufferings of Mary Stuart in the first place, keeping an eye on the numberless witnesses of different character and credibility whose testimony must be taken into account, and, in the second, to follow Mr. Froude in his perpetual and most insidious misrepresentations, to point out where he has blundered, and where he has, as is far more frequently the case, allowed himself to do a little more than merely make a blunder. He approached the period of time of which he has written the history with a singular want of the ordinary information required in its historian, and he has all through been guided by prejudice, and even passion, in his delineation of certain characters. This is the only excuse that can be made for him, and if this can palliate his treatment of Mary Stuart, we are very glad to allow him the advantage. But it is a very difficult task to trace out each petty misrepresentation, and to confront it with the evidence which shows it in its true character. Mr. Meline has done this with much skill, and he is well acquainted with the latest literature on the subject of Queen Mary. The book might have been more attractive if he had let Mr. Froude alone, and written a straightforward history of his own, for, needful as it is that a long and elaborate libel should be exposed in detail, it is not always easy to throw a great amount of interest into every part of the exposure. But he has given us a very sound and valuable book. One of the unhappy features of our literary condition is the comparative impunity which offenders like Mr. Froude enjoy. If he had treated a living person as he has treated Queen Mary, he would have been convicted over and over again in Courts of justice, and might

have had some experience of the rigours of the law. As it is, the able writers who have shown what his history really is have generally been contributors to Reviews in England or France, and every one knows how shortlived is the memory even of the most brilliant article.

3. When the Patriarch Nikon was in retirement and disgrace, he found time to write a series of *Replies* to certain charges which had been made against him by a boyar employed by the Czar. The charges were in the form of Questions and Answers, thirty in number, and they sometimes embody condemnations of Nikon for his resistance to the Czar, sometimes for trivial matters, such as "using a comb and a looking glass," and the like. The boyar's name was Simeon Streshneff, and the "answerer"—whom Nikon answers in turn—was Paisius Ligarides, Metropolitan of Gaza. The replies of Nikon contain a great amount of learning, and show him to have been well read in the Fathers and in the Canons, as well as to have been a sturdy, vigorous, and undaunted maintainer of the truth and of the rights of the Church. The large book in which the *Replies of the Patriarch Nikon* are contained has now been published in England by Mr. William Palmer (London: Trubner and Co., 1871). Nikon's history and character are both extremely interesting, and furnish the best of all comments on the position of the Russian Church. Moreover, we are quite ready to join Mr. Palmer, if he desires it, in a crusade against the frivolous shallow tastes of our times, which make us shrink from big books or hard reading in any shape or form. Still, to say the truth, the volume before us gives us rather the raw materials for a part, at least, of the history of Nikon, than that history itself, and we fear that it is too much to expect that many people will have the courage to plunge on through page after page of "the humble Nikon," to extract for themselves what Mr. Palmer, who can write beautifully when he chooses, ought to have extracted for them. He defends himself, indeed, against our criticism, which he seems to have expected. "In publishing the *Replies of Nikon* by themselves, we are doing like the epic poets, who carry their readers at once *in medias res*. For this some may blame us, and may wish that we had given them rather a Life, or at least such a preliminary Essay as might have amounted to nearly the same thing. But we have had enough of histories which represent only the views of their writers, and which are the more misleading the more talent and research are employed in their composition. We prefer, therefore, to give documents so selected and put together that the history contained in them may stand out of itself, for those at least that are capable of being instructed by it" (Pref., p. xxv.). We respectfully submit that Mr. Palmer's proceeding is not at all like that of any epic poet that ever lived—at least, who ever lived to be read. We submit, also, that if there have been many histories which represent only the views of their writers, that is only a reason why there should be other histories which represent facts faithfully as well as lucidly. We submit that it is by no means a necessary consequence of the employment of an extra amount of talent and research on a history that it should be all the more misleading; nor, on the other hand, are we quite safe from being misled by "documents selected and put together." In both cases our security must in the main depend on the honesty of the writer or of the selector, and as we are inclined to believe that Mr. Palmer is not less well furnished

with honesty than with talent and research, we regret very much that he has given us a book which very few will feel attracted to read, instead of a book which might have made the Life of Nikon popular and well known.

4. Father Tondini's book, *The Pope of Rome and the Popes of the Oriental Orthodox Church* (Longmans, 1871), is far more likely than Mr. Palmer's to obtain general attention. We have elsewhere had occasion to refer to it in our present issue, and need only add here that its argument is quite conclusive as to the abnormal enslavement of the Russian and Eastern Churches to the Civil Power. This holds good not only in Russia, where there is a mighty Czar to deal with, but also in Greece, where there is but a petty King, who professes, at least, to be constitutional, and in Turkey, where the Civil Power is, of course, the Sultan. Father Tondini makes use of document and authentic forms, and may, we hope, be largely read among Catholics and Anglicans.

5. Lady Georgiana Fullerton has made her name a household word in many an English and American home, and the thousand admirers of her tales, from *Ellen Middleton* down to *Mrs. Gerald's Niece*, will gladly receive at her hands the little volume of poems in which she has collected the occasional outpourings of her feelings in verse—*The Gold Digger, and other Poems* (London: Burns and Oates, 1872). It is very difficult to criticize a volume which is made up of a number of small pieces, written at long intervals, and probably without the slightest thought that they would ever meet the eye of the public; but we may at least say that they show not only the same warm glow of hearty charity, the same delicate taste, the same intensity of feeling and power of expression for which the tales of the author are famous, but that they also prove that if she had cultivated her poetical gifts as carefully as she has cultivated her gifts of prose fiction, she would have earned a place among the lady poets of our time, not less conspicuous than that which she holds among our novelists. In a most graceful prefatory notice, Lady Georgiana tells us that "no one who has clothed in verse, however imperfect, some of the thoughts and feelings of a lifetime, need despair of meeting with unknown friends who will have had the same impressions, or experienced the same emotions, and who will like to see them reproduced, feebly, indeed, as to talent, but with the earnestness which results from strong convictions and strong affections." It is just because this little volume expresses the spontaneous and unstudied "thoughts and feelings of" her "lifetime," that those whom her novels have taught to admire it from a distance will feel deeply grateful for the opportunity now given them of sharing in some degree in its emotions and aspirations.

6. A writer in a former page of our present number has lamented over the comparative dulness and unproductiveness of the book season, which is now just beginning to wane. We fear, it is true that, except for the Christmas books, the popular appetite for literature just now is small. We are such weak poor creatures that we can only attend to one thing at a time, and it does not much matter whether that one thing is a war between France and Germany, a siege of Paris, or a Tichbourne case. However, there is good news for some readers. "Alice" is alive again, or rather she has been to sleep again; this time she has gone through

the looking glass instead of down the rabbit's hole, but she is the same Alice, and her adventures are as delightful as ever. *Through the Looking Glass, and what Alice found there*, is the title of Mr. Carroll's new work for children of all ages. (Macmillan, 1872.) It is beautifully illustrated by Mr. Tenniel. It would be quite unfair to attempt to divulge the manifold beauties of the new adventures here set forth—the Garden of Live Flowers, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the Walrus and the Carpenter, Humpty Dumpty, the Lion and the Unicorn, and so on. Mr. Carroll has tapped upon a new vein of drollery, and there is great artistic merit in his team painting. If people will ask whether the second book is as good as the first, we can only answer that the second can never have the charm of novelty, which is a peculiar element in the success of its forerunner. We shall be glad to hear even more of Alice's dreams—though, perhaps, even of them, we may some day get tired.

7. Mr. Powell's *Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves* (Washbourne) is an interesting book, well got up. Mr. Powell was not in the corps of Zouaves during its most trying and glorious period—the short campaign which ended so nobly at Mentana, but he gives us a good account of the exploits of that time. His own experiences relate chiefly to duty performed in Rome itself, with some excursions into the small territory which remained intact after Mentana until the last invasion of September, 1870. He was in England at the last named date, not having had time to rejoin the corps before all was over at Rome. We should like to see either Mr. Powell, or some one equally competent, give a fuller account of the Garibaldian invasion than has yet been given, except, we think, in the pages of the *Civiltà Cattolica*.

8. We have referred in one of our Reviews to the singularly powerful note in the second volume of Dr. Newman's lately published *Essays*, in which he draws out more fully than before the grounds of his own opinion as to the invalidity of Anglican Orders, apart from the historical question. It would be a pity if we were to forget, however, that this same historical question, like others, has its own peculiar importance in the argument, and, if it cannot be solved to demonstration, at least to demonstration admitted by all, it can be practically decided as far as is required for the controversy. Dom Wilfrid Raynal, O.S.B., has put forth a small but very valuable volume on the subject of the Edwardine Ordinal, and makes it very clear, that according to all their theological and liturgical principles, it is insufficient. "It does not determine the end for which the imposition of hands is made, and institutes no distinction between the two degrees of the priesthood" (p. 171). The title of Dom Raynal's work is the *Ordinal of King Edward the Sixth: its History, Theology, and Liturgy*. Richardson, 1871.

9. *Light in Darkness, a Treatise on the Obscure Light of the Soul*. By the Rev. A. P. Hewit (New York and London, Burns and Oates), is a short but clear and masterly explanation of a difficult subject. The writer is at home with the great writers on spirituality, and has condensed their conclusions very happily. The book does not address itself to a large class of readers, but to those who experience the state of the soul to which it mainly refers, it may be very safely recommended.

10. Mother Julia, the Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame, already so well known in England for some admirable convents and schools, certainly deserved a biography. The volume before us (*Life of*

the Reverend Mother Julia, &c. Translated from the French. New York and London, Burns and Oates, 1871) is one of the labours of love which we owe to our American brethren. It is not too long, and full of interest.

II. We must group together a number of smaller works, of which we have no space to speak separately. Mr. Collins' *Cistercian Legends* (Washbourne) is a collection of old monastic tales of the thirteenth century, from the Latin—well translated, and beautifully got up. The last commendation may also be given with especial truth to Dr. Anderdon's *Christian Æsop* (Burns and Oates)—a book the title of which sufficiently explains its character. There are fifty fables, each of which occupies, generally, four pages. The first gives us the fable, with a pretty cut and a text; the three that follow explain the truth which the fable illustrates with all Dr. Anderdon's well known grace and lightness of touch. The application of the fable to religious truths are not always quite obvious; but this difficulty was inevitable. *Legends of the Church*, (Booker) Versified by a Layman, are a collection of stories such as those of St. Agnes, St. Agatha, the Seven Sleepers, St. Cyprian and St. Justina, and the like. The *Manual of the Third Order of St. Dominic* (Burns and Oates), and a translation of Frassinetti's *Dogmatic Catechism* (Washbourne) need no commendation. *Bacchus Dethroned*, the first "Teare" prize essay, by P. Powell, contains a large number of facts and arguments in favour of the Temperance or Teetotal movement. A volume of *Sermons*, by the Rev. J. J. Murphy (Longmans) is published (*i.e.*, the sermons) "more as literary exercises in preaching than as addresses intended to excite devotion. They may attain that latter end, but that end is not the end for which they are primarily designed. Their primary design, as printed here, is the production of intellectual pleasure" (Preface, p. iv.). We notice with much pleasure the completion of the handsome English translation of Scarnelli's *Ascetical Directory* (Dublin: Kelly), and the issue of the reprint of Blossius' *Mirror for Monks* (Stewart), edited by Sir J. D. Coleridge, of which we spoke last month. Mr. Walter Sweetman's *Daughters of the King, and other Poems* (Longmans), contains a good deal of promising poetry—with which the author, in his Preface and elsewhere, has mingled some preposterous ebullitions of lay theology, of which we can only say that it is very lay indeed.

Queries as to Irish Education.

NOTWITHSTANDING continual disappointment and delay, we may hope that the time must at last come for at least attempting to settle the Irish Education question by legislative enactment. This subject, always important and full of interest, becomes more so still at the present moment. It is a vast subject historically, philosophically, religiously. It has been much and ably discussed. To it we may and must refer a great deal that has been said about Education generally and about Education in other particular countries. The principles involved are substantially the same, though their application is affected by local circumstances. Questions which, like this, have been extensively and exhaustively treated of, may often be dealt with profitably on a smaller scale, partly for the benefit of readers who cannot or will not study them at large, partly, too, for the purpose of concentrating attention and bringing it to bear on certain definite points, or their mutual connections, which are lost sight of in a widespread investigation. The mind is often more or less bewildered with the quantity of matter presented for consideration, and the thread of a statement or of an argument fails to be fully perceived. The accumulation of *data* leads to digressions, or produces the same effect as would be produced by digressions. Such is my reason and my excuse for this short paper on the great question of Irish Education, considered in itself and with reference to its parliamentary settlement.

I propose to answer succinctly the following three queries, which naturally arise on the subject. First, what view is taken or ought to be taken by Catholics with regard to the absolute and relative merits of mixed and denominational schools and Colleges for Catholics? Secondly, what ought to be the opinion of nonCatholics about this view? Thirdly, what are the constitutional rights of Irish Catholics as to the realization of the Catholic view?

In a full discussion of the respective merits of denominational and mixed education, it would be necessary to deal in part separately with Primary, Intermediate, and University education. The principles are the same for all three, but the application is somewhat different. There are particular phases of danger in mixed primary education and other phases of danger in intermediate and University education—for instance, in connection with the *subjects* which have to be treated. I have not room to take up distinctly these three degrees or departments. But, as I have said, the principles are the same, though differing so far in their application that, under particular circumstances, a carefully guarded mixed system may be tolerable in one of the three and not in another.

First, then, what view is taken or ought to be taken by Catholics with regard to the absolute and relative merits of mixed and denominational schools and Colleges for Catholics? We must begin by understanding the terms of the query. To commence with the last part of it. By *mixed* schools and Colleges for Catholics I mean those in which the official positions of heads, directors, teachers, or some of them, are, as a matter of course, held by, or open to, nonCatholics. By *denominational* schools or Colleges for Catholics I mean those whose government is in the hands of Catholics, and in which all the officers are, as a rule, Catholics.* I am not at present concerned with establishments in which there are no Catholic pupils, nor with the fact of there being or not being nonCatholic pupils mixed with Catholics under a purely Catholic staff. The *absolute* merits of either the mixed or denominational system are to be judged of without reference to a comparison between them. A person, for instance, might say the mixed system is bad, or he might say it is a fair system or a sufficiently good system, though perhaps the same person would pronounce the denominational better, and this is viewing them *relatively*.

The inquiry we are instituting regards the view which all Catholics *actually take* or which all *ought to take*, though it may be that some do not take it. By a view which they ought to

* I have worded my explanation thus because, if the Catholic head of an otherwise Catholic College were to avail himself occasionally or even permanently of the services of a Protestant teacher in some particular branch, the College would not thereby become a mixed one. This course is not commonly advisable; but the nature of the subject, the personal character of the master employed, and a proper amount of supervision, might render it safe in a special case.

take, I understand not merely that which I take myself, and which, of course, I think the right one, but that which they should be expected as Catholics to take, either in deference to a competent ecclesiastical authority or by virtue of a clear deduction from Catholic principles, which they must otherwise more or less give up. It may happen and does happen that some Catholics, through ignorance culpable or inculpable, take views on various subjects—and, among the rest, on education—that are not Catholic. By this they often do great mischief. To say nothing of the intrinsic evil of serious errors, to say nothing of wrong conduct based on these errors, to say nothing of harm to other Catholics who adopt their errors and imitate their conduct, the Catholic cause is weakened, a handle is given to the adversaries of our faith. When right thinking Catholics propound true principles, they are met by an appeal to the statements of other Catholics, and are told that after all it seems to be a mere matter of opinion. It is right Protestants should understand that particular notions of comparatively few Catholics do not always interfere with the claim of opposite sentiments to be the only admissible Catholic sentiments. The unfortunate fact of peculiarities on the part of some in the Church has been the reason of my using the phrase, “what view is taken or ought to be taken.”

I will now set about answering the query. In order to do so satisfactorily, I will first of all state very distinctly some principles which every Catholic as such must recognize. I will merely *state* them, and not vindicate them; because no Catholic will call them in question, and I am not at present defending any position against Protestants or others who differ from us. For the sake of simplicity, I will state them *as truths*, without repeating over and over again that *Catholics must hold* so and so. Let the reader watch me as closely as he likes.

1. The *Catholic religion* was established by Christ. It is a divinely revealed religion. It is the only divinely revealed religion which has existed since the time of Christ. It comprises as matter of belief all the truths of the Jewish religion, which was as truly a divine religion. It comprises all the truths of that Revelation which preceded the Jewish Revelation, and which truths really entered into the Jewish religion. The Jewish religion has never ceased to be true, nor could it or any divinely revealed religion cease to be true. But the Jewish religion was *instituted* to last a certain time. That time closed

with our Lord, and the Mosaic dispensation ceased as to its peculiar observances. The Jews of later times err, not by believing the truth and divinity of their old religion, but by rejecting Christ and *His* religion, and, among the rest, by adhering to observances which that religion declares at an end. The Catholic religion is, in the sense explained, the only divinely revealed religion—the Catholic religion as it stands neither more nor less. Hence every religion which opposes itself to the Catholic is excluded, though its followers may hold many revealed doctrines in common with us. What is called *Common Christianity* is not the religion of Christ; it is not *a religion* at all. It is no doubt in some sense a real thing and not a mere fiction. It consists in an actual agreement as to certain revealed doctrines taught by Christ, as common Theism consists in an actual agreement as to the existence of God among Catholics and Protestants and Jews and others who are not Atheists. Of course the agreement is more extensive among Christians, that is to say, it takes in more points agreed about. Moreover, it refers the truths to a Revelation which has really been made. But, I repeat, this common Christianity is not a religion—it is not a religion true or false—because it comprises several religions, and *several religions* are not *a religion*. Then, as to the several sections of Christianity, each of them that is professed as a distinct religion, and possesses a tolerable amount of unity within itself, may be fairly enough called a religion. But the Catholic alone is the true religion of Christ, and every one of the others is a false religion, though containing some truly revealed doctrines.

In all that I have been saying under this first number, what I really want to make use of is the principle stated in the beginning: that the Catholic religion is a divinely revealed religion established by Christ, and the only divinely revealed religion which has existed since His time. The rest is mere explanation.

2. The *Catholic Church* was established by Christ, and is the only divine Church on earth—the only true Church. Outside of it there is no divine or true Church. The Catholic Church is itself a complete Church, and not part of any larger one. By the Catholic Church is meant the Roman Catholic Church, with the Roman Pontiff for its Head. This Church in its fullness comprises the whole body of Roman Catholics, pastors and people. Taken more restrictedly for the teaching and governing

Church, it consists of the Pope and the other pastors, mainly those of the first order, namely, the Bishops. Whenever I shall have occasion to speak of authority exercised by the Church, I shall use the word in this limited sense, otherwise, in its more extended meaning. We are in the habit of identifying the Catholic religion in great measure with the Catholic Church, and justly, because they were established together, they are coextensive, and inseparable. All who hold thoroughly the Catholic religion are members of the Church,* and they alone are its members. To some, indeed, it may seem superfluous to dwell on this. But such is not the case. Many professing Christians view the Christian religion as a collection of doctrines proposed to men without an essential relation to a society instituted by the Divine Author of the religion. They look on the Church, such as it is with them, in the light of a result of the religion; a society not so much established directly by God as formed by men on the basis of revealed religion. The views of nonCatholics about the Christian Church are very various, and often very vague. With us it is not so. We believe the society to have been as definitely, as directly, and as formally instituted by Christ as the religion, and a great deal more definitely, directly, and formally than either has been in the notions of some Protestants.

3. The Catholic religion is the sole appointed road to salvation, which, as a consequence, cannot be attained out of the Catholic Church. Here we are!—plainly broaching the *terrible* doctrine of exclusive salvation! If a Protestant come across this, what will he say? Will he finish the sentence in which this *uncharitable* dogma is put forward? What am I to do? It is a Catholic truth—not of my making. I find it taught by the Catholic Church. I cannot shirk it; I cannot pass it by when my subject brings me upon it. I will not, however, pursue my course without pausing to subjoin a few words of explanation. I cannot afford to enter at large into the question; but I will say some little to calm the horror such propositions occasion, not to Protestants alone, but, at times, to Catholics likewise.

Eternal salvation in the present Providence consists in supernatural beatitude to be reached by such supernatural means as it has pleased the Almighty to prescribe. The first

* There may be some exceptions to this in the comparatively rare cases of *schism* quite disjoined from *heresy*.

and most fundamental of them is faith—that is, the belief in certain doctrines on the authority of God revealing. He has promulgated these doctrines, and they are no other than the doctrines which go to make up the Catholic religion. The reception and profession of them are identified with the membership of the Catholic Church. It is not necessary that every individual should know in detail all and each of these dogmas, nor, consequently, that he should have an *explicit* faith of each of them. There are some which he must believe distinctly, while he believes the rest, as we say, *implicitly*. according to that formula so well known to Catholics, *I believe whatever the Holy Catholic Church believes and teaches*. He is not at liberty knowingly to reject one of them. And why should he be at liberty to do so, if God has revealed all of them, and proposed all of them to be believed on His authority, and commanded them to be so believed? Are we prepared—is any Protestant prepared—to deny the right of God to issue such a precept, or the obligation of men to obey it *if this be in their power*? Every one to whom this command, this condition of salvation, is proposed sufficiently, must comply with it. Every one who has a reasonable ground for thinking that such a command, such a condition, may exist, is bound to inquire further and ascertain what is the truth on the subject.

But what is to be said of those who are inculpably ignorant of the truth of the Catholic religion and the necessity of embracing it? On this point two things are certain, belonging to two opposite extremes; two things are certain, and taught as such by the Catholic Church. One is, that whoever is thus inculpably ignorant will not be punished for not being a Catholic, as for a sin, because inculpable ignorance excuses from sin. The other is, that without divine faith, understood in its strict sense as a supernatural belief on the authority of God revealing, no adult sinner can be justified or saved. Between these extremes we are allowed to hold, and most Catholics, I apprehend, do hold, that a person who is, through inculpable ignorance—often called *invincible* ignorance—outside of the external communion of the Catholic Church, and who does not admit the Catholic religion, may have explicit divine faith in some essential dogmas, and may be saved through this faith with hope, charity, and perfect contrition for grievous sins. Such a person may be considered to believe implicitly the other dogmas of the Catholic faith, and virtually to belong to the

Catholic Church, inasmuch as his actual dispositions are such as to involve and include willingness to embrace the Catholic religion were it sufficiently proposed to him.

No doubt the circumstances of any one exteriorly out of the pale of the Church are unfavourable to salvation, as he has not the benefit of those helps which the Church affords; but he *may* still be saved. I have said enough to mitigate what appears to Protestants the extreme harshness of the doctrine of exclusive salvation. There are collateral questions connected with the subject which I must abstain from even touching on, as I have already gone somewhat out of my direct way to answer a difficulty which does not concern my main business. I repeat then what I have said: The Catholic religion is the sole appointed road to salvation, which, as a consequence, cannot be attained out of the Catholic Church.

4. The Church has been authorized and commissioned by Christ to teach the whole doctrine of faith and morals. To her we must listen with docility in all these matters. To her we must look for light and instruction, both as to revealed dogmas with the deductions from them, and as to the precepts of natural law, as to all questions of morality, of right and wrong. She is our appointed guide in all that regards salvation. Now salvation depends not only on the belief of revealed truth, but on the observance of the entire law of God, whether *natural* or *positive*, that is to say, superadded by the Almighty to that legislation which the nature of things demands. Many dictates of natural law are explicitly repeated in the Christian Revelation, and all of them are confirmed by it in general terms. The whole natural law is placed under the custody of the Church. I speak thus distinctly on this point with a very special object. Some of those outside the Church, and unfortunately not without more or less of countenance from some who are in it, imagine that the authority of the Church is confined to dogmas and to what may be called ecclesiastical matters. This is thoroughly false. Every human action considered as morally good or bad comes within the range of the teaching of the Church. The Church itself is infallible in *morals* as well as in *faith*. So is the Pope when defining. The particular pastors are not; but their charge includes the maintenance of sound principles of morals as well as of sound principles of faith.

5. Every Catholic is bound to adhere firmly to the Catholic

religion and its teaching, and not to compromise this fidelity for the sake of any temporal advantage.

6. Catholic parents are bound to educate their children—and have them educated—in the Catholic religion, to secure, as far as possible, their being good Catholics, and to prefer this before all else in their regard. Catholic parents are bound not to expose their children to serious risk of being tainted or weakened in their religious belief.

The principles which I have stated are undeniably Catholic principles, which I would challenge any sincere Catholic to disavow. I will now come to the application; that is to say—I will consider mixed and denominational Colleges and schools in the light of these principles.

In a mixed College or school, either Christian doctrines enter into the common teaching or they do not. Either all allusion to faith and morals is systematically avoided or they are at least partially dwelt on by the masters in the instruction they give. If they are introduced, so far religion is taught—taught officially by nonCatholic masters to Catholic youths. Now, assuredly this is not a legitimate source whence Catholic youths should derive any part of their religious knowledge. There is for them but one religion: that religion is the Catholic, not any other, not common Christianity, which is not a religion at all. A nonCatholic master, professing no subordination to the Catholic Church, is no authority for them on such matters. This is true, even where nothing is said at variance with any Catholic tenet. But what guarantee is there, or can there be that no aggression will occur? The nonCatholic teacher cannot be expected to know the precise doctrine of the Catholic Church, the exact boundaries of common and particular religious doctrines. He may even quite unintentionally broach what heterodox for us.

If, on the other hand, all allusion to religion and to those subjects which are comprised under religion, as I take it he is and am entitled to take it—if, I say, all such allusions are to be completely avoided, we shall have not only a bald and jejune teaching, hardly possible for a continuance, but a teaching intensely nonCatholic and nonChristian. I do not say *unCatholic* nor *unChristian*, but *nonCatholic* and *nonChristian*. Now this for Catholics is very bad. The thorough ignoring of religion, the exclusion of it as a forbidden subject, must have a positively bad effect. It serves to make scholars study to forget that they

re Catholics. It puts God out of their sight. It fosters the idea that religion is a totally separate thing from the business of life—their business of life being their studies. How can they realize to themselves that their whole lives are to be spent in the service of God, not of course by an uninterrupted succession of spiritual exercises, nor in a way to interfere with the exact study of any useful branch of knowledge, but by a religious intention of doing all they do for the glory of God, referring everything to Him? Experience and history teach that a religious spirit, far from impeding secular studies, helps men forward in them. If boys and young men are taught on a system professedly exclusive of religion, though not professedly opposed to it, they will learn to keep religion and God out of sight. Their lives will not be seasoned with Christian thoughts. Breathing an exclusively secular moral atmosphere, they will become in a great degree secularists, that is, persons who think and care but little about religion.

Further, it is thoroughly impossible that anything like a full course of secular education can be gone through without involving the influence of religious principles or irreligious principles in the manner in which it is taught—on the teaching itself. This is obvious with regard to history and with regard to mental philosophy. It is true even of classics, if the full meaning and spirit of the authors are to be dwelt on and developed. It is impossible for a teacher not to put forward, one way or other, some moral views, for instance, and moral views according to Catholic notions belong to religion. Even if it were possible to avoid this, it could not be avoided without extreme circumspection and extreme selfcontrol, such as are to be expected from very few men and cannot be counted on. Even if allusions connected with religion could be abstained from, and easily abstained from, it is absolutely certain that among a number of masters, and during any long lapse of time, they will not be abstained from. It is certain that cases of direct or indirect religious or irreligious teaching will be very frequent. This is a necessary result of the moral nature of men, and whoever really thinks otherwise must be strangely ignorant of that nature.

Further, the relations between teachers and scholars naturally lead to a considerable personal influence of the former over the latter. If a teacher be all that he ought to be as a teacher, he will be admired and looked up to by those under his charge. It

may easily happen that a Protestant teacher will avail himself of this moral power to draw his pupil towards that religion which he himself professes, and to warn him against what the master considers the delusions of Popery. This work need not be done during class hours. But even without any intentional attempt of the kind, the scholar's feelings towards his instructor are not unlikely to recommend, in some degree at least, the latter's religious tenets, or to diminish that abhorrence in which all Catholics ought to hold sectarian doctrines—not, of course, *the men*, but *the doctrines* only. Boys and girls and young men and women are easily wrought on and easily warped.

Some would, perhaps, say—either sincerely or in derision—that the Catholic religion being so well founded, its truth so well established, a Catholic youth properly instructed by his parents or pastor ought to be proof against all such influences as I have mentioned. I reply that this argument, if argument it can be called, is worth nothing. The Catholic religion rests, no doubt on a most solid foundation. But first, a Catholic youth, though well grounded for his age in the doctrines of his faith, is not in consequence a fully equipped theologian; secondly, even if he were, when specious difficulties, such as may be advanced against Christian dogmas, are combined with sneers, sarcasms, without personal respect and love towards attractive teachers, and moral powers exercised by them, with the irksomeness of that restraint imposed by religion on one whose piety may never have been of a high order, or may have cooled considerably through dissipated associations, his steadfastness cannot be counted on. After all the truths of the Catholic faith, though in a certain sense demonstrable, are not selfevident; otherwise our faith would not be a free exercise of virtue. Again, no Protestant, as earnestly intent to secure his child's Protestantism as a Catholic should be to secure his child's Catholicism, would trust that child to the hands of Catholic masters. Nay, no infidel thoroughly determined on transmitting disbelief to his son would place him under Catholic or even strict Protestant instructors.

The pliability and impressionableness of youth leave great room for influences, despite of any amount of intellectual preparation. Although the assent of faith is an act of understanding, it presupposes, and depends on, a free act of the will. Likewise, although the preliminary motives of credibility, as they are called, which make us judge that we ought to believe, belong, too, to the province of the understanding, yet the proper

consideration of them is under the direction of the will. Hence, if the will is warped, our faith may be weakened or destroyed. Reason rightly used about the materials which Catholic teaching presents, used under the operation of divine grace, without which we can neither believe nor dispose ourselves to belief—reason, I say, rightly used about those materials, with God's grace must lead to faith, and, continuing to be so used, must maintain us in faith. But it is unfortunately too possible and too easy to neglect this right use of our reason, to misuse it, and to go astray.

The bitterest adversaries of Christianity taunt us with embracing doctrines not demonstrated. Their taunt is unjust, irrational; but they are not wrong in denying that our doctrines are mathematically demonstrated. These dogmas, as dogmas of faith, are out of the range of mathematical demonstration. The mistake which these men commit is in exacting a kind of proof that is neither possible nor necessary in order that our belief should be most certain and most reasonable. I am not writing a treatise on divine faith, and I cannot go into the details of this question. My object in alluding to it so far is to point out that, on Catholic principles, our faith, while most certain and most reasonable, may be most dangerously assailable in believing individuals.

It might *seem* to be more creditable, more glorious for our religion were the case otherwise. But it is not otherwise, and we must take things as they are. I have said it might *seem* more creditable were the case otherwise. Of course I do not hold that it would *be* so. Faith is a sort of homage to God that it would not be if we could not help believing. To state the true condition of things in a few words. Every Catholic can, with God's assistance, persevere in his faith and is bound to persevere in his faith, and cannot swerve from it without sin. But he is liable to fail, and, if placed in unfavourable circumstances, he is in great danger of failing, always culpably, always avoidably. And if he does not use the necessary means of preserving constancy, he will, as a matter of fact, fail. And one part of the unfavourable circumstances I have spoken of commonly consists in the presence of inducements to neglect the means.

I have said enough to show what view Catholics do take or ought to take of mixed education. That view simply amounts to this—that mixed schools, in the sense explained, are objectionable, dangerous, ineligible.

It is quite consistent with that view that instances may be found of those who have passed unharmed through such schools. No one has ever said that mixed education is *essentially destructive* to every individual so educated. It is calculated to be pernicious, but several may escape injury from it. It is still more consistent with the alleged danger that comparatively few abandon the Church in consequence. Indeed, the upholders of the system for this country would deplore any considerable number of such defections resulting from it; since their favourite scheme would thus become patently intolerable and could last but a short while longer. The great evil to be feared is not apostacy, but a kind of unsoundness which may easily be found in professing Catholics. A certain undesirable class of them are an easy fruit of such training—a class distinguished by doctrinal looseness joined with a very imperfect allegiance to the Church, and, as a necessary consequence, a commenced proclivity towards unbelief. Even those who have been educated at Catholic schools too often become later infected with this pestilence, which is found floating in the moral atmosphere of society. But mixed education is naturally calculated to communicate it and insert it more deeply, while, on the other hand, the old principles of a sound training will often rise up and assert themselves, and dispel the malady more lately contracted.

If, as I have said, Catholics do consider or ought to consider mixed schools objectionable, dangerous, and ineligible, it follows that they do or ought to pronounce in favour of denominational schools for Catholics. In these schools, if properly conducted, as assuredly they ought to be and can be and commonly are, all necessary or useful branches of learning will be cultivated. These branches will be the same as in mixed establishments; they will be as ably and as thoroughly treated. They will be treated, at the same time, safely for the scholars as Catholics, and the teaching will be combined with Catholic doctrine so far as religion enters directly or indirectly. Such schools, then, are or ought to be viewed by Catholics as *absolutely* eligible, and *relatively* far preferable to mixed educational institutions. I might stop here as regards the first of my three queries, but I think it well to deal with one argument which is advanced against Catholic schools and Colleges, and at the same time in favour of the mixed system—an argument which, when well weighed, will be found to tell really in the opposite direction.

It is contended that Catholic denominational education

unduly restricts the scholar, confines the range of his speculations, cramps his intellectual energies. The Catholic religion, and with it the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, are hostile to progress; they fetter intelligence on principle. Such is the view strongly and extensively put forward now by some of the enemies of denominational education. From this alleged state of facts they infer, and not unreasonably, that the system itself is very defective and objectionable. Now, what is to be said of this alleged state of facts? First of all, without entering directly into the question as to the precise nature of the restraint imposed, and the legitimate or illegitimate character of that restraint considered in itself, I ask whether it is really imposed by the Catholic religion, whether it is a genuine application of Catholic doctrine? If it be, then for a consistent Catholic it must be right and the opposite must be wrong, and, being wrong, ought to be rejected by every Catholic, and as the opposite is involved in the mixed system, on the showing of its own advocates, that system too must be wrong and ought to be rejected by a Catholic. For a Catholic, his religion as it stands is a divine religion unmixedly good and holy, essentially incapable of leading to anything that is not good and holy, to anything that is absurd, perverse, or in any degree objectionable. Can a Catholic, remaining such, say of any possible course of action, "I admit this course is an unfortunate one to take, but it is the course which my religion prescribes"?

Some champion of mixed education would here stop me, crying out in the tone of an injured man that I am misrepresenting him. He protests that he never meant to charge *the Catholic religion* with unduly hampering genius. There may be those, he would say, that think so, but he is not one of them. He is not a Catholic, to be sure, but he has a great respect for *the Catholic religion*. There have been great men who were good Catholics; there are great men who are good Catholics; there are numberless most estimable members of that communion; after all, the very best men may differ on speculative tenets. He never meant to disparage the Catholic religion. But *the Catholic religion* and *the Catholic priesthood* are two very different things. Catholic priests, with some honourable exceptions, are narrow minded, afraid of the light of scientific truth, jealous of the intrusion of unshackled historical or philosophical inquiries. These priests are, for the most part, sincere, well intentioned men, but they are, without meaning it,

enemies of education. So are the bishops, so is the Pope—amiable and personally holy as he may be. Let enlightened Catholics adhere as closely as they wish to the distinctive dogmas of their faith, but let them not allow themselves to be hoodwinked or domineered over by their clergy. This is substantially the language of many who are still not the worst enemies of denominational education.

Let us see what a Catholic is to think of their position. I, as a Catholic, ask whether this illiberality of priests and bishops and Popes is the effect of Catholic doctrine, whether it is precisely because they are *Catholic ecclesiastics* that they take the view imputed to them, whatever that view may be? Is it merely an accidental coincidence? This may happen in one or two or twenty cases, or even more. There may be priests or bishops who are narrow minded about education or about anything else, as there may be priests or bishops who go astray culpably or inculpably in various ways. But it is simply unintelligible that Catholic priests and bishops should all, or nearly all, take a particular line such as that pretended, unless the line in question is substantially dictated by the Catholic religion. And no doubt those who argue thus for mixed education do in their own minds expressly or tacitly or virtually attribute the supposed fact to the Catholic religion, or, if they do not, this comes from the imperfect and confused character of their perceptions concerning the Catholic religion itself and the relation between it and the clergy. I should like to hear any reasonable educated man controvert this conditional proposition. If the Catholic clergy through the world uniformly, or almost uniformly, habitually and persistently hold to a system of undue restriction and illiberal shackling of the intelligence and studies of scholars, they derive this system from the doctrines of the Catholic religion. I go further, and I say that in such hypothesis *they correctly* derive the system from the doctrines of the Catholic religion—that it is no mistake. For, assuredly, if the clergy as a body do not understand the Catholic religion, no one understands it. Further still, I say that if the clergy as a body do not understand aright the doctrines of the Catholic religion, *these* doctrines must be incapable of being understood, or, even though they be intelligible, God has failed in providing for His Church, since, by its constitution, the bishops first, and then the priests, are the depositaries of its truths.

The argument, then, for mixed education taken from the

influence of the Catholic religion or of the Catholicism cannot, in the first place, be accepted by a Catholic, it would commit him to a condemnation of his Church and religion. Secondly, that argument, as I stated from the commencement, comes to be available against those who use it.

It is to say, whatever there is in it tells in a Catholic's eyes against them. For, according to them, there is a certain restraint imposed by the Catholic religion on the studies of persons who are under its control. I say, by the Catholic religion, because, as we have seen, what comes so generally from the Catholic clergy comes, in reality, too from the religion.

I admit there *is a certain restraint* imposed by the Catholic religion. Whatever that restraint is, the men I am immediately dealing with would have it removed. They would therefore set aside that which the Catholic religion views and treats as a necessary protection. Therefore their system is opposed to Catholic principles, and cannot be accepted by a Catholic. I put it another way. Either the Catholic religion does call for a restriction which these gentlemen would get rid of or it does not: if it does, then their position must, in the mind of a Catholic, militate against their system and serve as an objection to it; if it does not, then the argument is worth nothing and is a fallacy at all. If they shift their ground and say *some* Catholic bishops or priests would shackle the intelligence of persons; I reply, so probably would some parsons and some ignorant bishops, and some Deists and some Atheists. As a matter of fact, some men of each of these classes are intolerant of whatever is at variance with their own theories, and would, to the best of their ability, shut out a student from the danger of the influence of Popery, Christianity, Theism.

Now let us come more closely to the question of fact involved in the argument we have been considering. I have already admitted that there is a certain amount of restraint laid down and imposed by the Church as regards students or persons. I undertake to formulate this amount here, not intending, however, to do so adequately and exhaustively.

First, then, Catholic scholars are not to be taught anything contrary to that which the Church teaches either as a matter of faith or as certain truth, though not strictly of faith. Secondly—though, indeed, this is contained in what I have put down as first, but is deserving of special mention—Catholic

scholars are not to be taught any system or principles of mental philosophy that have been condemned by the Church. Thirdly, Catholic scholars are not to be taught history compiled with a view to undermining the Catholic religion, and interspersed with remarks and reflections directed to this object. Fourthly, Catholic scholars are not to be encouraged, or even allowed, to read indiscriminately all books they please, nor to examine for themselves all that the adversaries of Christianity or Catholicity have written against their faith. Students going through their courses are not qualified to deal safely with such authors. They have neither maturity of judgment nor a stock of information to fit them for such investigations. I say this of students, because I am at present concerned about them; but I would not be understood to imply that such free research is exempt from danger in men who have completed their academical training. Some, of course, must read anticatholic and antichristian works, in order to refute them. But this is a task not to be undertaken by all even able and well informed men, and may involve a certain amount of peril for those whom duty justifies in undertaking it. I quite understand that the restriction on reading, examining, investigating, appears hard to many of our opponents. They will meet us with that very specious, and, in many circumstances, very fair proverbial counsel, *Audi alteram partem*. But it so happens that this is a counsel which, in its received sense, no Catholic is at liberty to follow with reference to the doctrines of his religion. The saying means that we should suspend our judgment till we hear what has to be said on the other side. Now, as Catholics, we cannot suspend our judgment regarding Catholic truths. If we do look into objections for some good purpose, we must do it with a determination not to yield to them. This may sound hard or illiberal, but it is of the essence of Christian faith.

It is on such principles that Catholic parents must act for themselves and for their children. They may have their children educated, highly educated, learnedly educated, taught everything that is worth knowing, but under a protecting guidance. Assuredly, the Church sets no bounds to speculations in the region of truth, and there is no advantage in learning what is false. It may often be useful to know something about unsound teachings; but this must be done under direction which will prevent their being imbibed. As to purely scientific investi-

tations, the Church places no limits to them. Nothing can be more absurd than the hackneyed statement that the Church is afraid of the light of science. Such fear would be at variance with our faith. It would be, so to speak, an heretical fear, a fear based on heresy. Whoever deliberately entertains the apprehension that any possible amount of discovery can ever result in establishing a single proposition at variance with Catholic doctrine, is no longer a Catholic. The Church, no doubt, fears the abuse of science in the shape of distorted conclusions. But, not even through this fear, does she restrain in any way the liberty of investigation.

In the famous case of Galileo there was no attempt to stop investigation. A *conclusion* substantially true in itself, but rationally deduced from premisses very far from demonstrative,

which conclusion was at variance with the *more obvious* sense of Scripture, was censured by a Roman Congregation. Nevertheless, a more thorough study of the matter—in no degree aided by ecclesiastical authority—led to complete proof of the proposition which Galileo had maintained, and no further publicity was made about it. This is not the place to discuss the controversy about Galileo. There has been enough written concerning it, and enough written in satisfactory vindication of the Church. But it is worth while to observe that whatever visibility there may be in the case sought to be made out against the Church in connection with this question, there is no other equally strong instance adducible of an *apparent* collision between the Church and natural science, and this in itself is a good argument for the freedom which the Church allows.

To return now to my enumeration of the heads of that restraint desired and imposed by the Church, on the education of Catholic youth. Fifthly, I say, Catholics are not to be taught religion either as to dogma or as to morals by non-Catholics; because non-Catholics, however otherwise estimable, are not fit and proper organs or mediums of the Catholic Church, from which alone Catholics are to derive their religious knowledge. Sixthly, Catholics are not to be taught religion but by Catholic masters otherwise than in subordination to ecclesiastical authority.

These are the restrictions which occur to me. There is also a positive obligation of securing adequate formal and distinct religious instruction for every Catholic scholar, besides what may enter incidentally.

Early in my treatment of this first query, I have spoken of Catholics being called upon to adopt certain views in deference to competent ecclesiastical authority, or by virtue of a clear deduction from Catholic principles. I have since dwelt at some length on the second of these heads. I must not pass on further without alluding to some decisions and declarations belonging to the first.

I will begin by citing a few of the propositions enumerated for condemnation in the well known Syllabus subjoined to the Pope's Encyclical, *Quanta cura*, issued on the 8th of December, 1864—

The whole government of the public schools in which the youth of any Christian State are brought up, with a limited exception in the case of Episcopal Seminaries, can and ought to be assigned to the civil authority, and so assigned that no right be acknowledged on the part of any other authority whatsoever of interfering in the discipline of the schools, in the regulation of the studies, in the conferring of degrees, in the choice or approbation of masters (n. 45).

Catholics may approve that mode of education of youth which is disjoined from the Catholic faith and the power of the Church, and which concerns itself exclusively, or at least primarily, with the knowledge of natural things and the ends of earthly social life (n. 48).

In the same Encyclical, *Quanta cura*, are some errors subjoined for condemnation, which had not, like those of the preceding part of the Syllabus, been already proscribed in previous Papal documents of a similar kind. Of these the sixth is—

That domestic society, or the family, derives the whole character of its existence from civil law; and, therefore, from the civil law alone flow and depend all the rights of parents over their children, and in the first place, the right to care for their instruction and education.

The seventh is—

That the clergy, being as they are, inimical to the true and useful progress of science and civilization, ought to be removed altogether from the care and office of instructing and educating youth.

The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda wrote thus to the four Archbishops of Ireland concerning the Queen's Colleges in a letter dated October 9, 1847—

The Sacred Congregation, having considered the matter maturely and under all its respects, does not venture to promise itself such fruits (as those alluded to in the context), nay, fears serious danger therefrom

Catholic faith; in one word, it considers this institution detrimental to religion. . . . We think you will take these measures (the Colleges) with the more zeal on the ground that the will of our most holy Lord, Pius the Ninth, is in every particular as ours. For, having accurately informed himself concerning the business, he has approved the decision come to by the Congregation, and has added to it the supreme weight of his

the same Congregation, writing again on the same subject to the four Archbishops, in a letter dated October 11, 1848, is as follows—

After having maturely weighed all the circumstances, the Sacred Congregation, considering the serious and intrinsic dangers of the same, cannot be induced to soften its judgment regarding them already formed, and, with the approval of our most holy Lord, communicated to the four metropolitans on the 9th of October of last year.

Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, in a letter dated March 3, 1850, and addressed to Dr. (now Cardinal) Cullen, at the time Archbishop of Armagh, says—

It is not right to signify through your Grace to the bishops, that it is strange some should not have hesitated to assert, after the declaration already given concerning the Colleges, that it is lawful for them to undertake certain offices in the same Colleges. For if it has been declared that on account of serious and intrinsic dangers the same Colleges are likely to prove detrimental to religion; if they have been admonished to take no part in carrying out their duties, it is assuredly manifest that other ecclesiastics are not at liberty to fulfil any charge appertaining to the same Colleges.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland assembled in Dublin last October, issued a Pastoral address to the clergy, and regular, and the laity of their flocks, on Irish Education. In this address they treat the subject at considerable length, and with great power. I cannot afford to quote from it. In order to give in a few words—and those the words of the prelates themselves—their doctrine on mixed and national education, I will cite the first and second of a series of resolutions which they state “were passed unanimously by the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland at the meeting, at which the foregoing address was adopted”—

We hereby declare our unalterable conviction that Catholic Education is indispensably necessary for the preservation of the faith and morals of our Catholic people.

2. In union with the Holy See and the bishops of the Catholic world, we again renew our often repeated condemnation of mixed education as intrinsically and grievously dangerous to faith and morals and tending to perpetuate disunion, insubordination, and disaffection in this country.

In an appendix annexed to the same Pastoral are four several sets of resolutions passed by the Irish Bishops at various periods; among the rest, those "unanimously adopted at a meeting of all the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland held at Maynooth on the 18th of August of the year 1869." In the first of these resolutions they say—

They reiterate their condemnation of the mixed system of education, whether primary, intermediate, or University, as grievously and intrinsically dangerous to the faith and morals of Catholic youth; and they declare that to Catholics only, and under the supreme control of the Church in all things appertaining to faith and morals, can the teaching of Catholics be safely intrusted.

I come now to the second query, namely—What ought to be the opinion of non-Catholics regarding the view which I have shown is or should be taken by Catholics, of the absolute and relative merits of mixed and denominational schools for Catholics? Non-Catholics in these countries are either professing Protestant Christians, including Anglicans, Presbyterians, and all sects of Nonconformists who hold to the Christian dispensation, or Jews or Freethinkers.

Among those that belong in some sort to the first of the three classes, there are many individuals, not to say bodies, that approach the third. The line of demarcation is often sufficiently obscure. Many are to be found who call themselves Christians but whose Christianity is much diluted, and seems to weigh little with them. This statement is not to be taken in an offensive sense. I am not speaking of pretended belief or false profession, but of avowed sentiments. Those whose ideas go so far in this direction as to render inapplicable to them what we have to say concerning the first class, must be taken comprehended in the third.

Well, then, I say that Protestants ought to receive the Catholic view with a considerable degree of favour. They agree with us in maintaining the exclusive truth of Christianity, the great, the paramount importance of fidelity to the Christian Revelation. Now, this fidelity is very much imperilled by the *mixed system*. For the mixed system, in its full dimensions

takes in nonChristianity, and undoubtedly many of its most ardent advocates would by no means consent to keep out unbelievers, as they would thus have to keep out themselves. Further, supposing the charge of educational establishments was confined to so called Christians, Protestants must know that among so called Christians men are to be found who give themselves indefinite latitude—some on one point, some on another—so as to let in what tolerably strict Protestants would call rank infidelity.

So far I have spoken of Protestants—the first of my three classes—as one body. They are not, however, in reality *one body*; they are *several*, differing widely from each other. The members of one hold doctrines rejected by those of another, and *vice versa*. What, for instance, would a strict Anglican say to Presbyterian tenets? What would a strict Presbyterian say to Anglican tenets? What would either say to what many of them call Popish tenets, or Romanist tenets? If the members of these bodies and of other Protestant bodies are really attached to their own respective formularies, they will, if possible, bring up their children accordingly, and will not readily hand them over to be subjected to adverse influences. Some of these bodies, or rather some of their members, attach but little importance to the differences between them, with the exception, I should say generally, of Catholicism, which they join in very much disliking, though, perhaps, they dread often comparatively little the *indirect* action of Catholicism, because there is so much positive *building up* in our religion that the work needs to be done more professedly; whereas they will excuse me, I hope, for saying that a transition from the Catholic faith is rather a matter of *pulling down*, whether for good or for evil. Even without any actual transition, genuine Catholicity is seriously injured by relaxation and liberalism.

To come now more closely to the point. The members of Protestant bodies, if strict in holding to their distinctive doctrines, if anxious to make their children as orthodox as themselves—according to their notions of orthodoxy—will certainly deprecate influences which are likely to impair this adherence to distinctive doctrines, influences which they know or prudently judge will so operate; and they cannot in their souls disapprove our jealousy regarding influences which we know or prudently judge will have such an effect on Catholics. If they are not strict in holding to their respective doctrines, they must

so far consent to be dealt with as belonging to the third class have specified. They are *pro tanto* latitudinarians. If, for any cause, any members of Protestant bodies sincerely disbelieve the weakening action of mixed teaching on their youth, I do not impute to them this laxity in preferring that system. I will not say either that they are mistaken in a question of fact, or that whatever may be the case as to the dangers *they* have or have not to apprehend, *we* have no doubt as to the dangers *we* have to apprehend.

I will add here a consideration which may throw some light on the subject. All sections of Protestantism—which sections may in a fair sense be called Protestant *religions*—all Protestant religions are avowedly religions of inquiry, that is to say, made out of the Bible alone or out of the Bible and the Fathers, or out of the Bible and some sort of extrabiblical tradition, not imposed by any living authority which pretends to inerrancy. One Protestant is supposed to say—"I hold such and such doctrines because I am satisfied that they are in the written Word of God, which I understand in the sense of the said doctrines." Another is supposed to say—"I hold such and such doctrines because I find partly that they are taught in the Bible, partly that the ancient primitive Church received them &c. &c. I do not hold them on the authority of any living bishop or bishops or clergy. The bishops and the clergy afford me great help. I look on them as right in the main, substantially I hold with them, because I believe them to understand correctly the Word of God. But they have no power to tie me down to their views, even to the most serious of those views, or rather doctrines." There is, in truth, a medium between a religion of inquiry and a religion of absolute and conclusive authority. The inquiry may be neglected, may be very brief and compendious—a great deal more brief and compendious than is reconcilable with Protestant principles. But every Protestant profession rests on a supposition of inquiry.

The Catholic religion, on the other hand, is not a religion of inquiry, but of authority. We admit a living authority, which gives us the Scripture and its meaning, and tradition too and its meaning, and settles all religious controversies that need to be settled. I am not going to vindicate Catholicity here. I take it as it is, and the drift of my pointing out the distinction *between a religion of inquiry and one of authority* is this—

Protestants might have some sort of excuse for putting their children in a way to choose for themselves : we have none.

As a matter of fact, the two chief sections of Protestants, namely Anglicans and Presbyterians, have extensively shown a great dread of mixed education, partly on account of its negative—its nonreligious—character, partly on account of the danger they apprehended of scholars being warped and withdrawn from their special tenets. Hence proceeded, on the one hand, opposition to the Irish National Education system, and, on the other, repeated efforts to procure modifications of it that would afford scope for Anglican and Presbyterian teaching respectively.*

The Presbyterians, at a meeting of the General Synod of Ulster in January, 1832, passed resolutions condemning the system of Irish National Education just then established. In the course of the same year they framed propositions to be submitted to Government, with a view to such modifications of the system as would render it tolerable to them. The propositions were submitted, but not then accepted. They were afterwards varied by the Presbyterians, but not substantially changed, were agreed to by the Government, communicated to the Board, and accepted by it. It turned out, however, that there was a misunderstanding between the Board and the Synod respecting the religious rights of nonPresbyterian children in Presbyterian schools, which misunderstanding is thus described by the late Royal Commission on Primary Education—

The Board ordered that one of the week days should be set aside for separate religious instruction ; the Synod would not grant it. The Board held that the pastor, as such, had the right to assemble the children of his flock in the schoolhouse and give them religious instruction ; the Synod would not allow it. The Board considered that the reading of the Bible was a part of the separate religious instruction ; the Synod would not separate it from ordinary instruction. The Board determined that reading the Bible and separate instruction generally must be confined to such children as are directed by their parents to attend, that they only be then allowed to continue in the school, and that all others do then retire ; while the Synod would neither compel the nonPresbyterian children to remain during separate religious instruction nor yet to retire from it, but would only leave them free to retire or to stay on their own responsibility.†

In December, 1834, the Synod of Ulster decided by a majority to break off negotiations with the National Board,

* See *Report of Royal Commission of Inquiry into Primary Education (Ireland) in 1870*, pp. 47—69.

† *Report*, p. 55.

and to establish independent schools of their own. The following extract from the resolutions passed on that occasion will give an idea of their views—

As it is the acknowledged duty of this Church to provide for children under its care a system of Scriptural and Presbyterian education, superintended by its ecclesiastical courts, the following regulations for conducting schools to be established under this system in each congregation was drawn up and ordered to be published and transmitted to presbyteries with all convenient speed. 1. In the schools the Scriptures in the authorized version, and the standard Catechisms of the Presbyterian Church, shall be daily taught to children of our communion; the time to be occupied in these Scriptural and catechetical exercises to be regulated by the parents, under the advice of the Session of each congregation. . . . 3. The children of other denominations may avail themselves of the literary advantages afforded by these schools without being compelled to join in the religious exercises prescribed for our own children. 4. The management of the schools, the rates of payment, the choice of books, and the regulation of school hours, shall be vested in the parents of the scholars, aided by the advice of the Session. . . . 5. The appointment of the teachers shall be vested in the parents of the scholars, or in persons deputed by them; but no one shall be appointed to that office who has not been previously examined and his competency sustained by the Session of the congregation within whose bounds he is to teach, and whose moral and religious character has not been fully approved of by them.*

The Presbyterians wanted to have denominational education, and if they afterwards availed themselves of the aid of the Board of National Education, it was after the Board had acceded to certain propositions of theirs—their original propositions substantially, the effect of which was to enable them to secure in practice denominational schools.

As to the Anglicans, they, too, were dissatisfied with the system. The Royal Commissioners in their Report say “Opposition on the part of members of the Established Church was not less strenuous” (than that of the Presbyterians). “Mr. Carlile” (the first Resident Commissioner of the Board of National Education) “declares that the chief opponents of the Board were the clergy of the Establishment.”† Further on, the Royal Commissioners, summing up the grounds of opposition on the part of the Protestants, say—

The Protestant party objected to the “exclusion of the Scriptures and the admission of the priest;” they condemned the Scriptural extracts; they have “no confidence in the Board,” which was regarded

* *Report*, p. 63.

† *Ibid.*, p. 66.

as "establishing Popery and promoting infidelity;" they insisted upon the "inculcation of Scriptural truth," and upon the "reading of the Protestant Bible by all pupils as a condition of education, *sine quâ non*."*

I come now to the Jews. If they be *real* Jews, sticking closely to their religion, the same thing is to be said of them as of Protestants as to the maintenance of their religion, and even in a stronger degree. For they are not united with other bodies by what is called *common Christianity*. They are most absolutely and peremptorily at issue with all other bodies. If they be strict adherents of their own profession, they must approve our principles as to mixed education. If not, they must be taken with the third class—Freethinkers.

What am I now to say about this third class? Downright Freethinkers are unbelievers. They admit no Revelation in the Christian and Jewish sense of the term. They differ with each other and with believers in opinion on all matters connected with religion, according to the good pleasure of each individual. They have their theories which they propound and defend respectively to the best of their ability. They agree, however, on some few principles. First, they assert liberty of speculation and opinion. Secondly, they commend consistency. Thirdly, they profess conscientiousness. They may have strange notions sometimes about the nature or origin of conscience; but they wish to be considered men of honesty and moral rectitude, and would assuredly take it very ill of me or any one else that would represent them as unreliable members of society, liars, bad livers, dishonourable men, as men ready to commit crime wherever they had no human punishment to fear—in a word, unconscientious men.

Well then, if they have a right to think as they please on religious matters, so have we; if they have a right to reject Revelation, we have a right to admit it. We may be somewhat foolish in their eyes for doing so. They may regard us as very unreasonable, and we may return the compliment. But, after all, our rights are equal. They allow supreme liberty on philosophical subjects. Now the question of the admissibility of Revelation, and of Revealed Religion, and a particular form of revealed religion, viewed from their standpoint is a philosophical question. And this way of considering it is not altogether erroneous; since in reality the approach to the acceptance of Revealed Religion is through philosophy, a

* *Report*, pp. 68, 69.

philosophy very much simplified for those who are born and bred among Catholics, but philosophy still. The existence of God for instance is a philosophical *præambulum* of faith; the motives of credibility are to be estimated on philosophical principles. The very obligation of believing what God reveals is a philosophical truth. If they may philosophize one way, may we another. They have no business to be intolerant.

On their principles we have every right to be Christians and Catholics if we like. If we exercise that right, they will tell that we ought to do so consistently. If we believe there is a heaven and a hell, and that fidelity to our religion is necessary to attain the one and escape the other, they will tell us that believing as we do we ought to maintain that fidelity, otherwise our principles and practice will be at variance. If we regard conformity to the dictates of the Catholic religion as a moral duty, if we regard likewise as a moral duty the training up of our youth in that religion, they will tell us that with such views we should do wrong and deserve blame for swerving from the supposed duty.

If I ask a freethinker what would be his course were he Catholic embracing to the full the doctrines of our religion, I will say the hypothesis is strange, that he can hardly make but if he must make it he cannot deny in such an hypothesis I would assuredly, so far as he knows himself, not risk for himself or his children, exposure to influences naturally calculated to endanger perfect perseverance in belief, and he will recognize the force of those influences which we dread.

An otherwise reasonable and candid freethinker will hardly deny that a mixed system of education for Catholics is calculated to impair their Christianity and Catholicity, a desirable result no doubt, in his views, but one which he will admit that Catholic, as such, ought to deprecate, and deprecating, ought to be an enemy of the mixed system.

My third query was as follows—What are the constitutional rights of Irish Catholics as to the realization of the Catholic view? In answering this query, I must first of all lay down and partially develop some principles, regarding which, if rightly understood, there cannot be any reasonable dispute.

1. The Catholic religion is fully and thoroughly tolerated in these three kingdoms. Those who profess it enjoy the same civil rights as any other subjects of the British crown. There are, no doubt, some very few offices which cannot be filled by

Catholics, and so far, it may be said, there is not perfect political equality. But, with this exception, the constitutional doctrine is that we are on a perfect par with Protestants.

I am not forgetting the Established Church of England and the Established Church of Scotland; fortunately we have done with that of Ireland, though the tithe rent charge is to be paid for several years yet. I am not forgetting, I say, these Established Churches, which beyond question are specially recognized, favoured, and supported at the expense of the country. We have here a politico-religious inequality which it is beside my purpose to quarrel with just now. But, in the sense in which I am speaking and expect to be understood, there is constitutionally civil equality—an equality of civil rights—between Catholics on the one side and Anglicans and Scotch Presbyterians on the other. That is to say, an individual Catholic is supposed to be treated exactly in the same way as an individual Protestant. Neither is considered to possess any political privilege or to suffer any political disability arising out of his religion. Both are entitled to the same protection, both are entitled to be provided for alike in all temporal matters in which the State provides for the subjects of the realm. No doubt there is a spiritual staff maintained for the members of the Established Church and none for the benefit of Catholics. This is a hardship on the latter, and a temporal hardship, inasmuch as they are compelled by law to contribute to the support of one set of clergy which is useless to them, and by conscience to maintain another which they need. Still all this does not involve any general inequality between Catholics and Protestants, and if a Catholic says—"I am entitled to the same civil advantages as a Protestant," no intelligent adherent of the British Constitution will dare to contradict him.

2. The British Legislature acknowledges the obligation of making provision for education in these three kingdoms. This provision, it is admitted, ought to be proportioned; on the one hand to the wants of the people, on the other to the national resources. There is no need of entering here into the details of either. Nor is there need of insisting further on the obligation. Parliament is ready and willing to do as much in point of mere *degree* as I would ask for. At any rate, the controversy I have on hand does not precisely regard *degree*. I will even venture to say—I am benighted enough to say—that in my judgment the tendency in our countries, and in some others, is rather

towards an excess of education for the masses of the people—an excess of imperfect education, which serves to communicate to a great many knowledge not needed by their position, and at the same time incomplete and, in consequence, not unfrequently mischievous. Be this as it may, it is admitted by Government, by Parliament, by public opinion, that the Legislature ought to provide, as far as it can, for the educational wants of the people of Great Britain and Ireland. This is the broad doctrine received on the subject.

3. The education which the State is bound thus to provide for is secular education. At least the State is bound to provide for secular education, for education in the necessary and useful branches of natural knowledge—and it is with this obligation alone I have to do. For greater clearness, I will say that I speak of *nonreligious* knowledge, for the term *natural* by itself may be ambiguous, more especially as some of the parties engaged in the Education question recognize no religion but what they would call natural religion, and what is assuredly nothing *more*, however far it may be *less*, than such. I mean in a word, knowledge that has no more professedly to do with religion, than for instance, grammar and mathematics have. I say *professedly* on account of the indirect bearing of some branches on religion. It does not come within my range to inquire whether the State is bound or not to provide for religious teaching of any kind. Two things are certain. One is that the State is bound to do what it can to meet the wants of the people with reference to nonreligious teaching. The other is that it has no right to undertake the religious teaching of Catholics to be carried out by itself—the State—against the will of Catholics, as this would be religious persecution, which assuredly the State disclaims.

4. Catholics being on a par with Protestants in the eye of the British Constitution as it now stands, with reference to all merely temporal rights and advantages, and education, as we here view it, being a merely temporal thing, the British Legislature is bound to meet the wants of Catholics in this respect as fully as those of Protestants. Protestants are not entitled to any preference. This obligation is more palpable and unassailable in Ireland than in the other two portions of the United Kingdom. I do not say it is more real, but it is more patent and less liable to even inconclusive objections.

In Ireland the majority of the people—the mass of the people

—are Catholics. The laws regulating Irish Education have been, are, and are to be, framed distinctly for Ireland as for England and Scotland respectively. Now there can be no possible plausible ground for in any degree ignoring, passing over, neglecting, the confessedly equal rights of the bulk of the population. No statesman can stand up and say—"My plan of Education must be *one* comprehensive plan, calculated as well as may be to meet the necessities of the whole country. I cannot legislate for every individual. Some parties must suffer accidentally. I am very sorry. I would, if I could, satisfy to the full the claims of every man; but it is impossible. The Catholics must forgive me if I do not comply with their demands, which I admit to be in themselves just." What sheer nonsense this would be!

The simple answer to this imaginary declaration is, that if any were to suffer an accidental diminution of their enjoyment of common rights, this should rather befall the minority, or rather, that, if needs were, there should be *two* plans, one to provide for the majority, the other for the minority. I have set down this objection, not because I expect it to be made, much less to prevail, but merely to bring out more fully the unimpeachable claim of the Irish Catholics to a thoroughly just provision in accordance with those rights which the British Constitution recognizes as equally possessed by them and their Protestant fellow subjects. In truth, it is on quite other ground that the battle is to be fought.

5. Since Irish Catholics, remaining Catholics, recognized as such, are equally entitled with their Protestant fellow countrymen to be provided for by the State with reference to secular education, they have a strict right that the provision made should be one of which they can avail themselves without acting against their religious principles; without doing any violence to those principles, without running what, according to those principles, is a serious risk of a great evil.

This proposition cannot easily be controverted. Suppose, for example, that the State aid afforded to Catholics for secular educational purposes, or, to put it otherwise, suppose the only State aid afforded to Irish youth, Catholic and Protestant, were clogged with the condition of occasionally attending Protestant service, or joining in Protestant prayers, or listening to instructions given by a Protestant minister, the rights of Catholics would be flagrantly violated. Because among those rights is

that of being helped by the State in reference to education on equal terms with their Protestant fellow subjects, and without prejudice to their religious profession ; and any such condition as those just stated would be at variance with their religious profession. The conditions I have named are closely connected with worship. Suppose, instead, that the youth in these schools were to be left exposed to be required to read Protestant controversial books, or take part in quiet controversial conversation with Protestants ; such an item in the arrangement would render it grossly unjust towards Catholics, though the acts to be done would not be—so to speak—unCatholic acts. The gist of my proposition is this—that any circumstance to which Catholics seriously object, as not in accordance with their religious principles, cannot be legitimately or justly annexed to, or combined with, a temporal benefit conferred on them by the State as a matter of right, in fulfilment of their claims as British subjects.

Having stated these few principles, which I apprehend will hardly be questioned by any fair man holding to the present British Constitution, I come to apply them, or rather the last of them, resting as it does on those that precede—I come to apply this principle to mixed education for Irish Catholics. Irish Catholics, as a body, object to mixed education as at variance with their religious views and sentiments. They object to it on the twofold ground of its being exclusively secular and of its being mixed. If mixed, it must be exclusively secular, because religious teaching of Catholics by nonCatholics would be still more intolerable than purely secular instruction. Yet this severance of mere human learning from religion is an unCatholic thing. It is not, however, the worst element of the system. The evil to be apprehended from the admission of nonCatholic teachers into schools or Colleges for Catholics is still greater. The whole plan of mixed education is opposed to Catholic views and principles. Therefore the aid afforded by Government for the education of Catholics on the ground of their claim to that aid as British subjects, if associated with the system of mixed education, is not a fulfilment of their rights. It does not meet their wants.

I may be told that the whole business of the State in this matter is with secular education, and secular education is in its nature unconnected with religion ; that religious education may be very good and very necessary, and ought not to be impeded or interfered with by the State, but cannot be provided

by the State for a mixed population. I may be told that I am in reality demanding Catholic education, and therefore not merely secular, but religious education, from a Government which most impartially makes no distinction between Protestants and Catholics, and makes no inquiries about any man's religion so as he be a loyal subject.

I reply to all this as follows. First, I do not demand from the State aid for Catholics towards religious education as such, but towards secular education. I do not ask the State to pay a shilling for lessons in catechism. Secondly, I do demand from the State aid for Catholics towards secular education, to be given by persons whom they are willing to trust, not by persons whom, on religious grounds, they distrust, and are bound in consistency to distrust, however estimable those persons may be as members of civil society. Thirdly, if those teachers of secular knowledge whom Catholics trust—namely, Catholic teachers—season their instruction to a certain extent with religion, the State will not have to pay for such seasoning. Let the State, if it please, watch the teaching and see that it is not deficient as secular teaching, for which alone the State pays. It will thus be assured that the public money is not misapplied. Fourthly, the duty of the State with reference to education is not precisely to *give* it, but to *provide* for it—to afford the people the means of obtaining it. I do not say that the State is merely to disburse the funds requisite, without looking to their expenditure. I have already said that the State is welcome to ascertain that the money is applied to the object for which it is given. Fifthly, the State may do very well in not inquiring about men's religion. But if Catholics cry out to the State—“Take notice, we are Catholics, and we do not claim any privilege, any preference on that score; but we beg of you, we require of you as a matter of justice, not to give us help in a shape in which we cannot use it. We do not ask for *more* than our share; but let the amount which our numbers and our wants entitle us to, come in a form that will suit us. You will be none the poorer, and we shall be far better off.” If, I say, Catholics cry out thus to the Legislature, would it not be cruel to reply—“Good people, we make no distinctions; we neither know nor wish to know what religion you are of. That would be bigotry—almost persecution. We give you your share in that shape which *we* think the best. If you are fools enough to think otherwise, you must take the consequences”?

But, some will say, the Catholics of Ireland do not hold mixed education in such horror. Witness the mixed school of the Irish National Education, frequented largely by Catholic with the approbation of their clergy; witness the number of Catholics who have passed and are passing through Trinity College, Dublin, and through the Queen's Colleges. To this objection I will reply briefly—briefly I say, because a fully developed answer would carry me far beyond my bounds, pretty nearly reached already.

First, as to the Irish National Schools, their story is short enough. At the time the system was proposed, it seemed more favourable—it seemed to approach nearer to fairness—than any previously attempted by the British Government. It was calculated to do much towards meeting a great want. There was nothing better to be expected at that period. The system was by no means perfectly good nor perfectly safe; but it was considered by most of the bishops and clergy good enough to be tried. Danger could be guarded against by watchfulness. It was tried, it was watched; and assuredly it needed watching, both as regarded the application of rules by the Board and the modification of those rules, and as regarded the action of individual Protestants through the country on National Schools with which they were in one way or other connected. Many a battle had to be fought by the Catholic clergy to keep off evil. Up and down some harm was done, but, all things considered, not very much. The system became in the course of time, in some respects, worse than it had been at the beginning. One specially bad feature which was being developed was the particular character of the model and training schools, and against these the bishops protested very loudly and to a considerable degree effectually, not by direct success in moving the Board and the Government, but by keeping Catholics out of these most objectionable establishments. The absence of sufficient training and of model schools is a loss and rather a serious one, though a less evil by far than that to be apprehended from the provision made in these respects by the Board. The result, of course, is that the system as it stands cannot work.

As to the ordinary schools, a large percentage of them are denominational in the twofold sense of having Catholic masters and mistresses, and exclusively Catholic scholars. A still larger percentage are denominational in the sense of having Catholic

masters or mistresses with a few Protestant scholars.* All these schools labour under the disadvantage of having all religious instruction and practices banished, except at particular times apart for these things. However, there is no danger of Catholic teaching.

All that can be said of the National system is that it is but to a very limited extent a mixed system, that it was looked on as the best that could be had from Government; that under the circumstances it was and has been up to the present made of, though not in its integrity, as appears by what I have said about the model schools. Now, all this does not show that the mixed system is in itself desirable, eligible, satisfactory, or objectionable; all this does not show that the establishment of the mixed system is a fulfilment of the rights of Irish Catholics with regard to primary education. Much less does it show that the mixed system is eligible or tolerable with regard to intermediate, or with regard to University education, into any of which, subjects largely enter which are not treated of in primary education, and which cannot be safely studied by Catholic youth under the guidance of nonCatholics.

It is well to observe about the National system that the continual need the Irish Catholic bishops and clergy have felt of annually struggling and contending with the Board to obtain improvements and ward off dangers, is proof enough that the system was not of a thoroughly sound character in their eyes, even itself according to Catholic views. It has conferred real benefits, but it involves well grounded apprehensions of mischief, very real, but arising out of its peculiar natural liability to be perniciously managed.

As to Catholic students of Trinity College and the

* Returns for the year 1867, cited by the Royal Commissioners in their report, show that of the *principal* teachers (male and female) 79·240 per cent., of the *assistant* teachers 78·035 per cent., were Catholics (*Report*, p. 251). There were in the same year two thousand three hundred and twenty *ordinary* schools (to which were added a number of model, workhouse, gaol, and lunatic asylum schools) attended by Catholics *only*, with an average daily *attendance* of one hundred and twenty four hundred and thirty eight. Out of three thousand eight hundred and thirty nine *mixed* schools, there were eleven hundred and six with an average attendance of less than one Protestant child (attending), nineteen hundred and twelve with an average minority of less than three Protestant children, one hundred and thirty with an average minority of less than one Catholic child, and three hundred and twelve with an average minority of less than three Catholic children. The Commissioners set down the *attendance* at one third of the number *on the rolls*.

Queen's Colleges. First, they are comparatively few. Secondly Trinity College (which is identified with the University Dublin) and the Queen's University are the only Universities in Ireland recognized by the State and affording the full amount of temporal advantage derivable from a University. Hence is no great wonder that several Catholics are attracted to them. It is not my business to accuse or excuse those who have passed or are passing through these establishments. One thing is certain, that the fact is no proof of Irish Catholics generally being content with mixed education.

It is, however, further objected that Catholics as a body are not so unfriendly to the mixed system; that the opposition to it comes mainly from bishops and other ecclesiastics, while the laity do not in general very much care about the matter. Nay, many of them are not at all desirous for denominational education, but, on the contrary, would rather not have it promoted.

I answer that this objection is simply a false statement of the condition of things. There is question, of course, of those who belong to the middle and upper classes of society; for I presume, no one pretends that the bulk of the lower order of the Irish Catholic population is in any degree friendly to the mixed system; quite the reverse. Many will say that in this they are led by the clergy. May be they are. But here I would observe that if Catholics of any class *choose* to follow their clergy in views, opinion, action, they have the fullest right to do so. When men freely take a side not otherwise illegal it is no business of the State whether this is the effect of individual reasoning or of advice followed, even though that advice may be looked on by the members of the Legislature as mistaken. On the whole, it is very decidedly the interest of the British Government that the people of Ireland should be led by their priests, inasmuch as *their* influence is, as a rule on the side of loyalty and order—not through interested motives but on religious principle. I may add that on this particular question of mixed or unmixed education, if the Catholic peasantry of Ireland were simply left to themselves, they would without doubt array themselves on the side of exclusively Catholic teaching. To return now to the middle and upper classes of the laity, they, as a body, have shown and do show most emphatically that they are for denominational education and decidedly opposed to the mixed system. In the first place

parents of these classes make it a point, without any exception worth mentioning, to get their daughters taught in Catholic schools or by Catholic governesses and their sons in Catholic intermediate schools or by Catholic tutors at home. If, in several instances, they send their sons to mixed *Universities*, besides the comparatively small number of such cases, the obvious reason is that up to a few years ago there was no Catholic University in the three kingdoms, and now there is no Catholic University, nor any Catholic branch of a University, enjoying recognition by the State and the advantages resulting therefrom.

Secondly, almost the whole body of the middle and upper classes of Irish Catholics have joined and are joining warmly, heartily, and earnestly in the demand for denominational education. Almost all the first Catholic names in the country have been appended to petitions, requisitions, resolutions of the most uncompromizing character, to make and support and enforce this demand. Those who have come forward thus so prominently are recognized by the rest of the educated classes as representing them too. The demand on the part of these classes is morally universal. There are, no doubt, respectable individuals who think and speak otherwise; but they can without very much difficulty be counted. I am not going to count them, nor to name one of them, nor am I going to assail them. That is not my present business. My third query concerns the civil, political right of *the mass* of Irish Catholics to have their views recognized, their demands complied with. These views and demands are not illegal, they are not revolutionary, they are not seditious.

The Catholics of Ireland, *as a body*, repudiate and condemn mixed education as at variance with their religious principles, views, and opinions. On the one hand, they call on the Legislature to afford them that amount of aid towards education to which all parties are agreed that the Irish people are entitled as British subjects; on the other, they protest against this aid being afforded them in a shape which their religion teaches them to detest, and which will, if maintained, practically deprive them of the benefit pretended to be conferred. They call for intellectual food, but declare vehemently against its being impregnated with poison which will forbid its consumption.

E. J. O'R.

Cygnus Exspirans.

[“ I know no fitter place to append a poem, which can claim no room in this volume, being almost without any distinctly Christian element what little more than a mere worldling’s lamentation at leaving a world knows he has abused, yet would willingly, if he might, continue still abuse. But even from that something may be learned ; and there is a originality about the composition which makes me willing to insert especially as it is very far from common. I would, indeed, gladly say something more about it. I find it in a *Psalterium Cantionum Cath.* p. 283 (Coloniæ, 1813), with the title *De Morte*, but with the fifth, and seventh stanzas omitted ; and in its fuller form in Königsfeld’s *Lat. und Gesänge* (Bonn, 1847). This is a small and rather indifferent collection of medieval Latin poetry, with German translations annexed—so careless as to inspire no confidence in the text. Daniel also has it (*Thes.* vol. iv., p. 351), but avowedly copied from Königsfeld. The poem though more modern air about them than that I can suppose the poem rightly in a collection of *medieval* verse at all. It bears the not very appropriate title *Cygnus Exspirans*, and is as follows—

Parendum est, cedendum est,
Claudenda vitæ scena,” etc.

Trench’s *Sacred Latin Poetry*, pp. 279, 280

In addition to the references given by Dr. Trench in the above extract, it may be mentioned that the poem has been reprinted in the following collection, *Hymnarium. Blüten Lateinischer Kirchenpoesie* (Halle, 1868). In this volume the title *Cygnus Exspirans* is omitted, the poem being classed in a general list of *Jesuitenpoesie*. In the *Lauda Sion* of Karl Simrock (1868), it is given entire, with a German translation, but without any reference to its origin. In the *Lieder der Kirche* of Lebrecht Dreves (Shaffhausen, 1868), it is also given, the beautiful third verse, “Tu Cithara argentea” (or, as it is perhaps more correctly by Dr. Trench, “Tu, Cynthia argentea”), and the fourth verse being omitted. The title is changed to “Abschied von der Welt.” In the note, p. 545, the translator calls the *Cygnus Exspirans* “das wunderliche Gedicht.” Referring, as Dr. Trench had done, to the absence of almost any Christian element in the poem, he adds that, abstracting from its form, it may have been the swan song of Catullus. The following version is, I believe, the first that has been made in English. Some slight approach to an iambic metre has been attempted, but the resounding harmonies of the original are to be feared, almost entirely wanting.—D. F. M‘C.]

CYGNUS EXSPIRANS.

LIFE’S play is played, its last scenes fade,
One calls there’s no gainsaying ;
Death summons me, and I must flee,
The stern decree obeying.
Farewell my dreams, my hopes, my schemes,
My singing and my playing.

O sun so bright, the world’s great light,
For thee the mists are clearing ;
Rise, radiant rise, through azure skies,

My day is disappearing.
Dark night descends, my journey ends,
The port my bark is nearing.

Sweet silver lute, now hushed and mute,
Ye golden planets shining,
Ye stars, the eyes of cloudless skies—
All, all I am resigning.
For me the glare of comets' hair
Death's ghastly wreath is twining.

Farewell, a thousand times farewell,
O world, that pure received me !
Unstable round, fallacious ground,
Farewell, O earth, that grieved me !
Your vanities, insanities,
Have long enough deceived me !

Farewell, fair halls and stately walls,
Enriched by rare incising,
Smooth marble floors and ivory doors,
And towers to heaven uprising.
Me to one spot, one tiny plot,
Death drives with speed surprising.

Ye maidens fair with golden hair,
Each curl a snare concealing ;
Each phantom bliss a deep abyss,
Absorbing every feeling.
Ah ! eyes, once rocks, your power death mocks,
The hidden reefs revealing !

Cease sportive glance, cease syren glance,
Be dumb, ye cymbal's clashes ;
No more prolong your strains, O song !
Electric wit, your flashes.
God's herald, Death, intones and saith—
“ O man, return to ashes ! ”

Delicious sweets, fair counterfeits
Of nature's own sweet making ;
The plenteous board, the vintage stored,
Or crowned for festive taking—
Ah ! how I hate your taste, though late
My thirst in Death's cup slaking.

Moulder away, rot and decay,
In long delayed putrescence ;
Each scented dress, voluptuousness
Perfumed as with sin's essence.
One robe remains whose horrid stains
Proclaims the cold worm's presence.

Cygnus Exspirans.

Ah ! swift as light seems now the flight
Of all life's acclamations,
As I begin to enter in
The eternal habitations—
Honours insane, and titles vain,
And foolish expectations !

Beloved mates, associates
In many a joy, though fleeting—
Death, insolent and impudent,
Disturbs our pleasant meeting.
Farewell, my friends, our revel ends,
This is my final greeting.

And now to thee, my body, be
My latest valediction ;
To thee, my near companion dear,
In gladness and affliction.
One equal fate on us doth wait
Of bale or benediction.

D. F. M

Life and Adventures of Father Thames.

FEW who have watched the flow of a great river have failed to reflect upon the varied character of the lands through which its waters have passed ; how many scenes of quiet domestic life they have witnessed ; how they have been greeted by the roar of vast cities ; how they have wandered, as it were in sport, through open plains, and how they have fought their way through mountain fastnesses. Often will they tell of floods and tempests in distant lands, and sometimes bear down to us the record of conflicts when all within our own horizon is tranquil.

Rivers, then, have their history as kingdoms have ; but there is this remarkable about them, that they tell not only their own tale, but that too of the land through which they pass ; and not only of its cities, its dynasties, and its peoples, but they chronicle the vicissitude of the very earth itself before it was separated from the waters and called dry land. And so Father Thames, too, has his history : a history of strange adventure more than matching fable, in which, though he has not visited other lands, it will nevertheless be seen that other climes have waited upon him and strange races and mighty monsters have passed in succession before him ; a history too of such duration that it is not to be measured by years or centuries, but only by counting the successive races of beings that have trod his banks or sported in his waters.

It is said that whoever starts from London by the Great Western or North Western line of railway, though travelling with slight exception on the surface of the earth, nevertheless in a certain sense has its interior gradually unfolded before him. In the same manner, no one who has followed up the banks of the Thames can have failed to remark that, between London and the neighbourhood of Maidenhead, they are of clay ; from Maidenhead, through all the windings near Great Marlow and Henley, to Wallingford, they are of a cretaceous character ; from Wallingford to near Abingdon he passes through a series of

sandy and marly strata comprised under the name of gault. At the latter place the Oxford clay appears, and his course is in the midst of it until he meets the great oolite a very short distance from Thames Head. The effect is very much what would be presented by a pack of cards with variously coloured backs partially spread out in one direction to an insect journeying on the surface, the difference being that the edges of the strata are to a considerable extent levelled down by atmospheric and other action, so that we sometimes seem to be walking along a series of strata spread out consecutively on the earth's surface. We propose to give some account of these various strata, their formation, and the records of life that characterize them. To do this we must travel the reverse way to that which we have been describing; in other words, we must begin with the bottom card and follow the pack upwards till we reach the uppermost in the London basin. We have a good guide at hand in the excellent work which Professor Phillips has just produced on the *Geology of the Thames*, from which scientific work the chief facts which will be noticed in this paper will be taken.*

It is not necessary here to state the origin popularly attributed to the name of the chief river in Britain. According to this, all the higher portions of the stream ought to be called Isis, and the name Thames confined to the part below its junction with the Thame near Dorchester; but it appears from many documents of Saxon times, that even before the Conquest the whole river was called Thames. Professor Phillips thinks the name Isis was a scholarly invention and a fancy of Leland.

Let our readers imagine a period which once was, when the sea rose a thousand feet higher than it now does relatively to the land. We can only speak for certain of those districts being then under water where we find sediments of the corresponding age, but we may imagine some enterprising navigator directing his course in a north westerly direction from what is now the coast of Flanders, but was then probably a deep and open sea. He would have sailed without meeting rock or shoal over the whole south eastern portion of England. London and Oxford or rather the sites on which they are built, would have lain far beneath his feet, much as they now do to an aerial navigator. His attention would at last be arrested by a small group of islets never indeed set down as such in Admiralty charts, but which

* *Geology of Oxford and the Valley of the Thames.* By John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S. F.G.S. Oxford, 1871.

were then exposed to the full fury of the Western Ocean, and were already filling up its shallows with their *débris*, themselves made up of the wreck of other lands. These islets are now called the Malvern Hills; they may be said, in a certain wide sense, to form the extreme limit of the valley of the Thames. No artist has left us tracings of the inhabitants of those seas, no naturalist of those days studied the life with which they teemed, but the creatures themselves are preserved to us, sculptured by Nature herself in stone, with an accuracy that no hand could imitate, no anatomist desire to surpass. Portions of these rocks, forming the western slopes of Malvern, are part of what are called by geologists the Cambrian series. If we except the Laurentian rocks in Canada, they are the earliest fossil bearing rocks yet known in the world. The ancient gneissic rock of Malvern, itself sedimentary, is absolutely void of any trace of life. And here we have a fact of extreme interest upon which we must dwell a little before we proceed.

No one is ignorant of the theories now put forward as to the origin of life upon this globe. There are men of science who would have it that all life is a development from some primitive elementary form—a sort of undefined being, not, as was once written, bringing forth seed according to its kind, but capable of producing plant or animal according to the direction in which circumstances might lead it, something neither animal nor vegetable, and consequently indifferent to which kingdom its progeny were to belong. To say nothing of the difficulty of conceiving the varied forms of life which we see around us to have sprung from such a source, Sir William Thompson felt the difficulty of any germ of life arising by the mere force of nature from inorganic matter. He felt there was nothing in nature to authorize such a leap. No doubt he thought that to acknowledge a creative Power would not be science, as if the attributing of effects to their true Cause, when the light of reason alone suffices to point it out, could be unscientific, forgetting that “the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen by the things that are made, . . . so that they are inexcusable”* who forget Him, and thought that he threw light upon the subject by suggesting to the British Association assembled at Edinburgh that this germ may have been brought from some other world. And whence did that other world obtain it? We need not point out that it is the

* Rom. i. 20.

same difficulty for ever, which may as well be faced where it first presents itself as in the most remote orb in the heavens. It is the special privilege of naturalists to argue from facts, and it is their pride that they can appeal to facts as the basis of all their systems. And what is the fact here? Is there anything in nature to encourage such a theory as that of which we are speaking? Nothing whatever. We are told that the earlier stages of life are lost; but are we to be satisfied with assertions, without semblance of proof, on so grave a subject—when nothing approaching a probable theory how life began has been advanced? Professor Phillips tells us that the older stratified rocks of Malvern are absolutely without traces of life; and yet in the early Cambrian strata he names fourteen species found in the limited area of these rocks—and these not undefined creatures of doubtful animal life, but fully formed crustacea, brachiopods, and annelids perfect in their kind. Sir C. Lyell* speaks of forty species found in the Minevian beds of the lower Cambrian strata, and amongst them the largest trilobite known, being no less than twenty two inches in length. Does not science here bear testimony to the belief that the first creatures upon earth sprang into life by virtue of an Omnipotent word, and by no fancied, but inconceivable natural process of the development of organized life from what was inanimate and unorganized? “Let the waters bring forth the creeping creature having life.”

We do not here enter into the question as to what could have been the nature of that action by which inert matter, acting before only on exterior objects, is supposed to have begun to act inwardly on itself—to live and to feel. Facts are appealed to, and facts are with us. It may perhaps be urged that the Eoozoon Canadense of the St. Lawrence is an older form of life. We are not disposed to question this, though, as Professor Phillips tells us, “this foraminifera, or sponge, has not obtained its certificate without protest.”† But can it be pretended that the foraminifera of Canada were the parents of the crustacea of Malvern and, if so, where is the connecting link? It is a grave difficulty for evolutionists of this class that the earliest signs of life in Great Britain should be of the unmistakeable character have described; and we quite agree with Professor Phillips “they who adopt these theories must do so under the enormous logical difficulty of replacing unknown records by imaginary terms founded on the theory which requires them to be

* *Manual of Geology*, p. 469.

† P. 61.

‡ P. 61.

But we must return to our mariner. The Thames had not yet **seen** the light, but deep and solid in the depths of the ocean **was** his bed being laid.

For our unscientific readers it may be necessary here to **explain** that, omitting the action of heat, there are four **great** agents at work in modifying the earth upon which we **tread**. They are upheaval, subsidence, denudation, and stratification. It is an undoubted fact that both the surface of the **earth** and the bed of the sea, are constantly subject to the **action** of forces situated in the interior of the earth, which **cause** them to rise or sink, imperceptibly indeed, but to such **effect** that land becomes sea, and the depths of ocean in their **turn** are lifted up to become mountain ridges. Subsidence and **elevation** belong to our own period as well as to the most **remote**, the shortness of the time that comes under our **experience** alone rendering this effect insensible to us. To understand **what** is meant by denudation it is only necessary to have seen **the** waste that goes on on some of the mountain sides in Scotland, when a single winter's storm suffices to carry thousands of tons of stone and gravel into the valley below; and to realize, if possible, the meaning of Professor Geikie's view, that the **peaks** that now rear their heads far above the surrounding **valleys** are nothing but the skeletons of a former tableland, that alone have resisted the wasteful energies of the atmosphere. Of stratification our readers need have no better example than **what** is seen where a stream opens out into a lake and deposits its load of gravel, sand, or mud, in layers, according to its velocity—that is, according to its carrying powers. As its velocity is **diminished** it deposits sand where previously it laid gravel, and **as** this diminution is still further continued, the sand is covered **with** a layer of impalpable silt, which the less powerful current **can** now carry no further. When they remember that this is **constantly** going on at the mouth of every stream that enters **the** sea, and that wherever sea meets land the wasted particles **are** spread out upon its bed, to be succeeded by other layers **according** as the circumstances of soil and current are changed, **they** will understand how new stratified lands and a new world **are** being incessantly formed from the decay of old ones.

Deep in the bed of the sea, from which the islets of Malvern **rose**, the waste of other lands was at this time being laid. The **Cambrian** series of Malvern consists chiefly of two beds—the **Hollybush** sandstone, of a greenish tint, at least six hundred

feet in thickness, and a layer of black shale, about five hundred feet thick, laid, as it appears from the fineness of the texture, in deep still water, but as is shown by occasional bands of trap and felspar, disturbed from time to time by volcanic outbursts. The Hollybush rocks contain annelids and brachiopods, but no trilobites. These appear for the first time in the shales, where several species are found without a trace of ancestry in the earlier rocks. It must be understood that the two beds we have mentioned only very partially represent the Cambrian series, which is largely developed in Wales, — the Lingula flags alone comprising five thousand feet of strata, and the Tremadoc slates at least one thousand, the former and lower containing forty species of fossils, and the latter having already produced thirty six peculiar to themselves. Below these are the Minevian beds, five hundred feet, and the Harlech grit, six thousand feet, both containing abundance of trilobites, and the Llanberis and Penrhyn slates, which attain a thickness of three hundred feet, which are perhaps not more ancient than the last mentioned, but which, with the exception of two obscure organisms discovered in Ireland, have as yet produced no fossils. It is interesting to observe that in Norway, Sweden, and Bohemia, the Cambrian rocks again appear with great variety of their characteristic trilobites, but, like those in Wales, with no sign of ancestry.* It is also interesting to notice that cephalopods appear suddenly for the first time in the Tremadoc flags, and we do not see that the fact of their being associated with trilobites of certain genera is any argument in favour of their development from a lower form, as Sir C. Lyell suggests.

The next great series of rocks, known as the Bala group, belonging to the lower Silurian series, is entirely absent from the area we are describing. This may have been owing to the land having been raised above the water during the period when the Landeilo flags and the Bala beds were being deposited to the depth of several thousand feet. At this time Professor Phillips thinks the Arenig was pouring forth its deluges of molten rocks, which are found interspersed among the sedimentary rocks of Bala.

This period appears to have been followed by deep depressions of the sea bed, in which fine argillaceous mud was deposited, upon which a change of current and diminution of depth caused a deposit of sand to be laid; and a pause in the

* See Lyell's *Elements*, cxxvii. 1871.

subsidence taking place, the sea bottom was covered with a growth of coral, found now in the form of beds of limestone, to be themselves covered with a deposit of mud as the sea bed sunk still lower, until a deposit of three thousand feet had been laid of similar alternations of strata, repeated with some, but not complete, regularity. These form a portion of the upper Silurian series, and are known as the Ledbury, Ludlow, and Wenlock shales, the Aymestry, Wenlock, and Woolhope limestone, the Downton sandstones, &c. They contain abundance of organic life, including four genera of plants, sixteen of coelenterata, five of echinoderms, three of crustacea, seventeen of trilobites, four of brachiopods, twelve of gasteropods, five of cephalopods, three of fishes, and others. Of these remains, Professor Phillips says—"Here it appears very plainly that a complete system of invertebral marine life, with all its principal divisions now in existence, was fully established in the middle of the Silurian period as it is known at Malvern, . . . also that this system had come in gradually from a small beginning, and died out almost completely with the Ludlow rocks, the strata above being comparatively poor in life. Fishes appear only in the later deposits; no reptiles, no birds, no mammalia."* Unfortunately we can only judge from small fragments what was the character of these first representatives of the fishes; but from the jaw of one which is figured by Sir R. Murchison, it would be difficult to imagine them to be developed from the lower organisms of the immediately preceding strata.

The series of rocks which lie above the Silurian, and are called the old red sandstone, though found to the depth of eight thousand feet in Pembrokeshire, is only slightly represented here. This formation appears to have been the result of great physical changes in other parts of what is now called Europe. Life seems almost to have disappeared, if we except a peculiar class of fishes. Changes of current brought sediment of a new kind, tinted red or pale green, while the bed of the sea continued to subside. The lower part of this formation is the only one that is here found lying above the Ludlow rocks showing the fishes referred to, but no trilobites or corals, and few marine shells.

The Devonian system, which lies immediately above the old red and contains strata full of fossils and others entirely

devoid of them, is entirely wanting here. The carboniferous system, lying above the last named, is represented at Wickw by the carboniferous limestone and at Newent by a thin valueless bed of coal resting on the old red sandstone, from which it appears that after that period, the bed of the ocean was raised up, by which means the strata of both the Silurian and old red are bent; a denuding action followed and levelled the surfaces of the strata, after which the coal was deposited. Whether these beds are the remains of extensive deposits, or are indicative of stunted growth perhaps in ungenial soil, it is not easy to prove. In any supposition, the practical question of depth would be very serious in all proposals to seek for coal under the later formation to the eastward of Malvern.

The next series of strata are those called by Professor Phillips, from the variety of the colours, the poikilitic, comprising the Permian and triassic deposits, the first being named by Sir R. Murchison from a large tract in Russia called Perm, where it abounds, the second, so named by German writers owing to the triple division of the strata, nor unfrequently also called the new red sandstone. These strata are the highest of the paleozoic formations, which they terminate, the trias being a kind of transition group. They consist of a great variety of marls, sandstones, and limestones, into the details of which we cannot here enter. Of the fossils of the Permian series, Sir Lyell tells us—"The total known *fauna* of the Permian series in Great Britain at present numbers one hundred and forty-seven species, of which seventy-seven are molluscs. Not one of these is common to rocks newer than the paleozoic, and the brachiopods are the only group which have furnished species common to the more ancient or carboniferous rocks."* Among the fossils are several species of fish universally provided with the heterocercal tail, traces of reptiles, &c. This formation includes the great development of magnesian limestone, observed in the east of Yorkshire. This is its most characteristic rock, while the trias is marked by its red marl and sandstone. In the region of which we are speaking it is found only in a narrow belt on the eastern slopes of the Malvern Hills.

What we have hitherto said of more ancient formations has little immediate bearing upon the valley of the Thames, except inasmuch as it serves to enable us to place the strata which

* *Elements*, p. 369. 1871.

compose it in their proper position. It is impossible to say for certain at present which of them may exist beneath the newer strata which have been explored, but it is certain that, if to be found at all, their depth must be very great. The deposition of Permian conglomerate on the eastern slope of Malvern is a proof that at this time, at least, the sea beat against the eastern side of these hills, from the waste of which, with many fragments brought from a distance, the deposit is formed. It is laid against a "fault," or sudden interruption of the rock, produced by some great disturbance, and causing the land on one side to rise abruptly, on the other to be depressed, and which opened the way for currents bringing new character of deposits, with a new *fauna*. As the rhœtic, which comes next in succession, is not found within our limits, we pass on to the lias, a large and important group which, though in many places covered by the oolite, extends in a broad band from Stroud in a north-east direction to the Humber. It is a series of beds of blue and grey limestone and clay, abounding in organic remains, and extending to many hundred feet in depth. During the whole of the period required for the accumulation of this vast amount of sediment, and during which the coralline beds were being formed, a wide sea occupied the whole of the basin of the Thames. The alternating depression and pauses in the movement of the bed of the sea, contributed, as we have seen before, to the production of the different character of strata. This sea abounded in life. In the lias of England no fewer than nine hundred and thirty seven species of molluscs have been found; the ammonite, nautilus, and belemnite in particular abounding. Professor Phillips gives a catalogue of no less than eighty species of ammonites; and we may add that as many as one hundred and seventeen species of fish have been found in the lias of England, but the saurian reptiles, of which the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus are instances, were the most remarkable features of this ancient sea.

We shall not dwell any longer upon the lias, as it nowhere appears on the surface throughout the course of the Thames, but proceed at once to notice the important formation which may be more immediately considered to be the bed of at least the upper portion of that river, and out of which it takes its rise. This formation, called the oolite, extends for a broad curved band of thirty miles in average breadth, from the coast of Dorsetshire to the Humber, where it has been lost by denudation, to reappear

at Malton. Many of the tributaries of the Thames—such as the Windrush, Evenlode, and the Cherwell—have cut their way through it, and are now flowing upon beds of lias, leaving the remains of the tableland of oolite, which have escaped the wearing effect of their waters, far above them, while isolated patches of the same formation occur here and there on high ground, so that a geological map of this part of the country bears all the appearance of a deeply indented coast, represented by the oolite, while islets of the same formation are scattered about in a sea of lias. The name of oolite, which has been given to this series of deposits, is taken from the appearance of its most characteristic rock, represented by the Bath stone, which under a microscope is seen to be composed of minute grains resembling ova. It is divided by Professor Phillips into three great divisions, which in ascending order are called the Bath oolite, the Oxford oolite, and the Portland oolite. The first is what Sir C. Lyell designates the lower oolite, embracing all strata from the inferior oolite to the Cornbrash inclusively, and, consequently, embracing the Bath stone; the second corresponds to the middle oolite of the same geologist, and comprises the Oxford clay and coral rags; the third is called by Sir C. Lyell the upper oolite, and comprises the Kimmeridge clay, and Portland and Purbeck beds. It is from the oolite therefore that so large a proportion of our building materials in the south and west of England is drawn.

These beds lie conformably on the lias, so as to show that no great disturbance attended the physical change which caused so great a modification of the character of the strata as occurred at this period. There was, however, a very great depression of the bed of the sea, interrupted, as is generally the case, by pauses and limited elevation. How great was the depression may be judged by the fact that Cleeve Hill, the highest point of the Cotswold hills, now one thousand and eighty-four feet in height, is oolitic to the summit, and must consequently have been sunk beneath the waves of this ancient sea. Sir C. Lyell has shown in his *Antiquity of Man* that a depression of six hundred feet would reduce Great Britain to the state of three considerable islands in the north, and one consisting of the high ground of Wales, and a few scattered islets in the south and south west. We can understand, therefore, how little land in the southern counties could have escaped submersion during the oolitic period. We shall make a few

remarks on each of the three portions of this great system which we have enumerated ; and we cannot do better than begin with Professor Phillips' own summary of the changes of level which took place during the formation of the Bath or lowest division of this great group. "In the case before us," he says, speaking of the remarkable recurrence of the ternary order of clay, sand, and limestone, "the liassic bed first receives only the finest sediments which can fall in deep water ; by degrees these sediments accumulate so as to bring the sea bed near enough to the surface for the drift and settlement of the fine sand of Medford and Frocester : on this sandbank flourish colonies of coral and shells, and constitute the basis of the inferior oolite. Depression follows ; the deposit again becomes argillaceous (fuller's earth) ; shallow water succeeds, and the Stonesfield banks of sand and shells appear, followed by the great oolite rock. Less distinctly the same things occur and recur ; and the Cornbrash ends the series."*

The fossils of this period are the most numerous and the most varied, and give us the most complete series of any that we have—not only many genera of molluscs already known to us in the lias, but fishes, prodigious reptiles, and now for the first time, in the Stonesfield beds, mammalia. We have seen that the sandy deposits are generally a sign of comparatively shallow water. Conformably with this view, the Stonesfield beds show many signs of the near vicinity of land at the time they were deposited ; "false bedding," produced by currents in shallow water, is common, several genera of plants, including conifers, and cycadaceæ and several varieties of fruit bear testimony to this. The little mammals also, whose remains are found embedded in these strata, were undoubtedly brought down by streams which had probably washed them from their covers and carried them away during floods. As these are the first mammalia discovered in a formation so ancient as the oolite, great importance was attached to their discovery. Like all the other principal forms of life, they start suddenly, without any sign of pedigree in the earlier strata. It is curious that little or nothing but specimens of the lower jaw have been discovered, probably, remarks Professor Phillips, from the facility with which this portion becomes separated from the disintegrating carcass, the remaining portions being carried into deeper water. The process by which the class of this little animal was

* P. 394.

determined by Professor Owen is extremely interesting, surprising for its simplicity. The *datum* of the problem "a lower jaw with teeth." It must be of the vertebrata. cannot be a fish, on account of the teeth being of the t orders, molars, premolars, and incisors, and because the m have double fangs deeply implanted in bony sockets. same reasons are conclusive against a reference to the cla: birds, chelonians, serpents, or batrachians. With respec reptiles, though their teeth are various, "they never exh as in these fossils, true and false molars with different crow One, which has been named the Amphitherium. Preve appears to have been insectivorous or vermivorous, and posse a number of molar teeth so great as to be approached only a little Australian marsupial, the myrmecobius. Another, w has been called the Phascolotherium Bucklandi, is thought Professor Owen to be in still more close alliance with thylacinus, also a marsupial from Australia.

"Thus," says Professor Phillips, in concluding his acc of the fossils of Stonesfield, "a picture of the ancient sur rises before us, in which the Stonesfield lagoon, full of fishes molluscs, receives with every cyclonic storm drifted bran of cypresses and swarms of wind-wrecked insects, while swollen land streams bring down, but not with equal rat motion, the bony remains of amphibious and terrestrial liza which perished on the banks and river beds, and the bodie small mammals which had sported in the trees."

Less important as regards their geological antiquity, more remarkable than the mammals we have been descri were the reptiles that frequented the shores of this sea. T were the ichthyosauri and plesiosauri, teleosauri, and a rem able one to which the name of megalosaurus Bucklandi been given, and, most remarkable of all, the ceteosaurus. teleosaurus was a kind of sharp nosed crocodile, from fifteen eighteen feet in length, covered with armour, more adapted sea than for land, and consequently found more among marine than fluviatile remains. Of the megalosaurus, Profe Phillips says—"Though not the largest of primeval lizard has no rival among carnivorous reptiles—perhaps thirty long, capable of free movement on land, with strong but massive hind limbs and reduced fore limbs." He fur expresses the idea that he was "not a ground crawler like *alligator*, but moving with free steps chiefly, if not solely, on

hind limbs, and claiming a curious analogy, if not some degree of affinity, with the ostrich." The similarity of structure to the ostrich is in the scapula and pelvis bones; and it is interesting to notice how nature seems to work in a common direction for what may be supposed to have been a common end, and furnishes the same structure to answer the same purpose, and this in the most widely different genera, for no one will suppose that there is any close relationship of descent between this amphibious monster of the oolitic shores of Britain and the ostrich of the desert. Perhaps the greatest wonder of these times was the ceteosaurus. Though less in bulk than the Greenland whale, it was probably the largest animal that ever trod the earth. A femur which is preserved in the museum of Oxford is sixty four inches long. If we endeavour to calculate the size of the animal by the proportions of a crocodile we should have a length of sixty four feet. Little can be known of the habits of this monster. It was probably a marsh loving, river side animal, capable of walking freely on land, and for its magnitude stands preeminent in interest among the fossils of this country.

We have seen that there was a plentiful flora at this period. Cypresses and tree ferns and cycadaceæ flourished, and multitudes of insects filled the woods with life; but one feature was absent which must have rendered these woods unlike any woods of our day. There seem to have been no birds. We can hardly realize what our woods would be without the feathered life with which they swarm; but the air was not for all that without inhabitants, strange indeed, and, as far as we can say, characteristic of the times—we refer to the winged reptiles or pterosaurians. Of these a very remarkable one, which has received the name of *Ramphorhynchus Bucklandi*, has been found in the Stonesfield quarry. Professor Phillips has given a representation of the appearance it may be supposed to have had from the remains that have been found. In general character it was a heavy bird, with head perhaps like a dodo, with large powerful wings, not feathered nor, as in bats, formed of a membrane stretched along extended fingers, but stretched on a single wing finger, terminated by a long pointed bone, stretching from that so as to include its short legs. The wing finger discovered at Stonesfield is four jointed, and no less than twenty five inches in length. Professor Phillips thinks this creature may aptly be taken to represent the harpy of the story. It was in all probability cold blooded, and in this

essentially distinguished from birds. Of course the details of circulation which are connected with this cannot be observed but the absence of feathers is a certain mark, and the formidable fangs with which its jaws were armed, make it evident that it belongs rather to the class of saurians than birds.

And so ages passed away. Generation after generation of strange creatures lived and perished; the remains of many were disintegrated or carried into depths where they are forever buried from human view, and chance fragments alone, gathered together and compared with every form of life extinct and present, have been made with incredible skill and patience the part of the learned geologists who have accomplished the task, to tell us the history of the life, of the fauna and flora of these long bygone days.

Meantime the bed of the sea was slowly rising. Cleve and the rest of the Cotswold hills rose above the waves. As degrees the lower land appeared; denudation began its work. The various springs that gushed forth from the side of the hills united their streams together, and carried the waste of the newly formed land by a little rivulet into a noble estuary which then penetrated from the eastward so as almost to unite with that of the Severn. This little stream bore no name; we shall call it by that of Thames. Most of the upper springs are now dry, but that which, after the last upheaval gushed forth a strong clear stream from Trewsbury Mead has always been acknowledged to be the true source of the Thames. It is necessary here to remark that, though the drainage of the neighbouring lands was undoubtedly carried into the estuary just spoken of, the streams by which it was conveyed can in no true sense be identified with any existing rivers. The configuration of the landscape was so different from what it now is that the channels in which the rivers flowed must have been very different from those with which we are familiar. When, therefore, we speak of the Thames of this early period, we only mean its representative of those days, remembering that the channel which it cut for itself is probably very different from that in which it now flows.

When the depression of the land was not more than about two hundred and fifty feet below its present level, what is now the Thames may have been a small stream rising about a hundred feet above the sea level, and quickly swallowed up by the waters of this great estuary which then penetrated far into the interior; indeed, for some time after Thames Head had risen above

the water, the estuaries of what are now the Thames and the Avon were united. The whole country round Oxford was buried under a deep sea, into which the various streams now forming branches of the Thames, and the infant Thames itself, were pouring their load of fine silt, to be known in future ages by geologists under the name of the Oxford clay. Long ages must have passed whilst this deposit was being formed, for a shaft that was sunk at Witham disclosed a thickness of this clay, with, however, interruptions of rock and several varieties of strata, of over six hundred and thirty feet. This, with the coralline oolite and calcareous grit which lie above the clay, form the Oxford oolite of Professor Phillips. The fauna is scanty when compared with the abundance of the lower group, and is what our author calls "a pauperized fauna, indicating the approaching extinction of physical conditions, which marked the oolitic ages and influenced the life of the period."* The shores of this sea were still inhabited by the ichthyosaurus, the megalosaurus, the pleiosaurus, and plesiosaurus, and the ramphorynchus continued to prey upon the more defenceless inhabitants of the earth and the water.

At length this period, too, came to an end. Physical changes took place. The Oxford clay was in many parts dry land, and the Thames was busy cutting his bed through it, winding backwards and forwards through the vale according as his task was easy or obstacles met his path. Still to the south and east there was deep water; and this is what our Professor calls the period of the Portland oolite. The base of it is the Kimmeridge clay, found from the cliffs of Dorsetshire, where it attains a thickness of six hundred feet, almost without interruption to Yorkshire, and shown to the depth of one hundred feet on Shotover Hill. Above the clay are Portland sand and Portland rock, slightly only represented here, but so abundant on the Isle of Portland. This was still a period of saurian monsters, inhabiting the neighbourhood of the mouths of rivers, the proximity of land being further shown by drift wood, which is common in the strata, while the closing scene of the mesozoic period exhibits in the Purbeck beds proofs of lacustrine and fluvial action, for though interrupted by marine beds, showing alternations of level, the greater part of the formation, which is here only slightly shown, is of fresh water origin.

At the close of the period we are speaking of, making allowance for considerable alteration of level through atmospheric denudation, the Thames was winding its way through the channel it had cut in the Oxford clay to receive its waters, and now through those upper beds which we have just referred to, and entered the sea somewhere in the neighbourhood of Wallingford. South and east spread an open and deep sea, on the bed of which was accumulated, during countless ages, the wreck of microscopic foramenifera called globigerinæ, whose accumulated remains are seen in the lofty cliffs of our southern coast and in the chalk hills of Wiltshire. It was the beginning of the chalk period, the last of the mesozoic formations.

Judging from the great height of these cliffs and remembering how slow must have been the process of formation of these vast masses of chalk, it is impossible not to feel how enormous must have been the length of the period to which its production is due. During this vast interval the greater portion of the south and east of England remained under water; but so far as we are able to judge, for we cannot speak with full confidence as we are ignorant of the extent to which denudation has been carried, that portion of England lying north of a line running from Calne in Wiltshire to Bedford, remained continually above water. We know nothing of the produce of the land during this period. The chalk was deposited in deep still water. As far as we can judge, it was a reign of sponges and echinoderms, molluscs, and inferior marine life, very much of the character of what is now found by recent explorers on the deep bed of the Atlantic, where too chalk, though not exactly agreeing in composition with that of Marlborough downs, is being silently deposited to form a continent for future ages. Protracted as was this period, still it too passed, and the day at length came when the white cliffs rose above the waters, which had already seized on them as their prey and begun anew their endless task of devastation and change.

The closing of the cretaceous period is like one of those eventful moments in the life of man which remain for ever as prominent marks in his course and imprint a stamp upon the whole of his future history. It is the closing of the mesozoic and opening of the cainozoic period. We have now followed our hero, so to speak, into recent times; but we shall soon see how long were these days of his old age to be, and how full

of vicissitude were to be the fortunes even of such mature years.

Long after Dover cliff had reared its head above the water there still existed an inland sea or broad estuary, to the north, into which the Thames poured its waters, laden with the decay of the land, to speak comparatively, so newly formed. The circumstances of this sea were no longer fitted to the development of those microscopic creatures to which the vast fabric of the chalk is due. The surface of the chalk began to be overlaid with various deposits of sand and clay. Portions of it already exposed to the atmosphere, worn and hollowed out and burrowed by boring molluscs, sunk down again below the waters of the loch; sands were deposited over them, and casts in sand of these ancient and minute excavations are thus preserved to us as faithfully as if they had been made in brass. In process of time a large area of this great bay underwent great and prolonged depression, so as to allow time for the slow accumulation above these earlier sands of the vast mass of more than five hundred feet of solid clay, known as the London clay. As soon as the depth of the water was sufficiently reduced, partly by reelevation and partly by accumulation of deposits, sand was again laid on the surface of the clay and in the hollows produced by eddies on its surface, and the whole was again lifted up till portions of this clay, once the bed of the sea, have attained, though after still other changes, a height of four hundred and thirty feet on Hampstead Heath. This is what Sir C. Lyell has called the eocene period, comprising the earliest portions of the tertiary or cainozoic series. The molluscs that are found in these deposits belong, with the exception of from three to four per cent., to extinct species. The entire series of tertiary beds found in the basin of the Thames, is comprised in the following list, whose names, as is evident, are derived from the localities where they are prevalent. They are the Thanet sands, the Woolwich beds, the Blackheath pebbles, the London clay, and the Bagshot or Hampstead sands. The two later divisions of the tertiary formation—the miocene and pleiocene—do not exist here. The fauna of this period consists of a large number of molluscs and lower animals, several fishes, and a few extinct mammalia.

The deposit of sand on the top of the London clay was an indication, if there were eyes to read the sign, that new changes were in course, that dry land would soon appear again, and

so it came to pass. The land rose gradually above the water, the Thames cut its bed deep in the clay, the rains and snows wore down the banks, and all went on as it were as now, and, like a wanderer after a long journey, Thames might have fancied that his vicissitudes were over. The general level of the country at this, the close of the pleiocene period, was probably very much the same as it is now; but there were still changes in store, and this time not merely depressions and elevations, but a change of climate too, which since the accumulation of the Hampstead sands must for a long period have resembled rather that of Greenland than of an island in the temperate zone. Until the last few years geologists had not recognized the necessity of admitting a distinct period of long duration between the end of the tertiary formation and what can with any propriety be called recent. This is now called by Sir C. Lyell the pleistocene, the whole post-tertiary period being divided into pleistocene and recent. It is now certain that a great part of this country has since the end of the tertiary period been submerged beneath the sea to a depth varying from seven hundred and fifty feet, as shown by evidence on the Cotswold range, to fifteen hundred feet as indicated by traces left on the mountains of Wales. On the coast of Norfolk the remains of a forest posterior to the crag, which is the last of the pleiocene strata, has been covered over with above a hundred feet of clay and rough stones, with many traces of marine origin: it must therefore have been sunk at least that depth beneath the water. It has since been raised up to about low water mark. In various parts of the country, even high up on the hills, we see rough gravel formed of stones from various distant formations, mingled with erratic blocks brought from distant sources, lying on the top of the tertiary and older formations; in other parts are found great tracts of what is now called boulder clay. The gravels are principally found to the westward and the boulder clay to the north and east, whereas between the two are accumulations of flints, which clearly indicate a southern origin. On the Trifaen, in North Wales, post-tertiary shells are found at the height of fifteen hundred feet, and similar effects have been observed in Scotland. There appears to be but one conclusion to be drawn from these facts, that the greater part of the country was plunged beneath the sea, was subjected to strong currents from the north on the east and west, and to an intermediate one from the south. That this

sea was glacial is proved by evidences of ice carriage in the large blocks of stone that are found transported from great distances, and is rendered probable by the size and character of the gravel, much of which is brought from very distant sources and quite unlike what is ordinarily carried by a stream. The molluscs found in the boulder clay indicate a boreal origin, so that there is now little doubt entertained that at a period so comparatively recent as that of which we are speaking, this country sustained a truly arctic climate. Great tracts of country were buried under an icy sea, while the highlands of Wales and Derbyshire and Cumberland poured forth their bergs, which followed the currents to the south, just as they now sail down Baffin's Bay, depositing their loads of stone and gravel wherever impediments caused them to be stranded, or increase of temperature forced them to give up their prey.

At length this bitter winter came to an end. Whatever causes combined to produce this glacial epoch, as it is now universally called—causes which have so far baffled both astronomers and physicists—they in their turn at length gave way to milder influences, the sun again shone through the mists, the shore ice was gradually melted, the glaciers receded, the hills threw off their canopy of ice and snow, and the lower ground rose once more above the waves. We are now in post-glacial times. The great outlines of our landscape were undoubtedly long since marked out, but it is more than probable that many of the lesser valleys were not yet scooped out, and it is quite certain that our rivers flowed at a much higher level, which was gradually lowered as the land rose higher and higher above the sea. Thames was now truly himself, occupying nearly the same channel as at present, but a far nobler river, of which the present stream is but a feeble remnant; and we can well imagine with what enthusiasm the poet would then have surveyed

Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays :
Thames ! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons.*

Whilst flowing at these higher levels, the rivers deposited great banks of gravel, which they afterwards covered over with fine sand and silt as the force of the current diminished; and then, in course of time, cutting their channel deeper and deeper into the strata over which they flowed, have left the gravel beds

* Denham.

which they had once deposited far above them on the now **dry** declivities of the ravines through which they flow. **These** gravels, which Professor Phillips calls valley gravels, can be at once distinguished from those of which we have previously spoken, which are glacial, and are often called the northern or glacial drift, but which he here calls hill gravels. Those of which we are now speaking have this remarkable feature, **that** they are composed entirely of materials drawn from the area of drainage of the rivers by which they have been carried, **except** so far as fragments of other rocks may have been previously lodged by other agency within the watershed of the stream, and carried down with the *débris* of its own rocks in occasional floods. Thus we see that in the higher Thames the gravel is chiefly oolitic, whereas in the lower portion of its course **it** is almost entirely composed of fragments of flint washed out of the chalk of Berkshire and the neighbouring counties.

The remains of life that are found in these gravels are **also** entirely of land and fresh water origin, except where they are evidently washed out of old strata, as the chalk fossils so often found on gravel walks, and where the proximity of sea and **the** change of level may have accounted for occasional inroads of the tide. The molluscs proper to these gravels are entirely of existing species, though some are no longer found in this country, whence it is reasonable to infer that the species once **had** a wider sphere of life than at present. But the evidences of terrestrial fauna are very interesting. It is quite evident **from** the bones that have been found in these gravels, and which **have** been dredged up on the sea coast, that at least two species of elephant, the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, the lion and **bear**, the elk and the hyena, and several other ferocious animals, roamed the forests of Britain. We shall not enter into particulars on this subject, which has been often referred to. It is enough to add that according to the evidence of these post-glacial times, **it** was during them that man first appeared upon the scene.

It is not our purpose at present to examine to **what** degree of absolute antiquity these gravels belong. It will be evident to our readers that as far as regards geological **time**, they are formations of today. And now it may be asked, **what** is to be the future of the subject of our remarks? Is he, **as** it were unmindful of the past, to undertake new wanderings, **once** more to sink beneath the waters of an ocean, again to change **his** course; are his banks to be trodden by new forms of life, or are **the**

vicissitudes of his career over, and are his weakened energies to rest, and is his course to follow evenly in the channel which long ages have prepared for him? We may make two remarks on this subject. We believe that the causes which have acted in the past are still at work, though in all probability with diminished energy, and they will no doubt produce corresponding results, but probably in still greater periods of time. With respect to the races of living creatures which have peopled the banks and waters of the Thames, we have already remarked that geology tends to show that life began suddenly—life complete and perfect in its kind—and that it appears also that the principal distinguishing forms of life began perfect in their kind from small numbers, and that the number of species increased rapidly, and died away again without leaving, as should have been expected by true evolutionists, anything to indicate transition to new forms of life, much less that number of transitional forms which the variety of already existing species would have led them to expect; that in some cases where what might be called transitional forms appear, they are nothing more than adaptations of organs to a corresponding end in different orders of life, without any probability of common descent, as with the megalosaurus and the ostrich; and that where the same genus has existed through a long series of formations, as is the case with the trilobites, they are no more perfect in their kind in the latest than they were in the earliest strata, but rather less so, as they also are in size. We may here add the experience of M. Barrande, who has devoted great attention to the study of these creatures, and who has failed to observe the slightest signs of development in their formation. He considers the sudden appearance of trilobites, of cephalopods, and of fishes in their turn, to be facts quite destructive of the Darwinian theory. If, finally, we are asked whether we expect yet new races of still higher beings to people this earth, we have only to answer that we are convinced that the more science is cultivated with honest purpose and true enlightenment, the more it will tend to confirm and illustrate the real meaning of that record which ends with these words, "So the heavens and the earth were finished, and the furniture of them, and on the seventh day God ended the work which He had made."*

A. W.

* Gen. ii. 1, 2.

The Story of de Rancé.

I.

IF a philosophical historian of the Church were required to select a chapter in her annals, limited as to time to two or three centuries, and as to place to a single country in Christendom, for the purpose of showing therein as in a sort of epitome the action of the great principles and antagonistic elements the conflict and development of which make up her history as a whole, he could hardly fasten upon a better subject for such a chapter than the history of the French Church from the time of the Reformation to that of the Revolution. The period is not too long to be mastered by a single mind, or to be comprised within the compass of a book of endurable length; the materials, though very abundant, are not hopelessly and bewilderingly unmanageable; and there would be instances in the course of such a narrative of almost all the characteristic incidents, events, personages, or complications which repeat themselves over and over again in the long drama of the life of the militant Church. The influence and position of the Papacy, the relations between Church and State, the encroachments and usurpation of the civil power, the almost inconceivable patience of the Church under such usurpation, the phenomena of religious wars, the principles of toleration or persecution, the development of heresies and the extreme shiftiness and cunning of their partizans, the surprising extent to which good people have been blinded by their influence on the one hand and have been saved by an indefinable instinct from succumbing to them on the other, the jealousies between various orders of the clergy or between secular and religious teachers, the baneful influence of an unscrupulous State policy on the best interests of the Church and State alike, the marvels of her teeming growth of religious life, institutes of charity, heroic selfsacrifice, missionary enterprize and devotion, by the side of the hypocrisy of a world in which even men like Voltaire were obliged to go to mass and Louis the

Fourteenth and his mistresses had to listen to the stern rebukes of Bourdaloue—these, and a whole host of similar elements, cross and recross one another in the history of the French Church, amid a whole galaxy of celebrities, some great in learning, eloquence, or sanctity, others distinguished or infamous for great gifts, great weaknesses, or great crimes. The story is certainly not in all respects bright and happy, for the Church of France in her most prosperous times that fall within the period was stained, in all events outwardly, by great servility to the detestable policy of the Grand Monarque, which at one time almost brought her into an uncatholic position, and at the end she had to atone, by a time of confessorship and martyrdom, confiscation and exile, the almost unparalleled growth of moral evil which had sprung up in the vineyard committed to her care. But in this, in the view on which we are now dwelling, the Church of France passed through what we may call a typical trial, and—though no portion of the Universal Church has that indefectible stability secured by divine promise which belongs to the Head and to the whole Body—she was never unsound at heart, never faithless to her trust, and so she rose again after that partial eclipse in fresh youth and immortal vigour. And, if it were indeed at the commencement of a paper like the present, we might draw out in like manner the typical character of the Jesuit conflict, or of the ecclesiastical reform of St. Vincent Paul and M. Olier, or of the legitimacy of the connection between Voltairianism and Port Royal, or between the movement which issued in the suppression of the Jesuits and the ultimate overthrow of altar and throne alike.

We have said enough, however, to hint at the great value which would attach to a good Catholic history of France and of the French Church during the period which we have named, and now address ourselves to the humbler task which we have set ourselves for the present, of drawing out an episode in the great story which we are imagining, in the shape of a part of the career of one of the famous men whose names occur in such abundance in the religious history of France—a part of his career on which the rest depended as its sequel, and which has left indelible traces of itself which remain to this day. The story of La Trappe cannot be omitted in any account of religion in France or even in the world, and the conversion, to use the common word, of the remarkable man who made La Trappe what it was, has about it, if we are not mistaken, this repre-

sentative character of which we have already said somewhat in relation to the history of the French Church in general. The dealings of grace with the single souls of men are infinite in their beautiful and marvellous variety, and it would not be true to say that we can so trace out the laws of this divine action as to make a particular instance a pattern in every sense of the word for the rest. Still, we observe in this instance a gradual growth, a successive use of various influences, sudden blows succeeded by patient waiting, a leading of the soul of de Rancé along an upward path, of which he not only did not see the issue, but which ended at last in an issue from which he at first shrank with a kind of abhorrence which was in itself a sort of forecast of what the final sacrifice required of him would be, and in this respect the history is not only extremely interesting in itself, but wonderfully full of instruction as to the ways of that Blessed Spirit, Who "reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly."* Such being the case, we have enough to justify the expression which we have used about the representative character of the conversion of de Rancé, and we may proceed to set before our readers, as far as a few short pages enable us to complete the picture, an outline of the successive steps of this remarkable change.

II.

The first important step in the life of Armand Jean Bouthillier, known in history as the Abbé de Rancé, took place on September 19, 1637, in the sacristy of Notre Dame de Paris. The day before had witnessed the funeral of a boy, who, according to the strange custom of the time, had possessed, among a number of other benefices, the high position of a Canon of Notre Dame. This boy, Denis François Bouthillier, was the elder brother of Armand Jean, of whom we are speaking, who derived his Christian name from his godfather, Cardinal Richelieu, a family friend of Denis Bouthillier de Rancé, the father of both boys. As the revenues which had been accumulated upon the head of Denis François were considerable, it was a matter of importance to the family to secure them, if possible, for his younger brother, who now became the eldest surviving son of his father. For this reason, and for no other, Armand Jean's path in life was now fixed as far as it could be fixed at so early an age. He was eleven years old, having been

* Wisdom viii. 1.

born in January, 1626. The day after the funeral, then, the father took the boy into the sacristy and presented the letters of the Bishop of Paris, in the first place conferring the canonry and prebend on the elder son, and then on the second after his brother's death, and the lad of eleven took the usual oath of the members of the Chapter, was invested with the insignia of a canon, and was solemnly installed in the seats of the choir boys. He had been educated hitherto to be a Knight of Malta, and there seems to have been nothing unusual in this sudden change of his vocation on the part of his father. Armand Jean was now enrolled among the young canons "*in minoribus*," who were supposed to be attending to the studies which were to fit them by and bye for their duties as members of the Chapter. He had an income of two thousand *livres* from his canonry, and his only duties were to be present at the High Mass in Notre Dame on the four principal festivals of the year to receive Holy Communion. Even from this slender amount of attendance he was dispensed on account of his feeble health.

His father was an upright religious man, bent upon advancing his children, and seeing no harm in their possessing large ecclesiastical revenues, according to the custom of the French Church at this time. Before long, the remaining pieces of preferment which his elder boy had enjoyed were heaped upon his successor. He was Abbot of La Trappe, of the order of Citeaux, of Notre Dame du Val, of the order of St. Augustine, of St. Symphorien at Beauvais, of the order of St. Benedict, and Prior of Boulogne, near Chambord, of the order of Grandmont. He had already an abbey of his own before his brother died, that of St. Clementin in Poitou. Altogether, the lad's income amounted to fifteen thousand *livres* annually. The good Bouthillier, as we have said, saw no harm in all this. He was a man of constancy and integrity. He had been secretary to Queen Marie de Medicis before the rise of Richelieu, and had one day refused to put on paper a biting letter which the Queen had dictated to him against Anne of Austria to the King. When Marie de Medicis fell before Richelieu, and was forced to leave France, Bouthillier prepared to follow her at the risk of his fortune and chances of advancement, but the Queen herself forbade him. A time of disgrace followed, for Richelieu did not forgive him his faithfulness to Marie de Medicis, and Bouthillier was on the point of retiring into the country to his fine estate at Veretz. But it happened that Anne of Austria heard of the anecdote of

his refusal to write the letter, and she took him into favour and protected and advanced his children. When he received, first for one son and then for another, the abbey which his brother, then Bishop of Boulogne, afterwards Archbishop of Tours, resigned in their favour, he only did what was thought perfectly correct and even religious at the time in which he lived. What is more, he never seems to have had the least scruple about using the revenues which thus accrued to the boys for the benefit of the family. St. Charles Borromeo, when he was in the same circumstances in his boyhood, is said to have warned his father that the revenues of his benefices belonged to the poor. The young de Rancé could hardly be expected to make the same remorse. In after years the restitution to which this squandering of his income obliged him weighed heavily upon his conscience but we are not told that any qualm came over that of the worthy Denis Bouthillier. The evil custom was too common and too inveterate to be a matter of remorse, although it is certain, from the life of de Rancé, that among good ecclesiastics the pluralism of benefices, and the possession of abbey *in commendam*, were considered dangerous abuses.

The years between the age of eleven and seventeen flow rapidly over the head of the youthful canon of Notre Dame. His father had provided him, even before his preferment, with excellent masters, one a priest, M. l'Abbé Favier, who taught him his earliest lessons, and was the first witness to his extraordinary quickness and activity of mind, another a layman, a certain M. de Bellerophon, a first-rate hellenist—less French than Grecian—says the biographer whom we mainly follow—who soon made his pupil a first-rate Greek scholar. Armand lost his mother in the course of the year after the death of his brother. His mother is said to have loved him more than all her other children, and have taken great pains in his education as far as it fell into her hands. He, in return, loved her, revered her, and obeyed her with a singular devotion, which showed itself particularly in his attentive watchfulness during her last illness. Another pleasant trait of these early years is contained in the great affection which he always bore to his old instructors, with whom, in after years he corresponded perpetually. His father assigned a pension to the Abbé Favier for life, and when the time came for the Abbé de Rancé himself to resign all his benefices, the first resignation which he made was of his abbey of St. Symphorien in favour of the same old friend.

In the next year, 1629, we find the persevering young Abbé appearing in print, and dedicating to his godfather, Cardinal Richelieu, nothing more nor less than an edition of *Anacreon*, with Greek scholia by himself. He was then only eighteen. The book, we believe, is excessively rare, but if we may judge of the account given of it, it must have been a very good piece of scholarship. Whether *Anacreon* was exactly the sort of poet an edition of whom ought to have been dedicated to a Cardinal by a young ecclesiastic, is of course a question open to discussion. The object of the publication, which was determined on by Armand's father, was doubtless to ingratiate the young author with the great Minister, who was now approaching the end of his career, and who, among other weaknesses, had the vanity of thinking himself a good scholar. Whether the Cardinal was flattered or not, it is certain that there was soon a proposal to confer upon young de Rancé another abbey *in commendam*, of larger revenues than any which he already possessed. The proposal reached the ears of Père Caussin, the confessor of the King, and he remonstrated on the ground that nothing but unequivocal signs of the highest possible capacity could justify the heaping of benefices on one so young. The King told him that young Armand knew more Latin and Greek than all the Abbés in the kingdom. Caussin managed to have an interview with de Rancé, and tried him with a passage of Homer, which he read out in French without taking the trouble to read it over first in the Greek. Caussin was converted to a belief in his great talents, but the preferment was happily avoided for this time.

The quickness, brilliancy, and industry which are instanced in this anecdote of young de Rancé, are very important features in his character, and exercised great influence in his career. If he had been dull, or indolent, he would probably have sunk far lower than he did in the times of dissipation and worldliness which preceded his conversion, for intellectual activity braces up the mind, developes the higher faculties, and, in proportion, dries up the sources of passion, though this result may be indefinitely marred in cases where pride blinds the soul and prepares it for disgraceful falls. The frivolous apathetic vacuity of an utterly uncultivated mind is pretty sure to fall a prey to the lowest and most degraded forms of vice when external restraints are withdrawn and the heyday of youth invites to every kind of indulgence. We may consider

de Rancé's "intellectualism," if we may avail ourselves of a much abused word, as having been to a certain extent his safeguard, and we may heartily wish that some of our *fainéants* young gentlemen of the present day had more opportunities given them of similar protection from the seductions of animal pleasure. De Rancé, in fact, was a great student in the common sense of the term. He went through a complete course of philosophy and theology, attending lectures and practising himself in disputations. He began his philosophy in 1642, and did not take his degree as doctor till 1654. Study flourished in those days in Paris. The rivalry between the University and the Jesuits forced both sides to do their best in securing good professors and in practising their pupils. The mind was admirably formed in many respects in which our modern training generally is deficient; and this difference lay chiefly in those points on which what we may call the manhood and maturity of the mind, the development by practice and conflict of its reasoning powers, its selfcommand, its confidence in its own weapons, its dexterity in their use, and its perception of the circumstances under which they are no longer to be used, would seem to depend. The length of the ordinary course of theology was a great advantage which it is hardly possible even to appreciate at the present day, though we have happily retained the Church's method of teaching by lectures and disputations as absolutely essential to the formation of any one who has the slightest claim to be called a theologian in the proper sense of the term.

Armand de Rancé made his studies in philosophy at the College d'Harcourt, where there was at that time a famous professor, M. du Chevreil. He paid great attention to logic. The physical part of philosophy was then studied in Aristotle, and we find his influence telling in a curious way in a temporary devotion of the young student to the absurdities of astrology, which seems to have had a kind of attraction for certain minds at that time, like that which "spiritism" possesses for others in our own day. While he was studying his philosophy, he lost, on December 4, 1642, his patron, Cardinal Richelieu, to whom he seems to have been sincerely attached, and almost at the same moment his brother in law, M. de Belin, who was assassinated by the Marquis de Bonnivet. Armand would certainly have taken the law into his own hands and avenged the murder, but, lightly as the ecclesiastical habit sat upon him,

he had sufficient respect for it not to wish to stain it with blood. In 1643 he began his series of "theses" by "defending" in philosophy. This thesis was dedicated to the Queen, who was now regent, with Mazarin by her side instead of Richelieu—Mazarin, who made a point of withdrawing the royal favour from those on whom it had shone during the ministry of his great predecessor, and had already begun to humble the family of the Bouthilliers. The dispute in philosophy was very keen, as there was much jealousy against the College d'Harcourt and M. de Chevreil, whose reputation cast that of other philosophers into the shade. The story goes that Armand de Rancé was hard pressed by a certain professor who had come to argue against him, and who alleged in support of his own objection the authority of Aristotle. De Rancé, full of the accurate scholarship which he had derived from the lessons of M. de Bellerophon, declared that he had never read Aristotle except in Greek, and that he should like to have the quotation in the original language. The professor, who did not know Greek, was silenced, and when the text was produced, Armand pointed out how that the original words had been badly translated in the version which had been quoted against him. Another professor came to the rescue of his colleague, and the dispute was at last put an end to by the interference of the Duc de Montbazon, who came up shaking his cane as if to separate two men engaged in an actual fight. De Rancé retired from the disputation covered with glory. He was admitted "master of arts" in August, 1644.*

From philosophy the young Abbé passed on to theology. He had two professors to teach him at his father's house, instead of going to the ordinary schools at the Sorbonne; and he was able to obtain leave to take his degrees notwithstanding, on condition that he attended the disputations from time to time. At first we find him foolishly inflated with his own quickness and powers of acquisition. "I hope," he writes to his old teacher, M. Favier, "to be in a short time a great theologian. . . . In eight months I shall have got through all my

* The Abbé Dubois, whose history of the Abbé de Rancé is the source from which this article is mainly drawn, tells us that to gain to the degree of master of arts two years study in a College were required, and two examinations of an hour each. The second examination took place at St. Genevieve or at Notre Dame, and when it was over, the candidate knelt before the Chancellor of the University, who gave him the cap, or "bonnet," with power to teach humanities in any College of the University (Dubois, t. i., p. 38).

‘scholastic theology,’* and during sixteen more which must pass before I can be a bachelor, I shall give myself entirely to the reading of the Fathers, the Councils, and ecclesiastical history.” And he adds, “As soon as ever I can I shall take to preaching.” He certainly read a great deal of matter collateral to the treatises which were required for the baccalaureat. He had the misery at one time not to like St. Thomas. He told his friend in another letter, that he not only objects to the rudeness of the language of the Angelical Doctor, but also “as his opinions are very far from agreeing with mine, I wish to know him only in order to condemn whatever does not fall in with my own views.” Pretty well, this, for a young student of twenty! But he was too sensible not to recover easily from this absurdity, out of which he was helped by some learned Carmelites at Charenton, whose course on St. Thomas he used to frequent for practice in disputations.

There are little traits of character in these notices which remain to us of de Rancé when he was beginning his theological studies, and for this reason they may be mentioned here; but we must hurry on to later stages in his interesting career. He passed his preliminary examination for the degree of bachelor in June, 1646, and maintained his theses in the following February. This disputation was his *tentativa*, and seems to answer to what is now called a “Public Act” in our Catholic Colleges. On this occasion, again, de Rancé distinguished himself greatly. His antagonist, or one of his antagonists, was a friend of his own, the Abbé de Champvallon—one of those clever, reactionary theological disputants who are at present hardly to be found outside Rome, and who will probably be soon altogether extinguished, along with other more important results of the cultivation of sacred learning, in the night of barbarism which will follow upon the prolonged occupation of the Holy City by Victor Emmanuel and his horde of pilferers. De Champvallon was a young man of dissipated life, but of extreme courtliness and an accomplished disputant. After the *tentativa*, two years more must elapse before what was called the licentiate, and this again must be followed by a long interval before the doctorate could be attained. We find it noted that at this time de Rancé

* He means the treatises required for his degree, not, of course, all scholastic theology. The treatises were, *De Attributis Divinis*, *de Visione*, *de Scientia Dei*, *de Predestinatione*, *de Trinitate*, *de Angelis*, and *de Incarnatione*. Estius seems to have been the great book in those days.

had become a very ardent sportsman. He was strong and vehement in all that he took up, and he was certainly a mighty hunter. More than once, his biographer tells us, he was known to hunt four or five hours in a morning, then throw himself into a carriage—he must always have the swiftest possible horses—and after posting twenty leagues, defend a thesis at the Sorbonne, or preach in some church in Paris, with as much assurance and tranquillity as if he had just come out of his study. We have already mentioned his intention of preaching as soon as he could. It was not that he was on fire with evangelical zeal, and desired to bring home the precious Word of God to wandering or disconsolate souls; but preaching was a trade as well as theology, and it was considered that nothing made a young man a bishop sooner than to have distinguished himself in such a field.*

He was as yet only tonsured, and what is more, he did not seem to have much liking for the idea of receiving sacred orders. Nevertheless, he got permission to preach, and preached with success, beginning his career in the pulpit by a sermon on the occasion of the profession of his own sister at the Annuciades. The young students of his time looked upon such displays as a means of advancement; they practised themselves in sermons as ambitious young men now practise themselves in speeches. Bossuet was one of de Rancé's companions in study, taking his degree of licentiate the same year with him. There was a sort of order of merit, a kind of class list, issued, and in this de Rancé held the first place, Bossuet the third. An anecdote in the life of the future "eagle of Meaux" at this time illustrates our subject. A friend of his, the Marquis de Fouquières, had introduced him to the Hotel de Rambouillet, where the Marquise de Rambouillet held assemblies of men and women of the highest cultivation. De Fouquières spoke in the highest terms of his young friend's powers of eloquence, and it was agreed to put him to the proof by giving him a subject, and shutting him up without any books to compose a sermon which he was to recite then and there. Bossuet was shut up accordingly, and late in the evening preached his discourse to a large assembly.† If Bossuet could show off in this way, we need not be much surprised at finding de Rancé

* The Abbé Dubois quotes La Bruyère, "Le sermonneur est plus tôt eveque que le plus solide ecrivain n'est revetu d'un prieurè simple" (t. i., p. 45).

† See "Le Dieu," *Memoires, etc., sur Bossuet*, t. i., p. 19.

preaching at this time in the churches themselves, by way of exercise.

After a little, his family began to urge him to receive holy orders. His uncle, the Archbishop of Tours, was not very strong in health, and it was intended that the nephew should become first his coadjutor and then his successor. All this might never come to pass if he delayed taking holy orders much longer. A dispensation was procured, which allowed him to receive the major and minor orders, including the priesthood, from any Catholic bishop he might choose, and this without observing the usual "interstices." Nevertheless he hung back from the priesthood. It was agreed that he should receive the other orders, and prepare himself for them by a retreat at St. Lazare, under the guidance of the holy M. Vincent, as he was then called, who is now known all over the world as St. Vincent de Paul. St. Vincent exercised a most salutary influence over the young canon, but the time was not yet come for his complete conquest by grace. He began to wear the clerical dress, he learnt how to meditate, to examine himself, and to perform the ecclesiastical ceremonies with accuracy. This was in 1648. In 1649 he began his licentiate—that is, the two years which intervened between that degree and the crowning of his theological studies by the collation of the doctorate. They were always years of hard study and continuous practice in disputation, and it appears that emulation was not added to the other motives which had before urged him to exertion, as the "licentiates" of the same standing were pitted one against another. He had plenty of "acts" to maintain, as well as to figure in the ordinary disputations: there was the Major Ordinaria for ten hours, the Minor Ordinaria for five hours, and last of all the Sorbonica, which was always held in the great hall of the Sorbonne, and in which the candidate held his own, like a knight in the lists, "from morn to dewy eve"—from six in the morning to six in the evening. But even the studies and conflicts of the licentiate did not satisfy the appetite of de Rancé, for we find a long list of other matters of which he made himself master—history, controversy, chronology, heraldry, painting, and geography. This activity of mind had at all events the effect of making him too busy to lead a life of soft luxurious pleasure, and contributed, no doubt, in a measure to the activity and manliness of his character. In the same way, in those troublous times of the Fronde, he

threw himself with ardour into the plans of the enemies of the Court.

He was at last ordained priest by his uncle, the Archbishop of Tours, in January, 1651. He was then twenty five years old. There is a story about his first mass which paints him to us at this time, and shows that the influence of St. Vincent de Paul had not altogether faded away upon him. Great preparation had been made at the church of the Annunciades, where his sister was a nun, for the ceremony, the altar and church were magnificently decorated, and invitations issued to the Court and chief families in Paris. But de Rancé suddenly went off to hide himself at the Carthusian monastery, where he offered his first mass in solitude and secrecy. Nevertheless, he did not make any alteration in the usual dissipation of his life, as far as his studies, which still continued, allowed him leisure to be dissipated. The "Sorbonica" took place in February, therefore only a few weeks after he had been ordained priest. Then came the ceremony of the "paranymphs," as it was called. The licentiates in theology chose one from among themselves to make an harangue, to which the Chancellor of the University, the Parliament, and other great bodies and dignitaries, were invited. There were at the same time a number of recitations, poems, epigrams, and the like, and the "paranymph" elect had the privilege of saying a few words about each of his colleagues in the licentiate. It was a sort of Commemoration—without, we may suppose, the presence of a brilliant assembly of ladies and of a mob of bellowing undergraduates. Bossuet was chosen paranymph, and had, no doubt, some pleasant words to say concerning the Abbé de Bouthilliers, who beat him in the contest for the first place among the licentiates, and was his intimate and valued friend.

Two years passed between the ordination of de Rancé to the priesthood and his actually taking his doctor's degree. The delay was occasioned by the interruption of his studies in consequence of the sudden death of his father, in February, 1653. M. de Bouthilliers was at his chateau at Veretz, of which we shall soon hear more in this account of his son. The Abbé was summoned from Paris in all haste, and arrived in time to see his father receive the last sacraments. The next day, M. de Bouthilliers was dead. The management of affairs, which devolved on Armand Jean in his capacity of executor of his father's will, effectually prevented his resuming his studies till early in 1654, when he was at last received doctor, after an

amusing conflict between the Sorbonne and the Chapter Notre Dame as to the dress in which he was to appear on the occasion, which nearly issued in his having to go without the doctorate after all. He had to maintain two theological "Acts" before the degree could be conferred.

He was twenty eight years of age, handsome, graceful, venturesome, though of delicate health, and highly accomplished, full of talent in conversation, gifted with singular powers both of expression and attractiveness, and adding to his renown for learning and skill in theology a character for nobleness, frankness, and spotless honour which made it impossible for any one to question a word that he said. Besides his ecclesiastical revenues, he had two large houses in Paris, left him by his father, as well as the baronial domain of Veretz, "one of the richest and finest, not only in Touraine, but in all France," says his biographer. His income at the time must have been between forty and fifty thousand *livres* annually. He was a star in all brilliant societies, and in company he usually dressed splendidly though retaining some appearance of ecclesiastical character. In the country, and especially when he was following his favourite pastime, the hunt, he was dressed entirely as a secular gentleman, except when people came to visit him on matters of ecclesiastical business. He had eight carriage horses, very fine plate, and kept an exquisite table. It was at this time of his life that he sank lowest in the moral scale. The excitement of study and the pursuit of knowledge had died away in his mind; he had nothing to do but to enjoy himself, and this he did without stint. He was freer, too, for his father was dead, and he was in the first enjoyment of the possession of his ample fortune. He had been made a Canon without being consulted and had been almost forced to be a priest, and it would not be very surprising, under all the circumstances, if his fall had been very grievous and very scandalous.

It may disappoint us to find this relapse, as it appears, in utter idleness and frivolity—if into nothing worse—after so many years of hard study and intellectual training. We have spoken of the advantages which de Rancé must have derived in the long, severe struggle between passion and conscience in which his soul was the field, from the mental cultivation which he had given so many years, and for which, even afterwards, as a monk of La Trappe, he was remarkable. How *it, then, that* as soon as his curriculum in the University

shed, he fell at once into the inactivity and empty frivolity of mere votary of pleasure? The answer we conceive to be both noting, because it may touch a defect in the education of men besides the strong rough violent character of whom we are speaking. The thorough training in the philosophy and logic of the time which we suppose de Rancé to have, as different as possible from that mere reading theological books which some would substitute for it, makes sound and able theologians indeed, that is, it makes men accurate, well informed, familiar with what they know, and able well to handle it, and, in particular, it supplies them with that practical apprehension of difficulties and that capacity for understanding the arguments of their opponents of which those who have educated themselves by mere reading are often hopelessly destitute. But it does not of itself give a taste for further study. On the contrary, the contentiousness of the process, the strong application of the principle of emulation, the manner in which public success or public failure are forced upon the student as the two inevitable alternatives, sometimes exhaust the energies of the student, or rather, they put a temporary and factitious strain upon his energies, which suffer by a necessary reaction as soon as the strain is removed.

This is worth dwelling upon. We see no signs in de Rancé of taste for theology as such, of delight in study, of an appetite for further acquaintance with those vast fields of sacred literature which he had run so eagerly, rather as a general scouring of the country to supply himself with provisions and materials for his campaign, than as a traveller come to make himself acquainted with its beauties and its resources. And in lower fields of education we sometimes see the same disappointing result in rising boys and girls in whom the spur of emulation and anxiety to shine in examinations and to gain prizes, secure brilliant momentary success, but who go from their schools without the slightest taste for reading, without an appetite whetted for further satisfaction on any conceivable object of intellectual interest, content to remain children all their lives, whom nothing but the piquant garbage of a sensational novel can ever tempt to take a book into their hands for half an hour. We do not blame the system which uses emulation so freely, but education must not trust to motives of transient influence for results which are to be permanent. Many untrained child grows up with real literary tastes, with a

mind whose appetite for knowledge has been wholesome developed at the same time that its faculties of acquiring and digesting knowledge have been ripened, without the undenial advantages of the class room and the contact and conflict with others of its own age, and this result, we suppose, is due to the wisdom of parents or instructors, who have looked beyond the lesson of the day, and have known how to open the stores of thought and science of every kind in such a way as to stimulate the desire for a deeper acquaintance with their exhaustless treasures, and the courage for the serious but delightful exertion which that acquaintance demands for its price.

III.

The Abbé Dubois tells us that at this dangerous time of idleness the Abbé de Rancé had conceived, with two friends, a plan of setting out with a large sum of money between them and travelling over the world in search of adventures as long as their funds lasted. The idea was certainly characteristic rather than commendable. It shows a sort of recklessness which might soon, perhaps, have brought him to great excesses at home. About this time, however, his family began to be anxious that he should have some conspicuous post or employment, in order to secure his future advancement, and perhaps also to keep him out of mischief—just as some young scapegrace of a noble family is sometimes sent into Parliament with us “to give him something to do.” We have already heard of his uncle, the Archbishop of Tours, whom it was designed that he should succeed. An archdeaconry in his diocese fell vacant, and it was offered to the brilliant young doctor, whose ambition had been extinguished by his inactivity, and who accepted it gladly. It took him away from Paris, which was a great gain; but unfortunately his own beautiful and luxurious Veretz, with its groves and streams and forests, was not far from Tours, and the new archdeacon of Outre-Vienne took up his residence there instead of in the cathedral city. His position in the diocese gave him still greater prominence in the eyes of the world than that which he had before enjoyed, and Veretz became the resort of a perpetually changing gay and brilliant society, the general tone of which was not so much ecclesiastical as secular and profane. It became almost as desirable to take him away from Veretz, in its present condition, as it had before been desirable to get him away from Paris. His uncle managed to get him

elected as a deputy of the second order of the clergy in the Assembly of the clergy of France, which was to meet at Paris (1655). The Archbishop could not bring about his own election, and though he tried to force himself in, he was obliged, when the question came before the Assembly itself, to retire on pretext of failing health. The Archdeacon de Rancé, although his election had been carried with difficulty, was at once appreciated by the Assembly, and made a member of several important commissions. As his exquisite scholarship was well known, he was asked to translate into French the Greek works of St. Ephrem, but he was unable to find any good manuscripts.*

Other more dangerous employments were thrust upon him, and some of them brought him across Cardinal Mazarin. The first was the affair of the Archbishop of Rouen, Mgr. de Harlay, an intimate friend of de Rancé—no other than Abbé de Champvallon, who disputed so long with him in one of his public "Acts." He had been made coadjutor to his uncle, and in 1655 had succeeded him as Archbishop. The Court had dealt with him with a very high hand indeed. One of his suffragans, the Bishop of Coutances, had held an ordination in Paris in the exile of Cardinal de Retz, and had been censured by his metropolitan for this breach of the canons. The ordination had been held at the suggestion of Mazarin, whose answer to the remonstrances of Mgr. de Harlay was a *lettre de cachet* ordering him to keep in his own diocese. When the time came for the elections to be made for the Assembly of the clergy, the Archbishop found that only one of his suffragans, with the deputies from his diocese, obeyed his summons to hold the election at Gaillon, the rest assembling at Vernon and choosing deputies of their own. This was done by order of Mazarin, and when the Assembly attempted to discuss the claims of the rival deputies, or rather, to reject unanimously those who had been elected at Vernon, the Court sent an order that the latter were to be admitted, and the others excluded. The Assembly was, or

* It seems that these Assemblies of the French clergy sometimes took in hand the promotion of works of this kind. At this very Assembly, de Rancé was appointed to examine the edition of the Ecclesiastical Historians, Eusebius, Socrates, and Sozomen, which had been prepared by Henri Valois (Valesius), and which was printed at Paris in 1669, and at Cambridge in 1720. It still remains, we believe, the best edition. As for St. Ephrem, the check put to all great undertakings in the way of editions of the Fathers by the political troubles of the last hundred years is exemplified in the fact that we are still without anything like a complete edition of the works of this singularly interesting Father.

thought itself, forced to submit ; but it did so under protest, declaring that it had no intention of questioning the validity of the ordinance of the Archbishop, nor of opposing the acts of royal authority in his regard.

De Rancé was strong and loud in favour of the Archbishop. At his instance, among others, the Assembly exerted itself to obtain a reversion of the illegal acts which had been committed, and the affair ended in Mazarin's being forced to yield, without retaining considerable rancour against those who had been prominent in defence of the rights of the Church in the matter. The most prominent of all had been de Rancé. The next year (1656) saw the latter engaged in a number of important commissions to which he was named by the Assembly, and he was also now named first "aumônier" to the Duke of Orleans. This post had been held by his uncle, the Archbishop of Tours, who had resigned it and suggested that de Rancé should fill his place. The Duke of Orleans hesitated for a time, as the Abbé was still young, and the place in his own household was usually filled by a bishop. The Abbé might have had a bishopric, too, at this moment, for a Breton bishop offered to exchange his bishopric for one of the abbeys held by him, but he is said to have disdained the offer, as not tempting enough for his ambition. "What should he do in the heart of Brittany among a people he did not understand?" So the bishopric was passed over, and the Duke of Orleans at last gave his consent to the proposal of the Archbishop of Tours, who had no doubt made it in the hope that so distinguished a post as that of *aumônier* to the first prince of the royal blood would secure for his nephew the succession to his own see.

Providence was at work on His own designs, and the Abbé Rancé was soon to be at the end of his chances of promotion, and to cause this salutary disappointment by his own independence and boldness of speech. The Assembly took up the case of Cardinal de Retz, the Bishop of Paris, and now again de Rancé spoke against Mazarin with force and vigour. More than this, he was sent with the Archbishop of Bordeaux, another bishop, and a member of the second order of the clergy, to plead the cause of de Retz with the allpowerful Cardinal. The Archbishop seemed to have been overcome by the presence of Mazarin, and expressed in very softened and inadequate language the message of the Assembly, whereupon the intrepid Abbé interrupted him and appealed to the other deputies whether the Assembly had been

fairly represented to the Minister, and went on in his own words to confute the charges which Mazarin had made against de Retz. Mazarin was offended and indignant, and told de Rancé that the Court was not pleased with his conduct in the Assembly. To this the Abbé replied that the Court must have been misinformed. The breach was so wide and notorious, that the Assembly wished to excuse de Rancé to the Cardinal, but Mazarin replied that he had no intention of doing him any harm. He tried secretly to buy him over by offers of preferment; but they were rejected with cold politeness. Just at this time it happened that the Archbishop of Tours was pressing his suit at the Court that his nephew might be declared his coadjutor. It was at first favourably received, and then thwarted and prevented by the opposition of Mazarin. After his breach with the Cardinal, de Rancé retired from all active participation in the work of the Assembly. His conversion was already begun, and it had been brought about by his own honest independence in the midst of the general servility which unfortunately characterized the Churchmen of France at that period. For the moment he was disgraced and disappointed. The highflown scheme of his ambition had almost been fulfilled. He seemed on the very steps of the archiepiscopal throne, to which he had been taught to look forward. It is clear that with all the selfindulgence and luxury of his life, his presence made itself felt in the Assembly as the presence of a man of power, courage, vigour, and what was more, rectitude and high principle. He had bearded Mazarin himself, and Mazarin's hand was used by Providence to give the first external blow to the hitherto too prosperous fortunes of the future reformer of La Trappe.

After a short and secret visit to Cardinal de Retz himself at Commercy, in Lorraine, de Rancé betook himself once more to Veretz, not, however, to receive as before crowds after crowds of gay and brilliant company. He lived much more in retirement, a few friends only coming to visit him. At this time he is known to have begun to speak about the danger of enjoying a plurality of benefices; he also gave alms largely, and performed many acts of charity. He was on the road to better things, when a further severe blow came upon him, quite unexpected in character, and very different indeed from the rebuff which he had received at the hands of Cardinal Mazarin. He had long been very intimately connected with a gay, dissolute, and beautiful lady, the Duchesse de Montbazou. We

have already had occasion to mention her husband, the ~~old~~ Duc de Montbazon, as a friend of the Abbé's. He had been ~~a~~ a brave officer in the war against the League, and had distinguished himself very much in the service of Henri Quatre; but ~~out~~ his old age had been spent in excesses of every kind. ~~His~~ His wife, the Duchesse of whom we are speaking, one of the most famous beauties of her time, had been forced to marry him ~~him~~ against her own will and that of her parents by the interference of Marie de Medicis. Marie de Bretagne, as she was then called, was sixteen years old, and her husband sixty. He had ~~had~~ a son and a daughter, one fourteen, the other twelve, years old ~~older~~ than his new bride. The Duchesse became known for her brilliant wit, her graceful conversation, and also for her irregular life. At the time of which we are speaking, she had been two or three years a widow. Her widowhood made no change in her life, except that she gave herself greater licence than ever. De Rancé was fifteen years younger than the Duchesse. ~~His~~ His family had long been intimate with the Montbazons, their country seats were close one to another, and he had been brought up almost like a child of the house with the children of the Duchesse. All this made their intimacy natural, and if their characters had been different might have turned the edge of the scandalous talk which circulated concerning them. It was known that the Duchesse was fond of de Rancé, and that her manner to him was different from her manner to any one else. He, on the other hand, was the life and soul of her numerous parties of pleasure, and, in his periods of idleness, had been constantly in the gay society which thronged her house in Paris. They had visited one another, also, frequently in the country, as her villa at Couziers was not far from Veretz. This was all that could be safely affirmed about them, and they seemed even to be on their guard against allowing themselves in anything that might compromise them more openly in the eyes of the world.

De Rancé had returned to Paris in the spring of the year 1657, and was frequenting as usual the parties of the Duchesse de Montbazon, when the sudden blow fell which has so often been spoken of in connection with his conversion. The Swedish ambassador, Count Tot, had asked to be introduced to her, saying he had seen everything most beautiful in Paris but her. She laughed when she heard the compliment (she was already forty-five years old), and appointed the day after the morrow for

the introduction. When he presented himself, her sister met him with the news that the Duchesse was dangerously ill. She had been seized with a fever, which was in truth the symptom of an attack of measles, and she seems to have been badly treated by her physicians. At all events, she was soon on the point of death. De Rancé was at her bedside immediately, warning her of her danger, and bidding her prepare for death. He sent for the curé of the parish to give her the last sacraments, and took himself the management of her temporal affairs, that she might have more time to think of the affairs of her soul. One of his services to her was to go and make excuses in her name to all who were at enmity with her, begging them to be reconciled, that she might die in peace. He had gone to take a little rest after she had received the last sacraments, on the third day of her illness, and was mounting the stairs to her room after his repose, when he was met by the news that she was just dead, after an hour's agony. He was struck as by a mortal blow, almost fainted on the spot, then went home to weep. The next day he fled to Veretz, and shut himself up in solitude.

Romance has made a great deal more of this story than is consistent with truth. Not content with exaggerating the facts as to the nature of the relations which bound de Rancé to the Duchesse—or, at all events, with taking for granted a great deal more than can be proved—it has made a melodrama worthy of a low theatre out of the history of the last illness of the lady, and the surprise of de Rancé at the sudden tidings of her death. According to this story, he knew nothing of her sickness, and no one told him even of her death, but, on turning from an excursion into the country, he went to her house, and entered her apartment alone, where he found a coffin in which she lay. More than this, the tale goes on to say that the coffin had been made too short, and the workmen, not to have to make another, had cut off the head of the corpse to make room for the full length of the body. The head, all body, had been wrapped in the shroud, but had been carelessly let to roll on the ground, where it was the first object that met the eyes of the Abbé de Rancé. Another version makes the physicians guilty of the decapitation, for the sake of some amputation which they wished to make after the death of the Duchesse. The whole story appears to be the invention of a glib writer, Larroque, but it has been adopted by

Chateaubriand and a host of less respectable authors, some of whom bring in a "silver basin" as the appropriate receptacle for the head of the poor lady.

IV.

Those who are ready to believe stories of the kind of which we have just been speaking in the fable of the decapitated Madame de Montbazon, will naturally expect to hear that the sequel to that tragic incident was romantic and immediate—that Abbé de Rancé set off at once and shut himself up in a Trappist monastery. But the workings of divine grace, though they are sometimes rapid, sudden, and overwhelming in a moment, producing instantaneous yet permanent changes, as it were, traversing, as it were, immense moral distances in a moment are not ordinarily violent and startling. Six years were yet to pass before the Abbé de Rancé was to find himself a novice in the Cistercian Reform with which his name is now connected in history, and we may almost call them six years of surprises and dangers to him as well as of most unexpected issues. The danger of which we speak did not come from any revival in himself of the worldly spirit, or from any serious hesitation in the purpose which he now conceived of leading an entirely new life. He had his interior struggles, no doubt, but they never seem to have been enhanced by any weakness of resolution. He had a strong stern nature, which had never been really satisfied with frivolities and luxury. Ambition was more of a danger to him than pleasure or avarice, but his ambition was a high sort, and would probably never have satisfied itself in the advancement which his family desired for him. His conduct at the time of Madame de Montbazon's illness justifies the inference that there were no secret relations between them of that guilty character which the world suspected, though both may have been in blame for allowing what might be expected to give rise to such suspicions. At all events, de Rancé was never in danger of a relapse into such habits of intimacy. Nevertheless, he was in real danger of being drawn into the gloomy, proud, intriguing and ambitious set of men and women whose headquarters were at Port Royal, and who seem to have been among the most complete reproductions of the Pharisees of old and of the Arians and SemiArians of the fourth century that history has to show. The Jansenists at that time claimed as their own all that there was of austere virtue and penitential spirit in France, and they

were always on the look out for recruits, either among the rich and powerful, or among the learned and intellectual, men of the day. As de Rancé combined in himself qualifications of both the kinds of which the Jansenists were so eager to secure the service, it is quite natural to find that they did all that they could to make him their own.

De Rancé, whose bent was undoubtedly to severity in doctrine and practice, and who was, moreover, a sort of born Frondeur—one of those men who find their place most naturally in an "Opposition" of any sort, even ecclesiastical—was just the person to fall in with the Jansenists up to a certain point, and, indeed, he had already had some dealings and formed some connections with their party. We had lately to speak of the censure passed on Arnauld by the Sorbonne in January, 1656, and of the refusal of some of the doctors to submit to it. Among the recusants was de Rancé, but, as it appears, rather on account of his disapproval of what appeared to him an arbitrary and high handed manner of crushing Arnauld, than because he shared his opinions. Later on we find him allied with the party, but he was never one of them. In fact, if he had become a thorough Port Royalist, he would have been a very unmanageable subject even for Antoine Arnauld to deal with. De Rancé would have made himself a leader, or would have broken with any one from whom he could not wrest the leadership. He was too strong a man for the narrow though able minds who guided the Jansenists, who, though their position inside the Church instead of outside—as they ought to have been—gave them the power to do incalculable mischief to souls, were yet hindered by that very position from a good deal of organization and development which might have resulted from their becoming openly schismatics and rebels. They could influence a great deal, they could create nothing. One of the vices of the party—a vice which we very often find in parties like theirs outside the Catholic Church—was a considerable fondness for money. De Rancé had already heard of this in the case of the property left behind him by his uncle, the Comte de Chavigny, a very distinguished man in his day. The Comte had died after a short illness, during which Singlin, the director of the Port Royal *religieuses*, had heard his confession, and had been a long time closeted with him more than once. After his death his widow found that an immensely valuable bundle of *billets d'épargne* and other money bills, to the amount

of eleven hundred thousand francs, of which she had always had the custody, but which her husband had lately placed in his cabinet for the purpose of making some necessary alteration in one of the documents, was missing, and on inquiry it turned out that it had been handed over to the Messieurs de Port Royal. As her husband trusted her in everything she was convinced that, if he had placed the bundle of notes in the hands of Singlin at all, it had only been when he was wandering in his illness, thinking that he was giving back the packet to her. She went off at once, though it was very early in her mourning, at the head of eleven of her children, to complain to the Parliament, and raised a storm against the Jansenists which they little expected. The affair was referred to arbitrators, who decided that a million of francs was to be returned to the Comtesse, the Jansenists retaining a hundred thousand francs for alms and "restitutions," for which purpose Singlin alleged that the money had been placed in his hands. Even this result was thought to be unfair to the family, two of the arbitrators being secretly in connection with Port Royal.*

We are not told whether this affair had made de Rancé at all suspicious of the Jansenist party. It is certain that for a long time after his retreat from the world he was in intimate communication with the old Arnauld d'Andilly, the patriarch of the family, and even made him his director in the spiritual life. For three months after the death of Madame de Montbazon, de Rancé remained in gloomy solitude at Veretz. At Tours there was a Convent of the Visitation founded by his own uncle, the Archbishop, one of the inmates of which was a lady known as Mère Louise, who had been a great beauty in her youth, a mistress of the Duc d'Orleans, but who, like Madame de la Valliere at a later time, had found grace to repent of her fall and had taken refuge in religion, where she earned a high reputation for sanctity. De Rancé seems to have visited her or written to her, and she urged him to take one of the Oratorians, Père Seguenot, as a director. At this time his design of leaving the world was already vaguely formed, and he had also determined to restore to the Church the sums of money which had been derived from the benefices which he had enjoyed from his youth, and which had been so flagrantly misappropriated. His acquaintance with Seguenot led to his making a retreat, and living in retirement for some time, at the Oratory in Paris,

* See Dubois, t. i., pp. 62, 63; Rapin's *Memoires*, t. i., p. 466, *seq.*

where he chose Père de Mouchy as his guide, and practised severe penances. When it came to the question of the manner of life which he should embrace for the future, his director hesitated as well as himself. At one time there was a thought of his going to the foreign missions. The time when he was to see his way clearly had not come, but Père de Mouchy and others of his friends at the Oratory were Jansenistically inclined, and it was the interest of the party to keep him undecided. After some stay in Paris, we find him visiting Arnauld d'Andilly at Port Royal itself. De Rancé had an aunt who was devoted to Port Royal, and through her, probably, the visit was brought about; and from this time we must date the direct influence of Arnauld upon his spiritual life.

He lived now at Veretz, with a regular *horarium* of his time, which was spent in prayer and study. He was to study the work of St. Cyran, *Petrus Amelius*, a book full of Gallicanism and much well masked Jansenism, which at that day imposed on a large part of the clergy of France. He also occupied himself with a sort of work which was in favour with the Jansenists—literary translation; for some of his performances of this kind Arnauld was indiscreet enough to snub him. Attempts were made to draw him to Port Royal as his place of abode, but all these failed, even though Arnauld hinted to him that he was himself thinking of contracting the range of his correspondence, and that he might possibly have to lose him as a director by letter. De Rancé was always polite, always very grateful and very submissive, but he never would take the step which would have bound him hand and foot to Port Royal. He declined, at the same time, the pressing invitation of his uncle the Archbishop to accompany him to Paris, where his family very much wished him to make his appearance once more. He persevered in his isolation and in his determination to renounce the world, although it was not yet clear to him what course of life he should adopt. Yet, as time went on, the necessity of some further change began to urge itself upon him. Veretz had become a haunt of silence, prayer, study, and penance; but he was still his own master, living in his own way in a beautiful country seat, with his books for his chief companions. He was living the life of one of the—not very solitary—solitaries of Port Royal, and he felt instinctively drawn to something more perfect. Then, also, he had made no progress towards the renunciation of his numerous benefices, or towards the resti-

tution of the money which he had, as he now saw, misappropriated.

He received another blow, which may have helped him to quicken his steps, in 1660—the third year from the date of his retirement from the world. This was the death of his patron, the Duc d'Orleans. This prince had been for some time living, in retirement and disgrace with the Court, at Blois, making some amends for a wild and dissipated life by works of piety and charity. He was carried off after an illness of a week, in February, 1660. The Abbé de Rancé, as his first *aumônier* assisted him in his illness, and is said to have made the most moving and touching exhortations at the time when the last sacraments were administered to him. His friend the Père Mouchy, as well as the Bishop of Orleans, was present at the same time, and after the Duke had breathed his last, the Oratorian and de Rancé began to talk together about the nothingness of this world. De Rancé's desire to abandon it altogether revived with new force, but his friend, who only thought of seeing him an exemplary ecclesiastic, had no very definite plan to suggest to him. After a short stay with a friend near Mans, in the Chateau de la Groirie, where a long dark alley in the grounds which bears his name is still to be seen, de Rancé betook himself once more to Veretz, which, however, he was making up his mind to abandon for ever. Meanwhile, he began preaching to the peasants around.

In the course of the same year he consulted the Bishop of Chalons on the double subject of the resignation of his benefices, and of a more absolute retreat from the world. On the former point he was advised to give up his pluralities, and even to make restitution of the revenues which had been misapplied by his father and by himself. On the second point, the bishop advised him to consult a man famous at the time for piety and austerity of life, Mgr. Pavillon, Bishop of Aleth. Pavillon had been the friend of M. Olier, and had been formed by St. Vincent of Paul, who called him his own right arm. St. Vincent forced him to accept the bishopric of Aleth, a see on the confines of France and Spain, in a wild, bleak, desolate tract, the people of which were as rude and ignorant as their country was miserable. Most unfortunately, Mgr. Pavillon first hesitated about signing the formula condemnatory of Jansenism, thinking that the line of neutrality was the line for men of peace, and later on fell

still more decidedly into the Jansenist toils.* He carried simplicity and austerity to an extreme in his own life, and was probably won to Jansenism by the apparent severity of its doctrines and practices. At the time of which we are speaking, he had not pronounced himself in its favour. Circumstances somewhat delayed the visit of de Rancé. At first the bishop was on his visitation, and after that, the Court of France was in the neighbourhood, as it was the time when Louis the Fourteenth went to St. Jean-de-Luz to receive his bride, Maria Teresa of Spain. Either during this interval of delay or before, de Rancé seems for a time to have thought seriously of presenting himself at the doors of the Grande Chartreuse. The project, or the thought, got wind, and created great alarm in his family. But he was destined for other things.

He at last left for the south of France, near the end of June, 1660, going first to a friend of his, M. de Choiscul, Bishop of Comminges, in the same part of the country with Aleth. Mgr. de Choiscul was a learned, active, pious, and selfdenying bishop. He kept de Rancé with him for a full month, approving his idea of sacrificing his benefices, but hoping to see him some day a great prelate, the light of the Church of France. The account of Aleth and its bishop, the ruggedness of the country, the dangers of the roads, the plain unfurnished episcopal palace, the scanty fare and poor lodging which greeted the guest on his arrival, is most picturesque. Mgr. Pavillon, when it came to the point of what advice he should give to de Rancé in his perplexities, certainly did not spare him. He recommended him to give his brothers and sisters their share in his father's property, and then to sell the rest, the proceeds of which were to be divided between the repairs of the neglected churches in his benefices, and some of the hospitals of Paris. When the Abbé said that he should raise all his family in arms against him by such a step, the bishop asked whether he had any other means of indemnifying the churches and the poor for what they had been deprived of; and when he was answered in the

* Père Rapin tells us (*Memoires*, t. i., p. 367) that Mgr. Pavillon at first made use of the Jesuits of Toulouse as aids in his missions to his people, and always lodged with them when he came to Toulouse, but that his mind was perverted by reading Arnauld's famous book, *On Frequent Communion*. He took it up so warmly, that he began to think that the virtue of penitence was more salutary than the Sacrament of Penance, and gave orders that absolution should be frequently deferred, and that very long penances should be exacted. The Jesuits did not agree to so much severity, and the bishop turned against them.

negative, he simply quoted our Lord's words, "He who loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." But beyond this the bishop did not go. He was content that after the distribution just spoken of, de Rancé should reserve such benefices as were necessary for his decent maintenance reminding him also that the Abbots *in commendam* had duties to discharge both as to the temporal and spiritual interests of the religious communities whose revenues they shared. For the rest, he wished him to remain in the world so far as to assist his uncle in the government of his diocese, and he probably hoped that he would one day be his successor. This did not seem to please de Rancé; and then the bishop took him with him for a week of missionary labour among the wild inhabitants of the mountains around Aleth, and after having given him the experience of the hardships as well as of the consolations of an active Apostolical life, he asked him whether it were not preferable to the retirement of anchorites or cenobites?

These suggestions of the good bishop might have revealed to de Rancé his true vocation, by the intense opposition which they caused in his heart. He had always had an extreme aversion for the religious life, on which he probably looked with a sort of contempt, and before this time in the interval which had passed since his "conversion," a friend had suggested to him the idea of taking the habit in one of his own communities, but it had been received with some repugnance. Nevertheless, his conversations with Mgr. Pavillon showed that he could not be satisfied with remaining in his present position; and if he could not be a solitary hermit any more than a secular ecclesiastic, what remained for him but religion? He left Aleth full of admiration for the bishop,* and determined to go at least as far as his advantage would lead him in the pale of renunciation; not determined however, to go no further. He went from Aleth to Pamiers, the bishop of which see was Mgr. de Caulet, one of the companions of M. Olier in the foundation of St. Sulpice, who, like M. Pavillon, had been selected for this bishopric by St. Vincent of Paul. He was a great friend of Mgr. Pavillon, and the two bishops each year spent a certain time together. Mgr. de Caulet

* It is curious that the biographers of de Rancé give a letter of his concerning this visit, in which he bears witness to the staunch orthodoxy of Mgr. Pavillon, who at that time spoke to him most strongly against the resistance to the signature of the *Formulary*, and says that he conjured him, when he took his leave, not to let himself be induced to join the recusants.

was another of the holy severe men of the time who were caught **by** the snares and intrigues of Jansenism ; but at the time of **de** Rancé's visit he was generally regarded as one of the best **bishops** of France.

Mgr. de Caulet added another blow to those which de Rancé **had** already received. The Abbé told him what had passed **between** Mgr. d'Aleth and himself, and he complained in a **pleasant** way that he had deprived him of his patrimony and **left** him his benefices alone. The bishop asked him how many **he** had of them left. "Five," was his answer; "three abbacies and **two** priories." "Then," said de Caulet, "you have been treated **like** a child, as if you were not capable of solid food. An ecclesiastic who wishes to belong to God in good earnest ought to **be** content with a single benefice." And he asked him what the **people** would say of the converted, zealous, enlightened Abbé **de** Rancé, who had given all his goods to the poor and was **aiming** at walking in the narrow way, kept still three abbeys **and** two priories? De Rancé remonstrated; he could live upon **nothing** in solitude, if he were allowed to retire thither; but if he **was** to remain as he was, after sacrificing a fortune of a hundred **thousand** crowns, he must have something to support a certain **state**—a retinue, a carriage, servants, and the like. The good **bishop**, however, told him that he was like St. Paul after his **conversion**, before the scales fell from his eyes. Little enough **was** wanted for a really penitent life; he might retire to one of **his** benefices, where he might occupy himself with holy reading, **preaching** in the neighbourhood, and helping the poor, as **St.** Augustine lived after his conversion.

Here was another step, forced upon de Rancé by the authority **and** eloquence of his new friend. He promised now to give up **his** benefices as well as his patrimony; and his mind was so **firmly** made up, that the opposition of some of his friends only **increased** his determination. But there was still another and a **much** more unpalatable morsel for him to swallow. We have **mentioned** his extreme aversion to the monastic or religious life. But it was nothing short of this which was pressed upon him by **the** next adviser to whom he hurried. This was the Bishop of Comminges, whom he visited on his way homeward from Pamiers. Mgr. de Choiscul was duly informed of the kind of **spoliation** to which his friend had been subjected at the hands of the two Bishops of Aleth and Pamiers. He determined to **give** the fatal blow. De Rancé was Commendatory Abbot, or

Prior, in five religious houses, and this position was quite as abnormal, if not more so, than the mere possession of more benefices than one. There was no thoroughly correct settlement of the difficulty to be arrived at, unless the Commendatory Abbot, or Prior, either resigned the benefice or became a religious himself like his subjects. This was the last peremptory truth with which de Rancé was now confronted. His friend told him that his own conscience was unquiet on the score of a single abbey which he possessed. He had given up the whole revenue to the Claustral Prior, to be spent in the repairs of the monastery, in the support of the religious, and in the relief of the poor ; but this did not satisfy him. He had a desire to become a religious himself, but his position as bishop prevented him. As de Rancé was determined to quit the world, he recommended him to become himself a religious, and rule one of his own abbeys as such.

"Moi, me faire frocard !" was the exclamation of this astonished Abbé, at the proposal of his friend. He avowed his intense dislike to the religious habit, and fell back on the recommendation of the Bishops of Aleth and Pamiers, that he should retain his benefices, or a single benefice, as Commendatory Abbot. Nothing more passed at the time, and de Rancé went home ; but the fatal shaft had struck him, and he could not rid himself of it.

v.

We must pass very rapidly over nearly two years, which passed between the return of de Rancé from the south of France and his betaking himself, in 1662, to his Abbey of La Trappe. The interval had been spent, not in unnecessary delays, still less in hesitation, but it had been protracted by the difficulty which he had encountered in what might have been thought a simple matter enough—the getting rid of his property and his benefices. The world parts hardly with those who are resolved to trample it under foot : obstacles rise on all sides, like clouds which suddenly cover a clear sky, and it seems as difficult for some persons to make themselves poor for the love of God, as it is for others to become rich for their own sakes. De Rancé's family opposed him, there was trouble about the sale of Veretz, the Court did not fall in with his proposals as to the transfer of his benefices to persons whom he named, and the like. He had plenty of temptations, plenty of opportunities of failing in carrying out his resolutions. But he never looked back after

he had set his hand to the plough. By the time which we have named he had sold Veretz and given his share to the poor; he had made over two fine houses which he possessed in Paris to the Hotel Dieu and the Hospital de Paris, and of his benefices he retained only the Abbey of La Trappe and the priory of Boulogne, for he had not yet made up his mind to which of the two he would finally retire.

In the course of this interval of which we are speaking, de Rancé had an opportunity of learning for himself the spirit of the Jansenists as regards money. Long after, he related in a letter to a friend, how he had spoken of his design to an acquaintance, who asked him, in answer, whether he had consulted the Messieurs de Port Royal. He replied that he had not done so, and did not think it necessary, as he had the counsels of the Church to guide him; but the other determined to ask their advice himself. After a time he came to de Rancé, with the proposal that he should retain his benefices and distribute their revenues among the Jansenists who were under persecution. The occurrence was certainly well calculated to open his eyes. When he went to La Trappe in 1662, he found both morally and materially in as bad a state as possible. More than a century of the rule of abbots commendatory had ruined the monastery and the monks. The abbot simply spent money which accrued to him on himself, and the religious did the same with the revenues of the community. They kept no rules, wore no habit, neglected the saying of the divine office, all the ordinary duties of religious, the law of cloister was not observed, men and women indiscriminately thronged the monastery, and as it was situated near some dense woods, disorders and violence of every kind were frequent in the neighbourhood. A year or two before this time one of the monks had murdered a peasant. The church was in a deplorable state, the monastery itself falling utterly to ruin. But the moral state of the inmates was the worst and most incurable.

De Rancé admonished them, and threatened them; in vain. At last he told them that if they did not mend their scandalous lives of their own accord, he would require the religious of the "strict observance." Every one who knows that relaxed religious may be goaded into madness by the notion of "reform;" and the history of St. Teresa, not to mention other less well known instances, is enough to show us that lengths such religious will go in their resistance to such

“innovations,” and in their hard treatment of the innovators. The monks of La Trappe talked of putting an end to their Abbé, and throwing his body into a pond, and the threats, which were made openly, seemed so serious to some who heard them, that a gentleman of his neighbourhood, M. de St. Louis, came in great haste to offer him armed protection. The Abbé received him very kindly, and sent him away with many thanks. At last de Rancé threatened the monks with an appeal to the authority of the King, and it is thoroughly characteristic of those times in France that this seems to have been enough to bring them to their senses. An arrangement was made by which the monks were to be allowed a certain pension, and to live within the precincts of the monastery, while the whole was to be handed over to the religious of the strict observance. This was carried into effect late in 1662.

At this time, however, de Rancé still thought of living at La Trappe as Commendatory Abbot, but not of becoming himself one of the religious. He began, however, to take steps to give up his other benefice at Boulogne, and he had his library and “chapelle” brought to La Trappe, where he also spent large sums of money on repairing and improving the buildings and the church. The abbatial residence was one among the buildings to be repaired, and in the course of the work de Rancé had a narrow escape for his life, a part of the ceiling of a room falling in just as he had left it. He began to lead the life of his new religious in many respects, and was always at their service for counsel and direction. One of them—or rather, one of the old religious, who had now embraced the reform, led to this step by witnessing the fervour and mortification of de Rancé himself—told him that he wished he could have him as a religious Superior living under the rule, as he had great talents for the guidance of souls. De Rancé said he was unworthy, but the day of grace was not much longer delayed.

His thoughts and cares gradually centred more and more in La Trappe. He had very seriously injured the revenues of the abbey a few years before by cutting down wood to the value of nearly a hundred thousand *livres*, and he now made a will, leaving what remained to him to the monastery in reparation. He had an old servant at the time, who found out what was going on, and rated his master severely. What was worse, his wrath fell on the monks whenever he met them; but de Rancé kept him with himself notwithstanding. Then came some

difficulties as to the introduction of the reformed religious into the monastery, which had to be formally registered by the parliament at Paris, and here he had to meet the opposition of the unreformed Cistercians. It is sad to find the names of the abbots of Clairvaux and Cîteaux ranged against a proposal to add another religious house to the number of those which were now binding themselves to a return to the rule of St. Bernard, but so it was. However, the arrangement made with the old religious of La Trappe was formally ratified in February, 1663. About the same time, de Rancé, who had to go to Paris to procure this ratification, met there the Bishop of Comminges, and let him see that the seed which he had cast into the heart of his friend in their last interview in the south of France had taken root, and bade fair to spring up and bear great fruit. On his return to La Trappe, where for some time he had had almost to do the work of a master of novices to his religious, the superior of the Reformed Cistercians sent him an excellent monk as prior, and two of their own novices to keep up the primitive observances of the rule.

And yet at the same time he still hesitated. An old repugnance to the "froc" came back. All that Lent he had to struggle against himself. Then there came a last blow from a weak and gentle hand, the hand of a niece of his own. Mlle. d'Albon, whom he loved like a father, and with whom he regularly corresponded with the greatest tenderness and affection. This young lady was of poor health, so delicate as to remain almost always on the verge of a dangerous illness, but she made up her mind to take the veil in the order of the Visitation. He had to applaud and confirm her in her resolution, and all the time he was afraid himself! It was with him as with St. Augustine, when he had to say to himself, *Nonne potes od hæ et hæ?* At length, one day after mass he was making his prayer of thanksgiving in the church at La Trappe, while the monks were singing Sext in the office of our Blessed Lady. The words rang out clearly in his ears, *Qui confidunt in Domino, erut mons Sion*, and then the full choir took up the remainingrophe of the verse, *Non commovebitur in æternum, qui habitat in Jerusalem!* The verse sank into his heart with wonderful light and heavenly power, and he was a changed man, as St. Antony was, when he heard the priest at the altar read, *Vade vende quæ habes et da pauperibus et veni sequere Me*, or as St. Augustine himself, when the voice bade him, "take up and read" the book

in the garden at Milan, and he opened it and met with the text *Non in comessationibus et ebrietatibus, non in cubilibus et in deliciis, non in contentione et æmulatione, sed induimini Dominum Jesum Christum et carnis curam ne feceritis in desideriis.* Before de Rancé left the church, his mind was irrevocably made up to embrace religion. It was April 17th, 1662. There were several obstacles to be overcome, leave to be got from the Court, family and friends to part with, and the like. But he did not let the grass grow beneath his feet in the execution of his design. On the 30th of May he was able to assemble his religious around him in chapter at La Trappe. Then he arose and told them that he had resolved to spend the rest of his days with them, wearing the same habit, and observing the same strict rule, and the next day he left them for Perseigne where the novitiate of the Reform was then established.

H. J. C.

Garibaldi in France.

en been remarked that if we had followed our food in the various processes they have to go through before they come upon our tables, very few would be found to have any appetite for his meal; and this truth becomes more and more applicable to the food of the mind as well as to that of the body, especially as to that food which all devour so eagerly for the sake of the daily news. Did we know the names and antecedents of the correspondents who—veiled beneath the awful *incognito* of "correspondents"—furnish us with our daily information, we should be certainly more fastidious in taking it in. A correspondent *may* err, and often does, in statement or opinion, but, at all events, one has some guarantee that he is on the right side in the main, that he believes in God, in duty, in justice. Very probably his labour is a labour of love—being unpaid—for God and His Church. He loves, and loves wisely, and even too well; but that is a fault on his side. The little peep we get behind the curtain does not detract apart from the intrinsic proofs in the letters themselves from the idea what sort of men are the pundits who are sent to Rome to write down the Council or to blacken the character of a Catholic sovereign. Arrivabene may be a man of sense and he has told some plain truths, but we should not accept his verdict on the Pope or Catholic interests—so well known—Mario, fortunate in having to wife a daughter of White of Mazzinian reputation—what person in the world of ordinary common sense would trust a word that comes from the lips of a man whose record of errors of intelligence on Christian and Catholic subjects is so notorious? Yet, as a matter of fact, a large number of Catholics in these countries have been fooled into believing what writers of this stamp have said. Englishmen are too ready to laugh at the fustian of Fenian writers upon Irish matters, and yet gravely believe—because written with

brilliancy and "local colouring"—the wildest stories of foreign politics. By what other way could Garibaldi have reached the pinnacle of glory which made him the coveted guest of the most fastidious circles of English society, the cynosure of great Tory parsons and Tory noblemen? It is not enough to say that he is the hero and the tool of the Revolution, and that that great international conspiracy has borne him up on high, as its banner and its shield—we must find the explanation in the fact that men who have given themselves up to the fight against order and God, have a mouthpiece in our journals, our serials, our novels. Under the respectable exterior of faultless type and superfine paper, their views and their theories find their way into homes and into hearts that would drive away the authors with horror and scorn.

It is not necessary to rival their brilliancy. We hope, at least, to surpass these writers in truth; and in a slight study of the doings of Garibaldi in France, show what he really can do in face of foes worth powder and shot, and whom no amount of preparatory plotting could weaken or seduce. Among his many titles, Garibaldi was dubbed the hero of Varese, because when the centre of the Austrian army of 1859 was forced back at Magenta, its right wing had virtually to retire and abandon the north of Lombardy to the Cacciatori degl' Alpi. Whether he was called the hero of the Italian Tyrol when brought to a stand in 1866 by Austrian troops, we cannot say. Mentana added another proof of his ability in presence of trusty and loyal soldiers. Still we doubt if ever genius received such cosmopolitan honours. Let us come and see him nearer home; learn who are his friends, what his victories, what his success when fighting in a cause not so taking as the destruction of the Papacy or of the House of Bourbon.

Sedan had been fought; Jules Favre and his friends ruled supreme. Garibaldi was a necessary completion to the Great Republic, for which, and not for France, the party in power were struggling. A great Fraternal Revolution would naturally sweep away the crowned tyrant of Prussia, and, spite of old alliances and friendships, more intimate than perhaps we are aware of, who more fitted for the work of liberation than the enemy of kings and priests! An ex-Garibaldian, one Bordone of Avignon—who had fought in Sicily and (if we mistake not) at Mentana—went to Caprera to fetch the old man from his den. This envoy, who was to play so great a part in the serio-

comic drama, was then fifty years old, well known to the police, having been three times before the magistrates, and, if report is believed, expelled from the fleet, where he served on board the *Ulloa*, and without having gone through the routine of promotion even in the Garibaldian army, was at the time of which we are speaking, we know not by what authority, a colonel on Garibaldi's staff. The master of a coasting vessel was sailing to Caprera; Bordone came on board, and offered to introduce him to the General. On landing, he informed Garibaldi that he had chartered a vessel at his own expense to come in search of the Hope of France, politely introducing at the same time the poor captain, as his humble servant. Bordone took care never to let slip his prize. The *vaurien* of yesterday became the factotum, receiver general, the head of the staff of General Garibaldi. The supreme command of the *anc-tireurs* in the department of Côte-d'Or was intrusted by Gambetta to the General—but the Breton legion and the free corps of the Vosges absolutely declined to serve under him; General Cambriels, a young and active man, had to make way, by order of the new Minister of War, for the half palsied Armit of Caprera, who succeeded him as Commander in Chief of the Army of the Vosges. From every part of the globe hungry vultures, who, like Bordone, are ever ready for adventure when danger is small and profit great, flocked round his standard. It was the first levy of the Commune. Again, as before Mentana, the magistrates of Italy, in the absence of the dangerous classes, testified to a cessation of crime within their jurisdiction. Garibaldi had been received as a defender of France, to aid in her liberation from the stranger—she had hoped, in her extremity, to such an alliance. But there were other objects of a higher interest for him. The priest ridden peasants of France could have done *that* work; the main object of his coming was to establish the liberty which reigned for a few terrible weeks at Paris, and which fitly acclaimed him as General in Chief: *his* enemies were the priest, the nun, the suits—there was no risk in attacking them.

Let us take one specimen of these his high achievements. He was at Dôle; he had not yet wrested from General Cambriels the chief command. The College of the Jesuit Fathers had received its contingent of nine hundred men, and though turned for the nonce into a barracks, the classes were held as usual. On the 22nd a Garibaldian officer called to inform the Fathers

that the General had taken them under his special protection, and would send them a guard of forty men, with orders to fire on any one who should dare to menace their house. They remarked that, with nine hundred men already within, any additional force was hardly needed. However, they came, and confirmed the assurances already made. On the 23rd—the very next day—a private of the National Guard, with a number of his comrades, appeared before Mont Roland, the villa of the College, situated on a hill outside the town. They bore an order of Colonel Bordone for the instant expulsion of the old Father and two laybrothers, not only from the house and church but from the territory, giving them the choice of place of exile till further orders—Lyons, Savoy, or Switzerland. Père Huguet, a venerable man of seventy two winters, was conducted by this armed escort to the College. Arrived there, the Father Rector was summoned, and surrounded by the guard. A decree similar to that which had been served on Mont Roland was read. An additional clause ordered the Fathers to keep at a distance of twenty leagues from headquarters, under pain of being brought before a courtmartial. It was signed—"In the name of Garibaldi and by his orders.—Colonel Bordone." Protests and appeals were vain. The seizure of Church property and the expulsion of Jesuits are such received practices in the best regulated States of the nineteenth century that they excite little notice, and their sufferers can expect little compassion. But the College of Dôle had under its charge a large number of boys, who could not "instantaneously" be turned on the streets. The citizen Robert obtained from headquarters the delay of twenty four hours. But though the civil officers of the Republic dared not defend the course of justice, a chivalrous officer of the Legion of Honour, Colonel de la Pommeraye, braved the insults of the foreign adventurers and their French allies, and demanded an audience of Garibaldi. After being kept waiting some time, he was ushered into the awful presence. The General received him, and, without lifting his cap, asked him his errand. Bordone, with a confidence which will astonish our readers, is writing a chronicle of his "Gestes," and tells us that in consequence of a system of signalling carried on between the Cathedral and the Church of Mont Roland for treacherous motives, the population of Dôle were roused to fury against the Fathers; that, with a delicacy for which they expressed themselves extremely grateful, the head of the staff (Bordone himself)

momentarily withdrew them from danger, and that, though severity might justly have been used, nothing was done save what was necessary to secure the safety of the army and forestall disorder, which it would have been hard to prevent.

As Mont Roland was at that very time the headquarters of Menotti Garibaldi, it would have been impossible to carry out the supposed system of signals, which not only were unseen by any soldier of Dôle, but were never alluded to either by Bordone, Garibaldi, or any of his followers. In reply to Colonel La Motte's remonstrances, the General said the Jesuits were outlaws, expelled by other cities as dangerous to society, teachers of evil doctrine; he was forced in the interest of *his military operations* to send them away. And when it was urged that a journey of twenty leagues was impossible in times like those, "Oh, as for that, let them go where they wish, so as they are off." Garibaldi closed the interview as brutally as he had commenced. The threats and insults the Fathers met with from the redshirts in the streets, showed from what portion of the population came the danger of which Bordone has written. When gone, the College was sacked, as usual. At St. Etienne, one of these protectors of France, when remonstrated with under the circumstances, said—"If the Prussians came they would do bad." It may throw some light on one of the principal heroes of our story to give another instance of Bordone's rascality. Just at the time of the victory over the Jesuits at Dôle, General Cambriels had an engagement near Châtillon, and gained some advantage over his antagonists. Neither Garibaldi nor any of his men were nearer than twenty or thirty miles to the field of battle. Spite of this, Bordone sent the following telegram to the prefect of his native town—

Dôle, Oct. 24, 1870.

Headquarters to Prefect, Avignon,—We have taken some prisoners. In spite of the countermarch necessitated by Cambriels' situation we should have annihilated the right wing of the Prussian army. We keep them in sight, and we are sure not to let one escape.

COLONEL OF THE STAFF.

At Garibaldi's side we find the inevitable pair, Menotti and Ricciotti, his sons, and Canzio, his son in law. Among the many heroes of similar colour, stands preeminent one Delpech, who, aided by Cluseret and the writer Esquiros, had ruled supreme at Marseilles. This man's early life had hardly fitted him for so responsible a position. A peasant boy, after in vain seeking a

fortune in the East, Delpech's stalwart frame had gained employment in a tanner's yard, where the 4th of September found him. The emancipation of France proved his passion too. His violence at the clubs lifted him to a rapid flight to the first place in the south, as Paris, Marseilles. Once secured, he strengthened his position with a band of *sans culottes*, called Civic Guards, and with the public treasury. But a few weeks served to put him in utter incapacity for public business, other than the execution and imprisonment of priests and religious. He resigned suddenly in the revolutionary club. The patience of the people was exhausted. In an ultra-radical harangue, he resigned his prefectship, and announced his intention of enlisting as a private soldier. This device succeeded beyond expectation. His popularity lived again, and he left as *lieutenant colonel* to join the Army of the Vosges. Garibaldi immediately placed under his skilled hands the command of the second division. Another hero was that Lobbia, who "was found on the ground," we quote a letter from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 16, 1872, "some years ago, in or near the Piazza Signoria, calling out for assistance like one being assailed and bleeding profusely from several wounds." The major who then was, had denounced Civinini, like himself an Italian deputy, for having for a consideration, and by sacrilegious party, obtained the monopoly of tobacco for a private company. The accuser exhibited a large envelope, declaring that it contained proofs of Civinini's guilt. This "envelope" happened to be in his pocket, was pierced through and through by a stab." The natural inference was that the crime had been committed by the accused. The matter was brought before the courts. And it was proved that the envelope contained but blank paper; and that Lobbia had employed a dagger to inflict the wounds found upon him. The major was found guilty of the fraud, but an appeal was made against the sentence; and under these circumstances, the *chevalier* *reproché* offered his services to Garibaldi. A definite sentence was given on the 10th of January last, confirmed the judgment.

Such were a few of the *dramatis personæ* of the undramatic part of the great tragedy acted on French soil. The task entrusted to the General in Chief was to guard the valley of the Rhone. This stream, which rises in the Côte-d'Or, a chain of m

Bisecting the department of that name, falls into the Saone, south-east of Dijon, which is situated upon the river. A canal running by its side joins the Saone to the Yonne. The position was one of great importance, as commanding the main line from Lyons and the west to Paris, and at no great distance from the line traversing the centre of France. The importance of the position was only too clearly shown when the detachments of the Prussian army from Paris and the Loire marched through the department to crush Bourbaki and drive him over the Swiss frontier. The Army of the Vosges, besides the sinister and cosmopolitan Garibaldians, numbered amongst its ranks some who were worthy of abler commanders and more respectable companions at arms. Among these was Colonel Chenet, who had left a splendid position at Constantinople to serve his country, and who, thanks to his well known bravery and skill, had recruited among picked seamen, old soldiers and officers, an excellent corps, five hundred strong. His long service in Mexico as chief of the *contra-guerilla*, fitted him for the command of *franc-tireurs*; and his conviction was that the only chance of salvation for France was to surround the German armies with hosts of invisible foes, which would cover the formation, in the uninvaded territory, of a regular and disciplined army. The lamentable result of opposing raw recruits in line of battle to the old soldiers of Prussia confirmed his judgment.

But the young barrister who ruled over the military destinies of the *Grande Nation* thought otherwise; and spite of the understanding to the contrary, upon which he had enrolled his men, Chenet's corps was ordered by the infamous Cluseret, then General in Chief of the Forces of the South, to serve him as *eclaireurs*; but the Colonel pleaded an order to proceed to Lyons. The Reds had already pronounced their judgment on the Guerilla d'Orient, as the new regiment was called, and Cluseret would have fain arrested their chief, because neither he nor his men bowed before the idol of the hour, and, even if republican, they were clearly not of the hue which found favour. But their value was too well known, and they proceeded untouched to Aix, and so to Lyons. There the Colonel was sent to Autun. On the road he received a despatch signed "Delpech," ordering him to join his, the second, brigade of the Army of the Vosges, at Epinac. The Brigadier declared himself delighted at the arrival of Chenet; he offered to resign the command into his hands, and to take what would have suited his pocket and

his tastes better than active service, a place in the commissariat. The Colonel positively declined. It was hard enough to bow to orders, to say the least of it, the authority of which was problematic, and to be obliged to serve under Garibaldi, to have to turn his followers to a use which neither he nor they had contemplated, but he would not risk a reputation gained during twenty years of active service, in the campaigns of the Crimea, in Italy, and Mexico, by accepting the command of an undisciplined and disorderly mob.

The poor Colonel soon found that the red shirt and the principles the red shirt represented alone were favoured by the authorities; neither provisions, nor shoes, nor even ammunition were to be got, till the petted *ragazzi* had had their full. It was only late in the evening that the Guerilla broke their fast on their first arrival. Three days afterwards, when their northern march was bringing them close to the enemy, the Colonel was forced to lay in wait for a convoy of ammunition that was coming down the canal of the Ouche, and by an extra-legal requisition furnish the pouches of his men. Their commanding officer had left his men without any orders at Pont-de-Pany, a village on the canal, nine miles from Dijon, and Colonel Chénet pushed forward to Malain, a station on the line from Dijon to Paris, which they reached at nearly midnight, half starved and worn out with a march of nearly forty miles. Hardly had he arrived at the lodging assigned to him, when he learnt that Garibaldi was to pass the night in the same house; and before he had gone to bed he heard the clank of sabres and the noise of the crutches, which the "hero" of Caprera has made historic, on the stairs. He went out to pay his respects to his chief. "Ah! good day, Colonel! how goes it?" "Very badly—very badly," was the answer; but as it elicited no further question, the officer retired, disgusted with the apathy and incapability of those to whom France, in the person of Gambetta, had intrusted the salvation of his country. Two days of march and countermarch brought the Guerilla to Pasques. It was the 26th of November. That morning the Prussians had made a sortie from Dijon, and encountered the Army of the Vosges at Lantenay. The battle became general, and extended to within about a mile of Pasques, where the Guerilla were stationed, with orders to observe the result of the engagement, and, in case of defeat, to protect the retreat.

The Prussian army at last gave way, and returned in disorder

Dijon about half past nine at night. Garibaldi, without making the necessary arrangements, or giving time to his men after a severe engagement and a march of ten miles, led seven companies of *franc-tireurs*, supported by a few divisions of *garde-mobiles* to assault the town. Had the general allowed the Prussians time, they would have abandoned Dijon under the influence of their panic; and Cremier—as he had been before arranged—with his good soldiers, attacking from the south, would have seriously damaged the retreating army.

As it was, the Prussians turned on their assailants. But, however, to the darkness of the night, their shots did not kill a single man. The *franc-tireurs* had already entered the town, when a complete stampede took place among the ranks, and the foremost line, seeing itself unsupported, retired in disorder. The rout spread through the whole army, and it was in the wildest confusion; nor did it stay till it had put a large range of the Côte-d'Or between itself and the hotly pursuing Prussians.

Colonel Chenet, on seeing the defeat of the Prussians, had placed a strong guard on the Dijon road, and then sent his men to rest. Garibaldi, at midnight—little suspecting the turns the Prussians had taken—passed by that way, and severely criticized the exposure of soldiers on a cold and rainy night, when his army was between Pasques and the enemy. The Colonel rebuked him, and referred the matter to Delpech, who happened to be on the spot, giving at the same time his strong opinion of its absolute necessity. The experienced (?) Brigadier overruled his objections, and the guard was withdrawn. It was about ten a.m. No news had reached them of the rout of the army, which had fled by other roads, when suddenly word was brought that the Prussians were close upon them. Supported by some thousand men, spite of the cowardice and hesitancy of his superior officer, from whom he was forced to take the command, Chenet held his ground and barricaded the entrance. But his adjutant, De Saulcy, whose name will recur later, deserted him, and carried with him the two companies guarding the principal barricade, thus enabling the Prussians to enter. The Colonel retired in good order, leaving forty five killed or wounded on the ground.

This check, sustained by the German General Keller, gave time to the routed army to make good its retreat. Cremier, with his French force, was pushing forward to take his pre-

arranged part in the attack on Dijon, and was already in position on the 28th of November, at a short distance from the town, when he learned the premature assault, its fatal consequence, and that the whole of the force, with which he was to act in concert, was in full retreat on Autun. He retired upon Nuits, but found the place occupied by from fifteen to eighteen thousand Prussians, with three pieces of cannon. He carried the town and sustained there an attack two days later, November 30th, beating off his assailants. Meanwhile, the army of Keller was marching upon Autun. Chenet, by order of Garibaldi, hastened to the rendezvous at Arnay-le-Duc. The road was crowded with fugitives—not thirty men of the same corps were to be found together. The Garibaldian officers, comfortably installed in carriages which they had seized, drove through the ranks of the exhausted soldiery, and hustled the officers of the *mobile* who nobly refused to desert their men. On the march, a word about Saulcy, the confidant of Delpech. As was likely in a hasty enrolment, one or two *mauvais sujets* were sure to get admission into the most select corps. Thanks to forged papers to a passport which was not his own, this obscure impostor—Jacquot by name—had been made adjutant to Chenet. He was not likely, any more than Delpech, to forget or forgive the reproaches which his cowardice had merited at Pasques. From the first, the Colonel's unconcealed aversion to the ultra views of the party in power, his former services rendered to the Emperor Maximilian against Juarez and his republicans, had made him the object of suspicion and hatred to the General and his surroundings. Menotti bore him a special grudge; for in his capacity of officer in the Turkish army, Chenet had frustrated a revolutionary raid of the young redshirt on Bulgravia.

We cannot be surprized that he was ill received at the council of war called at Arnay-le-Duc. What however was his surprize on leaving the room to learn that his men had been arrested on their march and forced to mount guard at the Château of Commarin, to whose comfortable quarters Garibaldi had retired. Spite of the protest of the officer in command, and the promise to send word by a "*guide*" to the Colonel, no notice had been given to him, and he only learned by chance the disposition of his corps. Leaping into his saddle, he was soon at the castle. He found his poor men extenuated with hunger and fatigue, shut up within the inclosure and unable to procure provisions. Their officers ventured to enter the house and

discovered the staff engaged in discussing a plentiful dinner, but were informed that there was nothing either for them or for their men. At the moment of the Colonel's arrival the alarm of the enemy was given; the staff took to flight without leaving a single order. The Colonel adopted the necessary precautions, but it was soon found the alarm was false. Finding his ammunition almost exhausted, he retired on Autun, where the main body of the Army of the Vosges had already arrived. The Convent of St. Martin was allotted for their barracks. In vain was application made for a supply of cartridges; and his request for orders were equally without effect. Seeing it useless to occupy a position without means of defence, he sent one of his officers to headquarters to request permission to withdraw, as he was positively assured the enemy were not near, and to occupy the heights behind the town, with the double object of preventing any surprize from that quarter, and in case of a retreat, protecting, as he had done at Pasques, the retiring army. It was evident that under cover of the woods which clothed that position he could turn to best account the little ammunition still in the possession of his men. Bordone, as chief of the staff, returned a *verbal* message of approval, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 1st of December, Chenet put himself on a march which was to have such terrible results to that ill fated officer.

The position he had selected was of the greatest importance, and the very one by which a skilful general would have made the real attack, while by a feigned attack from the north he kept the enemy engaged. That Werder did not adopt that plan could only have arisen from his contempt for his adversaries; or because, as turned out, the total absence of precaution made easy what ordinary care would have rendered exceedingly hazardous. The position of St. Martin was one capable of being rendered exceedingly strong; but Bordone never took the trouble to garrison it after the departure of the Guerilla, though more than ten battalions were close at hand.

At half past one the servant of an officer of the *gendarmerie* was exercising his master's horse on the Arnay-le-Duc road at some hundred paces from the city, when suddenly he found himself face to face with four Uhlans, riding unmolested up to the very walls. To wheel round and ride full gallop into the town, to tell the captain what he had seen, was the work of a

moment. The officer informed the staff, who burst out laughing and were taking steps to arrest the informant as a spreader of false news, when the report of a German gun confirmed the unwelcome statement. A locomotive had brought the enemy's artillery along the line, and with the greatest coolness the horses were put to, and the cannonading began in real earnest. A few companies on drill outside the town, spite of the surprise, exchanged shots with the advancing enemy; but feeling themselves unsupported, retired in order behind the shelter of the houses. There was not a picket, not a reconnaissance, not an advanced post, no videttes, no guards. Three thousand five hundred Prussians were before a town occupied by twenty thousand soldiers of the Army of Garibaldi. Well did the Germans know their worth. The redshirts were engaged in their daily round of debauch and pleasure; it required some effort to make them march to the fight. Their artillery was in the court of the Petit Seminaire, which commanded the whole town; but the men were almost all away from their post, and the feeble discharge of a few guns, drew upon it the concentrated fire of the Germans. Six hundred infantry meanwhile occupied St. Martin, without a shot, and had not their artillery announced their presence another corps would have penetrated into the heart of the town and seized Garibaldi. Perhaps they knew better than to arrest so incapable an adversary. Garibaldi's attention was called, in the midst of the confusion, to the occupiers of the convent, but he expressed his confidence in the Guerilla to dislodge them. Bordone was by, but did not dare to avow his culpable neglect. It was only when the enemy was strongly entrenched within the convent walls, that he openly accused Chenet of treachery and abandoning his post. In fact the General had sent a positive order to the Colonel to fortify himself there; the order had been received by De Saulcy, and we have only his word that it was duly delivered. The scandal of the whole surprise was too great. A scapegoat must be found. The destruction of Chenet would gratify many resentments, and much ambition.

At half past four the Germans were beaten off. But the occupants of St. Martin did not leave till next morning at two o'clock. They were said to have gone off in a very helpless state, after emptying the contents of the wine cellar; but not an arm was raised to attack or molest them. A number of the German staff had drunk heavily at a neighbouring château, but

spite of notice sent to the town, no attempt was made to surprise them.

It was only at five p.m., on the evening of his leaving Autun, that news reached the Colonel of the attack on that town, and the repulse of the assailants. Finding the enemy had not shown himself in that direction, he marched to Mont Cenis, on the main line from Tours to Dijon. But before he reached his destination, his men, wearied with the maladministration to which they had been so long victims, began to show open signs of mutiny; they appealed to the conditions of their enrolment, to their present destitution, and their chief saw only one hope of preventing their disbanding—the promise to retire to Lyons; and he wrote to inform Delpech of his enforced determination, and to seek his approval. De Saulcy, spite of the remonstrance of his Colonel, strayed away from his men, and at the earliest opportunity rode in hot haste to Bordone and Delpech to consummate his treason. While Chenet, refused admission into Lyons, despatched a portion of his men to St. Etienne, and went with the rest to Roanne, the traitor, with a lieutenant, the Paymaster Marchand, remained behind at Moulins to carry on this plot. The latter was worthy of his work, an escaped convict, who by forged letters had obtained his post, and has now returned to his old place, to finish his sentence of ten years' penal servitude.

On the 4th of December, with the greatest publicity, the Colonel was arrested by the police in a *café*. The despatch containing the order of arrest, ran as follows—

The civil and military authorities must arrest, wherever he may be found, Lieutenant Colonel Chenet, who has fled like a coward, taking with him the troops under his command.

DELPECH.

One may fancy the storm raised among his brave followers. De Saulcy, upon whom devolved their command, hastened in their name to pen an indignant protest. The wish of his persecutors was to have him at once in their clutches; but arrested within the jurisdiction of the military commander of Lyons, he insisted on being taken to that town. There, General Bressoles treated him with great rudeness. Spite of a fever which confined him to his bed, a positive order arrived ordering him to leave at once for Autun. In vain he pleaded his illness. Bordone himself came to hasten the departure of his victim; and the doctor in chief, without taking the trouble to visit the

sufferer, declared him able to travel. De Saulcy had already received his "thirty pieces of silver"—he was named successor to the command of the Colonel by a brevet dated the 4th of December, the very day of the arrest. The sentence of deposition had been pronounced before the trial. The appeals of Chenet, the violent demonstrations of his men, were useless. Gambetta did not dare to interfere. Treated with cruel contempt by Lobbia, he was thrown into prison in the strictest solitary confinement, not even his poor wife, who had shared with him the dangers of the campaign in the service of the ambulance, was allowed to visit him. One Dr. Yvan, a surgeon of the Marseillaise, known to have robbed the corpse of a captain of his watch and money, was alone admitted, to serve as a spy on the unfortunate prisoner. Captain Gandoulf, who had carried the permission to leave Autun to the Colonel, was sent home, spite of his protests, on the plea of health; and Bordone, then on his way to Bordeaux, sent a telegram to hasten on the deed of blood—"Push on the Chenet business, it is going too slowly; there is no reason for delay."

The courtmartial met on the 13th of December. The judges were Delpech, one of the accusers; Canzio, son-in-law of the chief accuser Garibaldi; and Lobbia, both of whom were disqualified as foreigners; three Frenchmen, creatures of Bordone; and Bossak-Hauké, a Polish General. Almost every step was an illegality. The judges hardly paid attention to the pleading of the accused, and none of his witnesses were heard. Lobbia asserted that he himself had given Garibaldi's order to hold and fortify the Convent of St. Martin, and De Saulcy stepped forward to declare that he was the bearer of these orders, and that the Colonel had told him that he ought to receive his orders from himself, and not from Garibaldi. In vain the startling assertion was denied: in vain the accused appealed to the already mentioned protest of De Saulcy. The judges retired, and returned in half an hour with a sentence of death and degradation.

While the condemned cell of the civil prison was reserving in its frozen arms the victim of hate, the men of the Guerilla vowed at every cost to save their beloved Colonel; and, as General Garibaldi was stepping into his carriage the next morning, the whole regiment surrounded him and with one voice demanded his pardon. "Yes, my children, I do pardon him. *Vive la France!*" and he drove off. But those that

sted for Chenet's ruin were not to be baulked ; they declared only a reprieve had been given, and Garibaldi himself issued orders that the sentence of military degradation should take effect that very day, December 14th, on the Place d'Armes. The punishment, worse than death for a brave man, was carried out with all its humiliations ; the character of the men, who ordered and inflicted it, making the cup doubly bitter. The sentence of death was finally commuted into perpetual imprisonment, and two days after, chained to a Garibaldian convicted of the same offence, he was hurried to the convict military prison at Toulon. But the authorities refused to receive him ; he was no longer a prisoner ! There were further reasons behind. They did not recognize Garibaldi's right to send a French officer to the Bastille. They knew Chenet too well to doubt the character of his sentence. His men, his friends, his heroic wife, did not let grass grow under their feet ; and an order soon arrived from the Ministry to keep him at the civil prison as under accusation, as convicted, till further orders. A pardon then was offered for the Ministry feared their allies the reds, and the leader of the reds. But Chenet proudly refused it, and demanded his liberty, and though transferred to Bordeaux on December 27, months passed by before the iniquitous sentence was reversed. It was reversed at last, and in the fullest manner, by judges of honour and good name.

It might well be asked what was being done by Garibaldi, at this time, for the liberation of France ? Did the Army of the Vosges wipe out the shameful surprise of Autun ? We must not forget that the hero of the two worlds never tried to conceal the fact that the great object of his coming on the field was the establishment of the Universal Republic. How far the men of the 4th of September shared his views, it is not for us to discuss ; certain it is that this great work held a far higher place in his thoughts and those of his surroundings than the open object of his expedition. "Down with the priests ; no mercy to the priests ;" was his cry from Marseilles to Avignon, from Avignon to Lyons, from Lyons to Autun, to Dôle—in fact, wherever he went. Little private interests were not forgotten ; and hand in hand with imprisonment of the clergy and religious, the persecution of servants of the old *regime*, and the sacrilegious occupation of churches, went plunder and exactions of every kind. The men who might fight, these illustrious foreigners had other work to do—to light the fire, and fan *that* flame which burnt down

the Tuileries, and which is only smouldering at this moment with menace of still vaster conflagration. Lists of the proscribed were to be drawn up, reactionists to be weeded out of the army; singers from *café-chantants*, pastry cooks' assistants, were to be promoted to fill their place; unfortunate officials of the Treasury were to be squeezed to pay for the splendid entertainments and gorgeous costumes of the *ci-devant* felons and blacklegs, who now were colonels and commanders; while the prisons were to be filled by French officers and French priests.

Bordone "deserved well of his country;" and the Minister of War, Member of the Government of the National Defence, dubbed him Brigadier General, and he took his rank with men whose names are household words. A princely banquet was thrown in answer to the congratulations of his fellow officers, the dinner alone costing some £50, while the poor soldiers were dying in the hospitals without bed clothes, in the depth of winter. The formation of Garibaldian clubs in the different towns to collect the national *obolus*, under cover of the country's defence, which was to be placed at the disposal of Garibaldi—these, and like operations, were more to the tastes of the commanding officer of the Army of the Vosges, than to drive the enemy from the conquered country or protect that which was not yet invaded.

No one will ever know where are gone the tens of thousands of francs gathered by like means, or voted by municipal bodies who owed their election to Garibaldian pressure. We see that though the task of guarding the valley of the Ouche was hardly fulfilled by the pleasant *sejour* at Autun, one cannot fairly accuse Garibaldi of doing nothing.

General Cremer, always active and on the alert, while seeing to the defence of the positions left unguarded by the Commander in Chief, had found that the Prussians had evacuated Dijon, and excited the jealousy of Garibaldi by entering the town before him. He was soon joined by General Pélistier—a Gambetta appointment; and the "hero" himself followed with his army on the 7th of January. He and his staff installed themselves in the State apartments of the Prefecture; Bordone choosing for himself the "Empress' room." Under the Imperial rule, these had been reserved for royal visitors, and had never been in use. The weary drama was now drawing to a close. Chanzy was staggering in the west, Faidherbe was losing ground in the north, Paris could no longer hold out much longer. Bourbaki's great movement did no

require the loud sounding announcements of the Press to make the allwatchful enemy fully aware of its progress. A glance at the map will show what in that supreme moment was Garibaldi's duty. Detached corps of Germans were hurrying across the department of the Côte-d'Or, to support Werder at Belfort. From every side, spite of Garibaldi's assertion to the contrary, despatches, which have been since published, and were registered by his staff, warned him of their approach. With thirty five thousand men, what could have prevented him blocking the way, or destroying piecemeal these separate corps, never exceeding five thousand strong, as they marched some few miles north of Dijon, before concentrating at Gray or Vesas? On the 20th, General Kettler forced the passage of the Val de Suzon, a position on whose strength and importance Chenet had strongly and vainly insisted. A handful of *franc-tireurs* alone opposed him. The Polish General, the Judge of the Autun courtmartial, fell in the fight; but not before sending a message to Chenet, that he alone had refused to concur in the verdict, and that he had been forced to bow to the majority. The good people of Dijon were suddenly startled by the report of the artillery close to the walls. The Germans had come to play with Garibaldi while the last fatal blow was being struck against Bourbaki. It was only after half an hour had passed, the drums were beat and the troops marched out. Night fell on the engagement, which recommenced the next day, the 22nd. No ground was gained, yet eight thousand *mobiles* were kept, arms in their hands, at a short distance from the field. A third time they closed, on the 23rd, —and but for a desperate charge of French *franc-tireurs* and the Chasseurs des Alpes, the Germans would have driven the army back into Dijon. All this time, two batteries of field artillery were standing ready but inactive in the streets, while two others were left on the railway, and no orders given till too late. The enemy retired to their entrenchments. Six days passed—Garibaldi rested on his laurels: the hostile outposts were at a few hundred yards from one another. Then came the news of the armistice, and that three departments, one of them the Côte-d'Or, were excluded from its effects; and next day—the 30th of January—Garibaldi hastily abandoned Dijon and retired to Beaune, the enemy, seven thousand strong, entering the town, while his army, some twenty thousand, was still in the environs.

One may imagine what was the consternation when the

occupation of Dôle closed for Bourbaki the last chance of escape. "What is Garibaldi doing?" was the universal cry. There were those who spoke of treason, and no doubt there had been alliances entered into with the redshirts when Prussia needed Italy in '66; there were Prussians, too, in '67 lending the help of their counsel before Mentana. It was asserted that Castelaggi, one of Bordone's set, was about Grancey with ninety thousand francs in his pocket, when the enemy were scouring the country. M. Friant, of the commissariat, saw, to his grief and indignation, one hundred waggons of provisions fall through sheer carelessness into the Germans' hands, while Bourbaki was starving. The four thousand men Garibaldi sent out to harass the march of Manteufel—although he denied, in a letter to Fabrizi, any knowledge of his approach—were spread over some forty miles of country and divided into three corps. No wonder nothing was effected, and that Lobbja, with twelve hundred men, was driven off to Langres, and so entirely separated from the rest of the army that he did not rejoin it till the 14th of March, at the time of its disbanding. Nothing but a knowledge of the incapacity of their opponents could have excused the hardihood of Manteufel's flank march extending over a total length of one hundred miles, and conducted along three separated routes some twenty miles apart. And nothing but the grossest incapacity could have prevented a blow being struck on so feeble a line by a concentration of some of the thousands of men lying idle at Dijon.

And now we have done, for military affairs were at an end, unless we count as such the return of Garibaldi as deputy to the National Assembly for the Côte-d'Or, thanks to the presence and the votes of his cosmopolite followers: no age nor nationality was a bar to the use of the franchise. His scene at Bordeaux was a fitting *finale*, before retiring—let us hope for ever—to the rock of Caprera.

General Bordone succeeded to the full command, but he had to resign it to Vice Admiral Penhœt, who was sent with a mandate to discharge the army. The General remained at his side till the last. He had come to the camp with a small portmanteau—he went home with a plenteous spoil. Two well laden waggons preceded him to Avignon, besides the mountain of packages he took with him. The station master declared the trucks contained war stores; but Gambetta readily received the assurance of Madame Bordone that there were but a few

ssian helmets and needle guns, trophies of many a fight. pech, too, had carried off *his* spoils.

And if, against the treasure and ammunition wasted, the ills of anarchy sown broadcast, the honest citizens exiled and imprisoned, we set the advantages accruing to France from Garibaldi's aid, we have—the flight from Dijon, the surprise of Lunenburg, the degradation of Colonel Chenet, and the abandonment and ruin of Bourbaki. How many of the German Generals, except, of course, those in the highest commands, did much more to humble and degrade France, and to lay her bleeding helpless at the feet of her invaders than Guiseppe Garibaldi?

The Creed of St. Athanasius.

ONE of the great complaints against the Church is that we refuse to abide by an appeal to history. This is supported by a reference to a proposition condemned in the Syllabus, which is in general extravagantly and falsely rendered. The plain sense of the condemnation is to deny that all the truths of religion indiscriminately are the objects of natural science, and that mere human reason, by the light of history, can of its own natural powers come to the knowledge of all truths.* There is here nothing about an appeal to history as far as it is a record of human actions ; nevertheless, when we see with our own eyes how history is made, are we to be blamed for distrusting it? We have, unfortunately, too much experience of what happens every day to place the slightest reliance on the received accounts of Catholic affairs. From whatever part of the world a scandal is reported, it is dramatized for the public taste. Afterwards comes the disproof or explanation, but *that* is never heard of. Ratisbon, Picpus, and Vienna have fed the pious horror and fomented the unchristian zeal of the country, but not a word of retractation, with one solitary exception, have we seen ; so that these "facts" will go down with the history of the times to posterity and form the data of future judgments of Catholic morality. Nor is it only of the making of history we have to complain. The study of past history is still more perverted. It is quite enough that any one who has distinguished himself for rebellion against his ecclesiastical superiors should make any historical assertion, however wild, and he will be listened to, and the truth of his statement will ever more be propounded with unquestioning intolerance. "I have seen the original documents," says an angry disputant, and the actions of Liberius and Honorius are alleged to disprove the doctrine of infallibility. We take the liberty of saying that among the talkers about "historical criticism" are to be found many of the shallowest and most presumptuous men of our day. With some the assumption

* Syllabus, prop. 9.

critical instinct is merely a cloak for ignorance. Among others, more industrious, and, so far, more conscientious than the rest, there is an obliquity of judgment and an obstinacy of prejudice which prevent them from seeing straight when they see anything at all. The study of history is a great and noble work, and in our days we have opportunities for it which were wanting to former generations. But if some of our "higher critics" cannot learn to reason a little better, and conduct their investigations fairly, they will rival the very worst of the calumniators of the "Dark Ages" whom Dr. Maitland exposed some years since in their perversion and misrepresentation.

Speaking of original documents, by which we mean, not the manuscripts of the composers, but books in which the original positions are faithfully preserved, it is gratifying to learn from Mr. Ffoulkes* that Migne's *Bibliotheca Patrum*, in the British Museum, is within reach of all, and that he recommends it to general notice. It is a grand work, no doubt, but contains a great deal that is worthless, and all the *spuria*. The notes also, though generally able, are to be read with caution, for offhand treatment of difficult problems is at least suspicious. Nevertheless, if one cannot more easily elsewhere obtain access to original documents, this collection repays attention, particularly in that part to which Mr. Ffoulkes has lately been devoting himself in the Carlovingian age. He has given to the world the result of his researches in a book entitled *The Athanasian Creed*, and this book is a sequel to a former work—*Christendom's Divisions*. We are sorry to say that, although there is a very great amount of industry exhibited in this little book, all that we have been saying above of the perversion and abuse of history applies to it. When people look up history for the purpose of ventilating a party, we may expect a fantastic *denouement*, and Mr. Ffoulkes has a very vicious hobby that gets the better of his judgment and leads him into a world of mischief. Of all the hobbies in the world the most extravagant and runaway is a morbid horror of the Catholic Church. This horror has generated a series of plot discoverers that have kept England on thorns since the days of Queen Elizabeth. To them we owe chiefly the persecutions, the periodical outbursts, and permanent distrust of our countrymen. "Papist plot" has rarely failed to meet with a welcome, and it is a wonder that they have not turned up more often. An ordinary explorer would be satisfied with making "revelations"

* *On the Athanasian Creed.* By the Rev. E. S. Ffoulkes. Hayes, London.

about persons of his own time, but Mr. Ffoulkes has his tastes, and as the question now exciting the minds of English Churchmen, of the Athanasian Creed, presents a favorable opportunity, he comes forward to tell the world that it was the creation of a plot. We have a notable conspiracy, a great horror, a "mystery of iniquity," to use his own expression, and to put the truth of what he tells us beyond all doubt, he has had recourse to an inverting of dates, a capsizing of authority, an invasion of our notions of common sense and common justice, that we really thought would have been impossible in these days.

What his whole work is intended to show is, that the Athanasian Creed was written by Paulinus about the year 800, that it was published by order of Charlemagne for political objects, and that, with the connivance of others, it was deliberately given to the world as the work of the great Bishop of Alexandria. He undertakes to demonstrate this; he asserts in the course of the work, that he has done it, and congratulates himself on his success. He discloses, moreover, his own reason for undertaking it: he has an intense dislike to dogma, and on an appeal to history he thinks he can show the viciousness of its origin. To history we are content to go, but with a few observations. First, neither he nor any one has a right to discredit on people's honour and truthfulness, until they have been shown to have been untrue; next, that while we are satisfied to contend by the light of history for any point which lies within its legitimate sphere, we are by no means content to take an estimate of those whose names we have learned to love and venerate from men who could never have understood their motives and hated the objects that were near their hearts.

We are told that every educated Catholic knows that the symbol of St. Athanasius has no evidence of being written by him, and that that theory is utterly exploded. It is quite true that there is no clearly demonstrative proof of its authorship, but it is equally true that the Caroline theory is demonstrably false. We can only undertake to prove this, though we may be unable to show that, in all probability, the creed is many centuries older than Charlemagne.

For above two hundred years the authorship of this Symbol has been a subject of discussion, and a most interesting problem for ecclesiastical antiquarians. There are grave re-

for doubting its authenticity, and it has, in consequence, been attributed to various authors, among others to St. Hilary, Vincent of Lerins, Vigilius, and Fortunatus. Up to the present, nothing can be clearly made out, and as no new element of knowledge has come to light for many years, the problem remains almost where it was when the difficulty was first started. In this state of things Mr. Ffoulkes undertakes to establish his own view. He has undertaken to prove a very foul conspiracy and act of forgery against men who have not hitherto been thought capable of such work; if he has evidence forthcoming, it is worthy of examination; and, at the same time, it will be instructive to watch the process by which he submits it to us. If he has a clear case, his evidence can stand by itself. If he needs various assumptions, he ought to point out to us how he is justified in using them. We may here state, that of direct evidence he has not a particle, nor, as far as we can understand him, does he pretend to have any. He proceeds from beginning to end almost entirely by assumption, though, at times, by a very bold process of inference. He is very free in attributing motives of the most rare and audacious wickedness to men like Alcuin and Paulinus, for instance, whom history has spoken of as virtuous, whose works are singularly pure and elevated in tone, and whom their friends esteemed as the ornaments of their time. To make an imputation of this kind even probable, he ought to show some tendency in them to that which is vile and depraved. Next, he pictures Charles the Great concocting with his advisers, in secrecy, with much pains, and a very elaborate system of roguery, the execution of this design. He ought to show a weighty and proportionate motive, a necessity worthy of the occasion. This he undertakes, we shall see with what success. Lastly, in order that we should accept a writer's word and judgment in matters not susceptible of proof, and this in opposition to the settled opinion of the learned, we should have evidence of moderation, if not of modesty, and that his object was the elucidation of truth, and not the mere indulgence of polemical prejudice. We shall judge for ourselves how far Mr. Ffoulkes has satisfied these conditions.

As to the character of the persons indicted, Mr. Ffoulkes' chief anger falls upon Charles. He compares him to Henry the Eighth of England for his domestic vices, and to the first

Napoleon for his audacious ambition. He is represented as the sole legislator in the Councils of the Frank bishops, and suggesting to them secretly and openly what he desired them enact. All this, as far as our present matter is concerned, may be true, but Mr. Ffoulkes has not proved that he was a secret plotter and forger; he was not given to "treasons, stratagems and wiles;" an immoral and ambitious man need not necessarily be a false one. It may be true, as he tells us, that his sins were worse than those of David, but it does not follow that he practised the arts of Absalom. As to his despotic legislation for the Church of his kingdom, we are to bear in mind that was the custom both in the East and West, in Spain as well in France and Germany, for the canons of Councils to go forth under the sanction of the royal or imperial name. This was not to give them a canonical validity, but a civil sanction. We do not find that the canons of Frankfort or Friuli were other than advantageous and promotive of good discipline, and if Charles ventured to teach theology to the Holy See, Adrian knew how to impose silence upon him. In his dealings either with Adrian Leo, Charles does not present the aspect of a man who would succeed in going a single step beyond the limits imposed upon him by Rome. The two Popes addressed him like men accustomed to teach and be obeyed, yet in language full of consideration. Leo reproved him severely for his faults; and Charles, him and his predecessor, showed reverence and submission. Not was this all. His own prelates, while showing him all the marks of respect due to their sovereign, and to one who so efficaciously promoted the interests of the Church, understood how to preserve their self-respect. What is equally to our purpose, we do not find them—those implicated in this charge especially—pandering to his irregularities, or forgetting their own high names or duties. Their numerous letters speak for themselves; and there does not appear a single characteristic about them that would mark them out as the fitting instruments of a dark and atrocious crime. Alcuin was the old master of Charles. He did not fear to point out to him his duties, and to exhort him to fulfil them, and late in life incurred his displeasure by so doing. His seems to have been a life of spotless integrity, and we know of nothing, but his love of the Church and zeal for its well being, that could have suggested a thought to his dishonour. As for Paulinus, we have from the hands of Mr. Ffoulkes a description that is in no way exagger-

rated. Having spoken of the first Patriarch of Aquileia, he says—

Another of the same name and dignity, but infinitely more famed for his attainments, and venerated all the world over for his years and strikingly grave deportment, occupied it at the close of the eighth century. He may be said, without exaggeration, to have been idolized by such men as Alcuin, and even inspired Charlemagne with awe. He was the episcopal soul of the Council of Frankfort, and president, as well as soul, of that of Friuli, both of which have left their mark upon history. When he had written against Felix, Bishop of Urgel, in Spain, and founder of the sect called Adoptionists, he was thought to have exhausted the controversy. *Aquila locutus est, causa finita est.* Such was the tone of his admirers.

Such are the men whom Mr. Ffoulkes accuses of being engaged with their sovereign in a preconcerted plan of passing off as a symbol of the Catholic faith, and a work of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, a document that they had concocted in private. Having thus selected his *dramatis personæ*, Mr. Ffoulkes proceeds to find a rational motive for the crime they are now conspiring about. He gives us two causes, or rather motives which actuated the King and led him to instigate the others. "This effect," he tells us, "was deliberately planned by Charlemagne, and planned for a twofold purpose: first, to justify the interpolated creed (the Nicene Creed with the *Filioque*) to the Pope, and convict the Greeks of error in rejecting it; and, secondly, to substitute the 'Catholic faith of Athanasius' in the West, as a standard of orthodoxy, for that of Nicæa."* However, that we may bear in mind the coherency of this writer's history, we are to note that Charlemagne, who was "their Pope"—that is, of Alcuin and Paulinus—whose *ipse dixit* the Latin Church has been committed to for a thousand years, is here revealed as privately concocting a forgery to justify his former interpolation to the Pope: and this some years before the question of the interpolation came before the Pope. The reader is requested to keep in mind these two motives for the forgery, while we follow them in detail; also the fact that the forgery of the creed is fixed for the year 800.

The Council of Frankfort was convened in the year 794. We have seen the part taken by Paulinus in this Council. Alcuin was also present, being admitted, though not a bishop, on account of his great learning in ecclesiastical matters. This was proposed by the King, and consented to by the bishops.

* P. 251.

It may also be mentioned that Charles put forth a Capitular in the name of the bishops, which began with these words—“*Conjunctibus, Deo favente, Apostolica auctoritate atque piissimi Domini nostri Karoli regis jussione,*” &c. It is a summary of the proceedings of the Council, which was occupied for the most part with the settlement of questions of local ecclesiastical importance, canons of Church discipline, and some adverse criticism of the Second Council of Nicæa, with reference to the *cultus* of images and the terminology of the Greek Fathers in speaking of the procession of the Holy Ghost. The Acts of the Council also mention that Charles had said to the bishops that he had received permission from the Pope to retain an archbishop in his palace to assist him in ecclesiastical matters. This was the King who, as we are told, was Pope to his prelates, and whose *ipse dixit* has ruled the Church for a thousand years. When the Capitular was sent to Rome, evidently for the Pope's confirmation, Adrian detected some errors on the question of images and in the language referring to the Greek Fathers. He then wrote a letter to Charles, full of dignity and affection, and carefully pointed out to him the errors that had been committed.

Upon these facts Mr. Ffoulkes theorizes that Charles, to hide the humiliation he received by having his theology about the Fathers of the Second Council of Nice refuted, conceived the idea of abolishing the Nicene Creed and substituting one of his own in its place. He adds that there was a general want of a creed felt, a craving for one, but he only produces a letter of Alcuin dated six years later to prove this. We shall see more of that letter presently. We now behold the first reason why a forgery of a new creed was decided on. But, as it might be suspected that a motive of private vanity for so great an undertaking would look farfetched and inadequate, a motive of public policy is added to supplement it. We are told that the Eastern and Western Empires were in all things separated except in religion. Charles, in his ambition to be sole and absolute master in the West, desired to destroy this union, and by promulgating his new creed on the procession of the Holy Ghost, he not only anticipated the gratification of seeing his own handiwork the basis of dogmatic religion in the West, but he intended by it to repel the Greeks, and force them into open rupture with the Latin Church. Thus, at the same time, the pressing want of a new creed (which want had no existenc

would be supplied ; the confutation of his theology by Adrian would be kept secret ; his vanity would be tickled by seeing the work of Paulinus accepted under the name of Athanasius ; and, last of all, he would make the Procession question the cause of total alienation between the two Empires.

It may almost be said that the mere statement of this elaborate hypothesis is enough to confute it—resting, as it does, so entirely on the imputation of motives, the invention of which is scarcely more creditable to the intelligence than to the charity of Mr. Ffoulkes. That writer may be serious in putting them forward : it is difficult to believe that any serious man will accept all these imaginations as sound history. The last motive is the most unsubstantial of all, not only because we find Charles, after the time of his supposed writing of the creed, anxious to cultivate friendly relations with the East, but also because the creed, so far from widening the breach, was admirably calculated to terminate it. On the first point, we have in evidence two letters of Charlemagne, one to the Emperor Michael in the year 811, and the other to Nicephorus in 810, both clearly showing his desire of securing peace and friendly feelings between the two Empires, and an interchange of friendly offices that terminated in peace. As to the other, the Athanasian Creed would be much better adapted to accommodate than to inflame the religious question. We have on this point the testimony of Mr. Ffoulkes himself. In trying to show that Paulinus must have been the author, inasmuch as the creed corresponded in its mode of expression with his habitual moderation, he says—“Of these the verse relating to the procession of the Holy Ghost is most conspicuous; it is literally moderation itself. Few advocates of the Latin doctrines would have been content to stop where it stops ; few Greeks, as a contributor to *Macmillan* observed four years ago, would have declined going so far.”* He then, very truly, points out that the words, *a Patre et Filio*, in the creed, while they sufficiently express the doctrine in the Latin form, *ex Patre Filioque*, avoid that which was objected to by the Greeks in the Latin. We have thus, strange to say, a creed which we are told was written for the express purpose of alienating Greeks and Latins once for all, particularly and exquisitely adapted for putting an end to their disputes !

Having thus seen the necessity which led Charlemagne to

* P. 263.

conceive his bold design, and the good reasons he had for selecting Alcuin and Paulinus as his accomplices, we now come to the immediate proof of its accomplishment. Mr. Ffoulkes puts before us a letter from Alcuin to Paulinus, written some time between the coronation of Charles as Emperor in 800 and the death of Alcuin at the beginning of 804. We give a portion of this letter, making use of Mr. Ffoulkes' translation—

What! when I have the privilege of looking upon letters from you sweeter than honey, do I not seem to hold converse wholly with all flowers of Paradise, and with the eager hand of desire to pluck from thence spiritual fruits? How much more than *the tract* (libellum) *your most holy faith, adorned with all the spotlessness of Catholic peace, eloquent and attractive in style to the highest degree; in the truth of its ideas firm as a rock.* . . . Where, as from one bright and salutary fountain in Paradise, I behold the streams of the four virtues irrigating not only the rich plains of Italy, but *the entire demesne of ecclesiastical Latin.* Where too, I behold the golden outpourings of spiritual ideas commingled abundantly with the gems of scholastic polish. Certainly you have achieved a work of immense profit and prime necessity in appraising the Catholic faith as you have: the very thing I have so long desired for myself, and so often urged upon the King, to get a symbol of the Catholic faith, plain in meaning and lucid in phrase, reduced to a compendious form, and given to all priests in each parish of every diocese to read, and commit to memory, so that everywhere the same faith might be heard uttered by a multitude of tongues. Lo! what I have desired in my humility, has been supplied by your genius. With the Author of our salvation you have earned for yourself a perpetual reward of this good intention, and *praise amongst men for this perfect work.*

With regard to this translation, we will merely observe that the last paragraph is—"Habes apud salutis nostræ auctorem, perpetuam scilicet et hujus bonæ voluntatis mercedem, et hujus perfecti operis apud homines laudem." The italics are Mr. Ffoulkes' but it is impossible to reproduce here the highly sensational typography in which the greater part of the rest is given. "One set of expressions," he tells us, of this letter, "is singularly descriptive of the Athanasian Creed;" another set "can describe nothing else." Let us see how this is made out. Of the first class he says—"So far as having 'received perpetual praise among men as a perfect work,' or its combination of 'spiritual ideas with scholastic polish,' its 'irrigating the entire demesne of ecclesiastical Latinity'—in other words, the whole Latin Church—the 'adamantine strength of its verities,' and 'the eloquence and attractiveness of its style,' Alcuin may deserve to be called alternately a critic of discernment or a true prophet." This may be true, but not in Mr. Ffoulkes' hypothesis. The manifest

meaning of the words given in Latin is, that Paulinus had secured for himself everlasting reward from God on account of his goodwill, and praise from men on account of the perfect execution. Mr. Ffoulkes, perhaps, supposes that when a man like Alcuin congratulates a man like Paulinus for the eternal reward that he will have from God for committing an impious forgery, men may *praise* him for a work that is published *incognito*! Such a piece of evidence we have not come across since the *testes dormientes* of Augustine. Moreover, we shall see presently whether there is not a work by Paulinus formally "appraising the Catholic faith" to which these expressions are more fully applicable. We come first to the other class of expressions, "which can describe nothing else." Of this class we can find but one specimen given. "He has described Paulinus as *having supplied* the very *desideratum* of which he himself had been so long in quest—a symbol of the Catholic faith." Of the word "symbol" it may be remarked, that though there is no work of Paulinus (that we know of) entitled a symbol, yet there is a work, and that not a creed, to which Alcuin might have applied the term; but of this later. Here is the place to say a word about the *desideratum*. Mr. Ffoulkes told us that this *desideratum* had originated with Charlemagne, in his cowardice and private vanity, or in his political ambition; here, however, we find Alcuin urging it upon him—"The very thing I have so long desired myself, and so often urged upon the King." But let that pass. Why did Alcuin so long desire a creed? Was there not the Nicene, the Apostles' Creed, and professions of faith without end—that, for instance, of Toledo, Frankfort, Friuli? He did not want a creed, but he did want that which in every period of ecclesiastical reconstruction and expansion the bishops of the Church applied themselves to obtain. In the Capitular of Aix, 789, it was decreed—"Ut fides Catholica ab episcopis et presbyteris diligenter legatur et omni populo prædicetur."* In the Council of Friuli, in 791, it was decreed—"Symbolum vero orationem dominicam omnis Christianus memoriter sciat."† In the Capitular of Theodulus, 797, it was decreed that the symbol should be known by heart by all who were received into the Church or confirmed.‡ Finally, in the Council of Frankfort, 794, it was decreed—"Ut fides Catholica Sanctæ Trinitatis, et oratio dominica, atque symbolum fidei, omnibus prædicetur et tradatur."§ With these canons before his eyes, it is not surprising

* Hardrini, t. iv., p. 839. † *Ibid.*, p. 857. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 917. § *Ibid.*, p. 909.

that Alcuin should desire an exposition of the Catholic faith, clear, compendious, and attractive, which all priests might have in their hands and memories, for their own sake and for the people whom they were directed to instruct. Neither is it surprising that Alcuin should have made the attempt to provide the *desideratum*. After the Act of Emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland, and after the establishment of the hierarchy in England, the bishops of each country applied themselves to the editing of just such a work—a short Catechism of Christian doctrine. Naturally enough such a *desideratum* occurred to Alcuin, and he urged its being supplied upon the King. He himself tried his hand, and from two specimens of Catechisms found among his works, we must certainly acknowledge with him that they were not very successful.

If, however, we turn to Alcuin's letter, we find in it the description of a work that would be most inapplicable to the Athanasian Creed. First, this work must have been known and praised as a work of Paulinus, for while nobody but a plotseeker would think of giving a contrary sense to Alcuin's words, Mr. Ffoulkes' theory supposes a studious secrecy about the true authorship. Then, the "eloquence and attractiveness of style," the "bright and salutary fountain of Paradise," "streams of the four virtues," "golden outpourings of spiritual ideas" (*aurivomos spiritualium sensuum gurgites*), "scholastic polish," and the like, speak of poetic effusion on a religious subject. The word *taxatio*, which is translated as appraising, supposes a given subject; that subject is the "Catholic faith," which, in all the canons, is made to signify and stand for the creed. The work here referred to is most likely a metrical paraphrase or comment on the creed. Then, there is no reference to the four virtues in the Athanasian Creed, to which there is an unmistakeable reference in the letter. The now general meaning of the word "scholastic," as distinguished from Patristic, was then unknown. With us it signifies the systematic treatment of theological subjects according to scientific principles, and in distinction from the positive. At the age of Alcuin it must have meant classic finish and ornament. Do those epithets fit the creed? Rather let us compare them with a work which has been selected by the learned from the compositions of Paulinus, as that to which Alcuin's letter was intended to describe. We find there a *Carmen de Regula fidei*.* It consists of one hundred and fifty lines, and recites

* Migne, xcix., p. 367.

and explains the various mysteries of the creed. It was written, moreover, just about the time that has been determined for the writing of the creed, so that we can compare the acknowledged with the alleged work, and see for ourselves whether they were from the same hand. I select a part which in matter is identical and in language approaches nearer than in any other to the creed—

Non tres ergo deos, absit, sed sanctius unum
Corde Deum credo, labiis non cesso fateri :
Qui semper summus, perfectus semper et altus,
Solus et ipse potens trinus persistit et unus.
Personas numero distinguo denique trino,
Naturam nullo patior dividere pacto.
In deitate quidem simplex essentia constat ;
In Trinitate manet sed subsistentia triplex.
Non hunc esse Patrem, subolem quam credo tonantem,
Sed hoc esse Patrem, summum quod numen adoro,
Et non qui Genitor, Genitusque est, Spiritus hic est ;
Sed hoc quod Genitor, Genitusque est, Spiritus hoc est
Virgine de Sacra, Sancto de Flamine natum
Credo Dei Genitum : &c.

There is no place for argument in a question such as is now before us. It is a matter of pure literary taste and judgment. Let any one who has read both the above and the Athanasian Creed, say whether, about the same time, they could have been written by the same person. The reference in Alcuin's letter to the "flowers of Paradise," "the fountains from which the streams of four virtues irrigating," &c., is explained later—

Sed semper Paradise, tuos redolentia fragrant
Messis aromaticæ permixto chrismate odores.

Ad fontem Salientis aquæ qui viva fluenta
Influit, et rores uno de gurgite fusos
Diversos spargit, pariles per quatuor amnes.

The author goes on to apply the idea of the four rivers to Christian dogma, by which the faithful are refreshed. They seem to be personified in the Evangelists, whose teaching fertilizes the earth. The allusion in Alcuin's letter is a graceful compliment to Paulinus, whose work it was expected would convey the same doctrine in language "rich with the gems of scholastic polish."

The editor of this Carmen in Migne's library thinks that the letter of Alcuin refers to some mislaid work of Paulinus, because he does not see how this poem could be placed in the hands

of the clergy to be committed by them to memory. Alcuin, however, merely says that he had desired to produce such a work, and that Paulinus had accomplished it. This must be taken *cum grano salis*. The whole tone of the letter is not only complimentary but hyperbolic. Madrisius, the author of Paulinus' life and the collector of his works, says of this poem of Paulinus—

Alcuin had desired that an easy and clear formula of faith should be written for the use of the uninstructed in matters of faith, which they might easily commit to memory, and he urged Charles that such should be sent to some of the provinces. Paulinus did this by writing the rule of faith in the clearest verses, adapted to the intelligence of the ignorant. Alcuin praises the work and the author's faith in the same letter.

Then follows an extract of the letter given above.

We have now seen the proof that Mr. Ffoulkes gives of his allegation about a secret arrangement between Charlemagne, Alcuin, and Paulinus for the writing of a creed by the latter, or at least of its promulgation, under the name of Athanasius. He has something to add, both in the way of explaining difficulties and confirming his position. One of the difficulties, a very natural one, is that the name of Paulinus was not Athanasius. One might imagine that the fact of the conspiracy which henceforth Mr. Ffoulkes takes to be proven, would leave no difficulty about the name. But he is too scrupulous to leave things so. He tells us that Paulinus might have had the name of Athanasius. Why should he not? Did not people sometime take the name of their patron saints? We are told that the members of Charlemagne's literary club used to address each other under fanciful names. Why should not the *soubriquet* Paulinus be Athanasius? "Unfortunately," he tells us, "there is not a grain of evidence in their (his contemporaries) writings—at least, in those that have come down to us—that he was ever known to them by that name." But then, why should he not have it, and might it not have been kept a "profound secret?" It never seemingly occurred to this writer that the "strikingly grave deportment" of the Patriarch of Aquileia, the "awe" in which Charles held him, the extreme old age at which he then was, might deter him from playing the fool; but at least he ought to have understood that a *nom de plume*, however secret it might be, would in no way mend the gross immorality of the imputed action. Neither do we see the relevance of his adding that Athanasius had written an "exposition of faith,"

and Alcuin another ; or that various works of unknown authors were attributed to this or that Father ; or that later writers introduced the works of the Fathers into their own productions. We look for proofs of a great crime that he says has been committed, and we get this sort of trash, which he has the *naïveté* to call "testimony."

One point, however, remains to be spoken of. If Mr. Ffoulkes has failed to show that there is an adequate cause for this piece of forgery, at least, perhaps, it was not altogether without effect. Well, what was the effect ? This he tells us, that while up to this year the Nicene Creed has always had a prominent place in Councils and liturgy, and the Athanasian was never heard of, henceforth we see the Nicene thrown into the background and the other assume a most important place. Now we are quite prepared to admit that the Athanasian Creed was brought during the Carlovingian epoch more conspicuously forward in several ways than it was before ; but, we contend, that it never took the place of the Nicene Creed, that the latter was never thrown into obscurity, and that, divested of patent exaggerations, the whole history of both can be harmoniously explained by the natural course of events without having recourse to plots or forgeries.

We have already quoted some canons respecting the learning of the "Catholic faith" by the clergy and laity. We here return to this subject.

1. In the Synod of Aix, in 802, all Christians are commanded to learn "the Catholic faith of St. Athanasius, and all other things on the faith. The Apostles' Creed also, and the Lord's Prayer, to be understood thoroughly with its exposition."

2. In the Synod of Mayence, in 813, the priests are directed to admonish all to learn the symbol which is the seal of faith, and the Lord's Prayer.

3. The Capitulars of Theodulph direct the learning by heart of the Catholic faith, that is the "I believe" and the *Quicumque vult salvus, &c.*

4. At the Synod of Aix, in 816, it is provided that the Catholic faith be sung in Prime.

After this time examples multiply, and the Athanasian Creed has since been admitted into the Sunday office at Prime throughout the Latin Church.

We may here notice that the words "Catholic faith" evidently mean a formulary distinct from the Creed, or "I believe."

This Mr. Ffoulkes not only admits, but takes some trouble to prove. We agree with him, and still further agree that it means the Athanasian Creed. If, then, we inquire why the name Athanasian Creed was not mentioned, the ready answer is, that its more common name was, as its form suggested, the "Catholic faith."* Now I have shown already, by canons which I have cited, that the "Catholic faith" was ordered to be read and learned before the time he has fixed on for the forging of the symbol. Therefore Mr. Ffoulkes' calculation is wrong. To this, by anticipation, he replies, that it was only after the year 800 that "Catholic faith" meant the Athanasian Creed, not before. If we ask him to explain or give a reason for this occult change, he tells us that it could not have that meaning before 800, as it then did not exist. He assumes then, at this point, what he has failed to prove, and if he intends this to be confirmatory evidence, it is no more to be depended upon than what has gone before. The fact is, that throughout the whole of this period, from the Council of Frankfort at the very latest onward, we have the same formula, in the same place, with the same surroundings. At one point, just where it suits his theory, he tells us it stands for the Athanasian Creed. Here at least he is right; but if events are to be followed, not wresting them to fantastic shapes, it must be admitted that the Athanasian Creed, if not known or mentioned by that name, was known as the "Catholic faith" to the Fathers assembled at Frankfort.

During the whole period of civil and political reconstruction that succeeded the victories of Charles, the Church in France and Germany was occupied in reviving her discipline and readjusting her ritual. The instruction of the people was a special object of concern, and there were but few of the earlier Synods that did not make special provisions for it. We find throughout that the "Catholic faith" was always commanded to be learned by the clergy, nor have we any right to assume that this was an entirely new regulation. Nearly all the canons were taken from earlier Roman canons, as may be seen by comparing the two codes, and if we do not find there anything about this symbol, it may be because the whole legislation on the subject of the divine office belonged to another department. However, on this subject we do not profess to speak. We find it in France

* In fact, the beginning of the last clause, *Hæc est fides Catholica*, is quite enough to have given the name of the "Catholic faith" to the Psalm *Quicumque vult*, just as we commonly speak of the *Credo*, the *Confiteor*, or the *Magnificat*.

recited at Prime in the beginning of the ninth century. It may have been recited long before, but we have no evidence—except that we can point to no time at which it *began*. We only know that the Church has in all ages admitted new matter into the divine office, just as it was judged to be suitable, and without any fixed rule about the authors from whom such matter was taken. Alcuin made a collection of prayers, hymns, and antiphons, and we have a very primitive form of daily office by him. He has selections from St. Gregory, St. Jerome, Sedulius, and Fortunatus, and these selections we often found in the office now in use. What more natural than that, having the Athanasian Creed before him, he should have given it a place in the office, and that for its own merits, apart from the name it bore, it should pass into universal use? What is there mysterious, on the other hand, that about this time it should become more generally appreciated, and that, on the breaking out of the Greek controversy, it should be made use of? People quote against opponents what seems to tell against them. The Athanasian Creed contained no argument that could be made use of against the Adoptionists, or in the disputes about images, or in any other question of those times. It was not therefore made use of. The question about the procession of the Holy Ghost arose, and because it expressed the teaching of the Church it was brought forward. In these two points, and in no others, do we see any change; and thus it could not come into collision with the Creed of Nicea. It was never formally introduced into the professions of faith, into the liturgy, the sacramentary, or the catechetical instructions. It does not seem generally to have been proposed to the faithful. For a short time, and in particular provinces, it seems to have been so taught, but its inherent inaptitude for this office must have been speedily felt, and the common method resorted to.

Seeing the use, and the only use that the creed was put to in those days, we may well wonder how it could have occurred to any one to surmise that its principle object was to cause alienation between the Eastern and Western Empires; but this surprise will be considerably increased when we learn not only that the creed was particularly unsuited to this purpose, but that no formula could be devised better calculated to bring about an accommodation. Strange phenomenon! Charles applies to his accomplices to have a receipt for setting Europe in a blaze, and the instrument is found adapted to settle every

discord. This at least we learn from Mr. Ffoulkes. When trying to show that the creed is a compilation, speaking of the several verses, he says, in words already quoted—

Of these the verse relating to the Holy Ghost is most conspicuous. It is literally moderation itself. Few advocates of the Latin doctrines would be content to stop where it stops; few Greeks . . . would have declined going so far. The Holy Ghost is described as “of the Father and the Son” first—the preposition used being “*a*,” not “*ex*,” and then, “neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding.” . . . These words may imply, but they notably fall short of asserting, that the Holy Ghost *proceeds* from the Son (p. 263).

The form *ex Patre Filioque* does not express “a different form or creed from” *a Patre et Filio*; both were allowed, either might have been used. If this creed had indeed been composed by the wish of Charlemagne to bring about a separation with the East, and to justify himself for having the *Filioque* inserted in the Nicene form, he would have had it *ex* and not *a Filio*.

According to Mr. Ffoulkes’ theory, the damnatory clauses were not the work of Paulinus, as being too strong for his moderate temperament, but were added on by Charlemagne. He tries to show that such language was new in that age and particularly characteristic of the Emperor. He is mistaken here. Hesitancy and doubt may always exist in questions of faith until the question proposed is clearly understood. St. Augustine may hesitate about using the word “person” in the mystery of the Trinity, and Jerome in using the word “hypostatis;” but only until these words have received a fixed and authoritative meaning. They did not doubt about the doctrine that was taught, or the necessity of believing Catholic doctrine in order to obtain eternal salvation. The absolute necessity of firmly believing all revealed truth, as a doctrine, is simply intolerable to a certain, and rapidly increasing, class of men. But it did not originate with Charles, nor does its presence in the creed intimate that he formed its expression. Similar forms are found in his voluminous writings, but he had the creed before him, if we must not assume this too soon, they had been brought before him by an authority that he was bound to respect. As early as 791 we find Paulinus in the symbol of faith which was proposed in the Council of Friuli, using these words—“*Symbolum vero et orationem dominicam omnis Christianus merito sciat omnis ætas, omnis sexus, omnisque conditio: masculi et feminæ, juvenes, senes, servi, liberi, privati, conjugati, innuptæque*”

puellæ; quia sine hac benedictione nullus poterit in Cœlorum regnum percipere portionem." * This is from Paulinus; not that it is to be admitted that he composed the creed, but to point out that the damnatory clauses were not necessarily the creation of Charles' despotic mind.

Neither was language like this or the doctrine it involves quite unknown to Athanasius. Niciphorus Gregoras quotes him as saying that not only those who refuse to offer sacrifice to idols are martyrs, but those who will not deny the truth; and not they only are heathens (ἀλλότριοι) who worship idols, but they also who deny the truth.† In his commentary on the words "all things are delivered to me," he says—"Whoever therefore makes the Son of God less (than the Father) blasphemes against God Himself, as thinking wrongly of His perfection; and deserves the greatest punishment. For whoever dares to blaspheme against the hypostasis, he can obtain pardon neither in this life nor the next." It appears then that there was not only no necessity for Charles to supplement the work of Paulinus, but neither Charles nor Paulinus are required to explain the strong language in the Athanasian Creed.

We now pass to another matter which, however, is connected with the preceding by several links. It appears that the Iconoclasts in the eighth century brought up some question about the procession of the Holy Ghost, but from want of evidence little can be known about it. Again in 767 the question was brought forward, but whether it was a question of doctrine or of verbal formula does not appear to be quite clear. In 794 Charles, in his Capitularies, attacked the formula of Tarasius, Patriarch of Constantinople, which had been approved of and adopted by the Second Council of Nice. He objected to the words "from the Father by the Son" (το ἐκ τοῦ πατρὸς δι' υἱοῦ), and wished to substitute for it, "from the Father and the Son." He was answered, as we have seen, and silenced by the Pope. Some time before the year 809 a disturbance was created in Jerusalem, by some Frank monks of Mount Olivet changing the creed with this alteration, and they sought to justify themselves before Leo the Third on the ground that they had heard the creed sung in this manner in the Emperor's private chapel. Leo then wrote to Charles and forwarded through him a profession of faith to the monks on the procession of the Holy Ghost; he requested Charles to protect the monks, and evidently

* Harduin, t. iv., 857.

† *Hist. Romana*, l. xxvii.

expostulated with him on the interpolation of the creed. We have not been able to find Leo's letter to Charles, but that he so expostulated is clear from the fact that shortly after we find Charles' envoys in Rome trying, and trying in vain, to obtain permission to retain the *Filioque*. It must be borne in mind that there was no question on the doctrine of the procession raised in this negotiation; neither did the Pope absolutely object to the clause in question, for it had been in use in Spain with full approval, but he objected strongly to its being introduced into France and Germany by the mere authority of the Emperor.

Mr. Ffoulkes tells us that the profession of faith sent by Leo to the monks of Mount Olivet was tampered with by Charles. His only ground for making this new charge is as follows—"It speaks of the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son in one place, and as proceeding equally from both in another. And at the end of the whole we read—'Him that believeth not according to this faith the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church condemns.'" "This," he goes on to say, "was the strongest and most explicit declaration that had hitherto emanated from any Pope in favour of the views then prevalent in the West on the procession. And this, *I have become convinced since from what followed*, could never have been made by Leo the Third then." We need not speak of the suggestion that there is any contradiction between "proceeding from the Father and the Son" and "proceeding equally from both." It was very natural that Leo should so express himself, seeing that his predecessor Adrian had laid down the same doctrine to Charles in his answer to the Capitularies.* In that answer the constant doctrine of the Church is irresistibly demonstrated by tradition, and it does not seem wonderful that Leo should condemn its denial, since he said to Charlemagne's envoys—"Quisquis ad hoc sensu subtiliore pertingere potest, et id scire, aut ita sciens credere noluerit, salvus esse non poterit."† He makes a distinction between ignorance and denial. The doctrine was not such that it was necessary for all to know, but for those who knew it, necessary to be confessed. Mr. Ffoulkes is confirmed in his judgment by what took place between Leo and the envoys of Charles. When this latter had received the Pope's letter, he convened a Synod at Aix-la-Chapelle in 890, "to discuss the very point on which the monks had consulted the Pope with so little success—that

* Harduin, t. iv., 776.

† *Ibid.*, p. 970.

of the interpolated clause in the creed, and deputies were sent from thence to Rome with a long letter from himself, in which the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son is not only proved, but distinguished carefully from His temporal mission." We have a record of this conference given by Baronius* and Harduin.† The envoys having read the Emperor's letter, the Pope expressed his entire concurrence with the doctrine expressed, and said that he rejected entirely (*funditus abjicio*) the contrary. Mr. Ffoulkes surmises that if the Pope had really written to Charles the words quoted above, he would not now merely say, "So I think, so I hold," but "So I wrote myself in the profession which I asked His Majesty to read and send on for me." Mr. Ffoulkes seems to be not very well versed in the etiquette of the Roman Curia, in obliging the Pope to refer to a letter about which there was no question. There was no question at all between Charles and the Pope on any question of faith, and consequently, when he receives the Emperor's profession—for the tenth time at least—he says virtually, we are agreed; let us come to the subject of your visit. Binda the Notary, who left us the record of the audience, tells us that he omits the earlier part of the discussion which preceded *colloquendo majus quam disputando*, as it had passed from his memory, and accordingly he gives the remainder, which was *majus disputando quam colloquendo*. On grounds like these Mr. Ffoulkes does not think it unbecoming to fling about his charges of forgery and foul play. The real business of the conference was about the formula *Filioque*. The envoys pleaded hard that it might be permitted to remain, or even be extended to general use. They urged the truth of the doctrine that it expressed, that it had been in legitimate use elsewhere, that instruction to the faithful would be more efficient if the truth to be taught should be sung as only it could be in Mass, that there was danger lest, by omitting it now, people might think that the doctrine it expressed was to be abandoned, that the Holy See had granted the Emperor the privilege of having the *Credo* sung, &c. All these reasons did not prevail on the Pope. He was quite inflexible. He said they might sing the creed or recite it, as they thought best, but they must leave out the *Filioque*. Mr. Ffoulkes' commentary at this point is highly interesting. He wishes to justify his theory that the Nicene Creed was thrown into the background to make way for the

* Ann. 809.

† *Lo. o. cū.*

Athanasian. The Pope had suggested, to meet one of difficulties alleged, that the singing might gradually be brought into disuse, by which greater conformity with the Roman custom of saying the Creed should be obtained. The comment says—"As Charlemagne had adopted the custom of *chanting* the liturgy from Rome some years before, the not *singing* the creed was in both places, then, equivalent to the not using it. This is very bad logic and worse history; the alternative offered was either to sing or recite it, and as the *Credo* was not omitted, it could not have given place to the Athanasian Symbol as may be seen even in the words quoted by Mr. Ffoulkes.

We have hitherto been engaged merely in examining the theory which has lately been ventilated about the Athanasian Creed. We have now to see whether any more satisfactory account of it can be given. In the first place, we unquestionably find it appointed at the beginning of the ninth century, to be learned under the name of the "Catholic faith" by the faithful and particularly by the clergy; and also we find it freely used in works of controversy. We will here quote one example of its use. There is a treatise, *De Processione Spiritus Sancti*, which for good reasons, is attributed to Alcuin, or if that be not certain enough, was undoubtedly written by some able theologian during the lifetime of Charlemagne. The following passage occurs in it

Wherefore the blessed Athanasius, the most renowned Bishop of Alexandria, who was the devoted assistant in the Council of Nice, Alexander, the Chief Pontiff in the same city, in the exposition of Catholic faith which the same great Doctor wrote, and which the Universal Church acknowledges (*confitetur*), declares the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, saying: The Father not made, nor created, nor begotten. The Son is from the Father, not made, nor created, but begotten. The Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, not made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding.

* We give a few extracts from this conference which will not be uninteresting. *Envoy*. Was not the permission of singing that very creed given by yourself? *Leo*. Was not this custom of singing come from us? Did not this custom come to us from here, not hither from us? *Leo*. I gave the permission for the singing, but not to add, take away or alter anything that is sung. . . . And that I may speak more plainly for you force me to it, as long as things were going on well enough for you, there was no necessity that we should do anything or give occasion to others to meddle with the manner in which the Roman Church either sings or celebrates its sacred mysteries. . . . We do not sing but read it (the *Credo*). (*Nos enim id ipsum non cantamus sed legimus*). . . . *Envoy*. Therefore, I take it, your Paternity decides, first, that which is in question (the *Filioque*) be taken away from the symbol, and then that it may be lawfully taught and learned either in singing or reading (*cantando et legendo*). *Leo*. Yes, of course.

It would be out of place to multiply quotations from the different authors that spoke of this symbol in the time of Charlemagne in the same way as Alcuin speaks of it. It is so found in the works of Ratram of Corby, Theodulphus, Agobardus Aeneas, Bishop of Paris, Hincmar, and others, even by the showing of our opponents. In fact, there is no question about its having been put forth openly and in public controversy, as the admitted work of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, as having been known generally as such, as having been in some way acknowledged by the Church. It is quoted in due order with the authority of the other Fathers, only as much of it as is relevant, in defence of the truth, and by men most eminent for their learning, holiness of life, station and character. We see, at that time, no expression to intimate a doubt of its being genuine, or a suspicion of its being liable to be questioned, or a deprecation of foreseen criticism. It comes forth in an age of unusual intellectual activity, and there is not uttered a word against it; in a time of angry theological disputes, and is not rejected. In all this there is no question of mistake; the imputation is one of secret and deliberate forgery. First we ask—Has it been shown? Next—Is it simply credible? We have no hesitation in giving a negative answer to both questions.

It must be admitted, then, that at least at the close of the eighth century, this symbol, at times called the "Athanasian," and at times the "Catholic faith," was in the hands of the clergy, and reputed to be a genuine work. This will explain how the various professions of faith which we have, belonging to this and the previous century, seem for the most part to be constructed by adding that which is special in the Athanasian to the Nicene Creed, and then superadding such clauses as were necessary to exclude the heresies of the time or country. This is very obvious, to take one of many instances, in the profession of Friuli, made in 791, long before the alleged fabrication of the creed by Charles could have been thought of.

Of direct references to it by authors before the ninth century, or quotations from it, we have but few; and singularly enough not one that has been called in question. We may be able to show why as many quotations are not to be found before as after the Carlovingian epoch, but we must not be surprised that the few testimonies we may bring forward are controverted, because those who have made up their minds to accept the theory of the Carlovingian origin, will throw overboard all testimonies that tell

against their theory. Thus Mr. Ffoulkes tells us, by way of settling the question of the testimony of Fortunatus, that the book has passages in it which are taken from Alcuin, and could not therefore have been before Alcuin's time. We may, however, be able to show that it is much more likely that Alcuin copied from it.

We have seen this symbol about the close of the eighth century generally known as the "Catholic faith," and sometimes called the Creed of Athanasius. When, later, it was used in controversy, it was brought forward, and had its polemical weight, rather as expressing the established faith of the Church than as the work of any single Father. Accordingly, this latter point does not appear to have been raised as an element in the controversy of the time; but among orthodox theologians at least from the tenth century, a discussion about its authorship must have existed, and it is to be remembered that this discussion never was concerned with its antiquity or its undoubted place in the formularies of the Church, both which points were naturally assumed as established, but solely extended to the question of its authorship.

Atto of Fleury, in his *Apology to the Kings Hugh and Robert*, says—"Fidem quam alternantibus choris in Francia et apud Anglorum Ecclesiam variari audivi; alii enim dicunt ut arbitror, secundum Athanasium." Gerald of Corby, in his *Life of St. Anascharius*, writes—"Catholicamque Fidem quam composuisse beatus fertur Athanasius." Otho—"Athanasius manens in Ecclesia Trevirorum sub Maximino ejus Ecclesie Episcopo, *Quicumque vult*, etc., a quibusdam dieitur edidisse." Lastly, in an Exposition of the Symbol of Athanasius published by Mai, in 1837, from a manuscript of the Queen of Sweden's library, belonging to about the eleventh century, we read—"Traditur quod hoc opusculum a beatissimo Athanasio Alexandrinæ ecclesiæ antistite sit editum. Ita namque semper eum vidi prætitulatum etiam in veteribus codicibus."†

These authorities point out, first, the antiquity of the tradition of its having been written at Treves by Athanasius; next, that as early as the eleventh century, ancient manuscripts had been collated and were found to bear out that tradition; and lastly, that Vossius, in the seventeenth century, was not the first, as is generally asserted, to examine the question of authorship.

• Op. St. Athanasii, t. ii., p. 652. Maurini.

† *Nova Collectio Script. Vet.*, vol. ix., p. 396.

The "Exposition" published by Mai, and which seems to have been quite unknown, as far as we can judge, to recent writers on the question, is of singular importance. It most probably belonged to the library of the abbey of Fleury, and was one of those many copies made from older manuscripts in that century. Fleury had intimate relations with Spain, and is thought to have received manuscripts from a Priory subject to its authority in Spain as early as the eighth century. Mai speaks of the writer as an able theologian, and it appears to us that the treatise shows the hand rather of a Spanish than a French commentator.

It must be admitted that any other authorities we may be able to advance, considered each by each, are not of peremptory historical value, yet they may sometimes receive strength one from another, and though, perhaps, we may not be able to go much farther than we have gone, so as to prove anything with irresistible clearness, yet we may be able to show where the truth most probably lies. Let us consider first the evidence of Venantius Fortunatus. An old collection of manuscripts was found in the Ambrosian library, among which was an *Expositio fidei Catholicæ Fortunati*, judged to be about six hundred years old. The collection in which this symbol was contains an undoubted work of Venantius, an exposition of the Apostles' Creed, with this inscription—*Fortunato presbytero conscripta*. Muratori maintained that this Fortunatus was Venantius, Bishop of Poitiers towards the end of the sixth century. The *Expositio* is now printed with his other works, and we can only judge whether its style, its matter, and all that we can ascertain about it, fits him. As he became bishop long after he had been famous as an author, his works were always entitled *Fortunati*, or *Fortunati presbyteri*. He was known to his contemporaries by this name, and is never mentioned in the writings of his friend Gregory of Tours by any other. There is no other Fortunatus who could have written a work like this, without any reference to events after the beginning of the eighth century; and Amalaire, the Archbishop of Treves in the ninth century, who was sometimes called Fortunatus, could never have been styled *Presbyterus*. The undertaking was congenial to him, as he also wrote an Exposition on the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer; and a passage in his Exposition on the Apostles' Creed seems to show a knowledge of the Athanasian Creed, at least Muratori thought so. We have at the end of the first paragraph,

"Cunctis credentibus quæ continentur in symbolo salus animarum et vita perpetua bonis actibus præparatur ;" and at the beginning of the next, "Salvus esse non poterit qui recte de salute non crediderit," which words are merely a paraphrase of the first two verses in the Athanasian Creed. These appear to be no slight indications of authorship, and hence Waterland and others of great authority have looked on Venantius Fortunatus as the author of this Exposition. We owe to Mr. Ffoulkes the suggestion that Fortunatus influenced a theological movement in the Third Synod of Toledo, in 589.* The Fourth Synod of Toledo, presided over by St. Isidore, was convened in 633. Now in the confession of faith of this Synod we have nearly the whole Athanasian Creed reproduced word for word—"Nec confundimus personas nec substantiam separamus—filium a Patre non factum sed genitum asserimus. Spiritum vero sanctum nec creatum nec genitum, sed procedentem a Patre et Filio profitemur."† Nor is this all. We have a letter from Isidore, who presided at this Council, to Pope Eugenius, in which we find these words—"Quod sicut illud sancti Athanasii de fide Sanctæ Trinitatis sancta Ecclesia approbat et custodit, quasi sit fidei Catholicæ articulus. Quod nisi quis fideliter firmiterque crediderit, salvus esse non poterit."‡ Here we have Fortunatus writing a commentary on the Athanasian Creed when a priest, and later on influencing, as a theologian, the Third Synod of Toledo. The same creed is embodied in the profession of faith at the Fourth Synod forty years later, and St. Isidore, its president, quotes it in a letter to Pope Eugenius. Take any of these testimonies separately, and it may be weak enough : take them together as throwing light one on the other, and their strength will be found hard to break. They point out the way in which this creed came to be recognized by the Spanish Church.§ But yet it remains to be shown how Fortunatus himself could have come by it.

His biographer, Luchi, shows that he must have come to France from Italy, at latest in 565, as the following year his friend, Nicetius, Bishop of Treves, to whom he dedicated a poem

* P. 147.

† Tolet, iv., cap. i.

‡ Migne, lxxxiii., 908.

§ The fullest communication between the French and Spanish Churches must have existed even before this through the monks of Lerins. St. Vincent, in the fifth century, gives us the greater part of the Symbol *Quicumque* word for word, but he could not have known it as other than the *Fides Catholica* (*Vide* the diatribe by Montfaucon, in *Symbol Quicumque*, Op. St. Athanasii, t. ii., p. 652).

ed. The successor of Nicetius, Magnericus, was also his friend, and he also had a poem, and as he celebrates their domestic life, their hospitality, and country house, we know that he must have been familiar with them. He celebrates in verse his arrival at Treves, and spent the best part of his life in its neighbourhood. Moreover, Fortunatus was not only the best scholar of his day, but he took a particular interest in the monuments of saints of former days. Tombs, shrines, and relics were objects of great devotion to him, for he has celebrated them in verse; and as he has written the lives of several saints, traces of them must have had a peculiar interest in his eyes. Now, St. Athanasius arrived in Treves about two hundred years before Fortunatus went there, and he remained there about two years and four months. The good people of Treves were naturally proud of this distinction, and as their hospitality to Athanasius was known in the East, many confessors persecuted by the Arians fled there for refuge. St. Paulinus, successor of St. Maximinus, who had given hospitality to Athanasius, was banished to Phrygia, for refusing to sign the Arian formula in the Synod of Arles, so that Treves became celebrated on account of its connection with Athanasius and resistance to the heretics. It was visited by St. Hilary, Jerome, and St. Martin. As Fortunatus was, during his life, writing the life of St. Martin, or, at least, preparing the materials, he no doubt took a deep interest in the place, and his two friends, the Bishops Nicetius and Magnericus, would naturally have permitted his inspection of their archives. If the judgment of the learned and sound historical criteria is to be depended on, there must have been at that very time an anonymous manuscript of the Athanasian Creed in the archives of Treves, and it does not seem an unwarrantable conjecture that Fortunatus got hold of it, and gave it to the world with the *positio* of which we have already spoken. Moreover, there is an immemorial tradition at Treves, that Athanasius had written the symbol there, and this may in part account for the presence of the manuscript.* That known as the Colbertine was longed to Charles the Bald, and must therefore, at the very least, have existed before the year 877, when he died. Its age, however, is judged from the writing to be still greater. Tillemont dates it from 600. Tillemont agrees with him. There is a note on this MS., saying that it had been copied from a

* *Vide* Bollandus in 11 Maii; Baronius, *Ann.* 303.

MS. at Treves. The copy at Treves was not perfect, and from a reference to the Eutychian heresy, Waterland judges it probably to be as old as the middle of the fifth, or the beginning of the sixth century. Antelmi sets it as high as 450: Tillemon at 550.* We can hardly obtain from Mr. Ffoulkes' comment a fair estimate of the judgment of Waterland on Montfaucon. On the former he says—"Waterland . . . assigns them a date two hundred years later than M. Antelmi. Besides, he has forgotten to notice what Montfaucon told Muratori personally, viz., that he thought neither manuscript earlier than the reign of Charlemagne." Now Waterland tabulates the Treves manuscript as 660. He says—"The remaining part of the creed is very different from the common copies, and seems to have been contrived with design, . . . and it is to me an argument that the manuscript was written while the Eutychian controversy was at its height, about the end of the fifth or beginning of the sixth century, though I have set it a great deal lower, because this is not the place to explain the matter fully, nor would I too far indulge a bare *conjecture*. It is sufficient to suppose it written in the seventh century," &c.† As for Montfaucon, whatever is told in the anecdotes of Muratori, we have it from himself that he judged the Colbertine manuscript to be earlier than Charlemagne, and that every competent judge (*periti quique*) assigned it to about the age of Pepin, and that its chief value was in testimony to the earlier manuscript of Treves.‡

Now if we take the old tradition of Treves, the manuscript of the presence of Fortunatus there in the sixth century, publishing the symbol with a commentary, its appearance in Spain shortly after his influence began to be felt there, the testimony of the Fourth Council of Toledo with the letter of Isidore, have we not something like a history that is neither fantastic nor improbable? If we come down a little more than a century we find the Spanish form of faith passing into France, the "Catholic faith" learnt by the people, and Alcuin and Paulinus using the language of Athanasius. And to connect Alcuin with Fortunatus, we have only to remember that he was admitted to the Council of Frankfort on account of his great knowledge of ecclesiastical matters, was an ardent admirer of the editor of St. Athanasius, wrote his epitaph, and was familiar with his works.

Various difficulties occur here. First, how could the creed

* Waterland, chap. iv. † Chap. iv. ‡ Diatribe in Symb. *Quicumque*.

have remained unknown to St. Jerome when he visited Treves? The difficulty is grave, and the only answer we can suggest is that its value was unknown, or perhaps its presence. Fortunatus was a scholar cultivated beyond his age. He may have searched among documents which few would care to explore. He may have found a MS. of the Catholic faith lying unknown in the archives of Treves, and knowing the traditions of the place, and having perhaps some other clue to its origin he may have judged that it was the work of Athanasius. Similar discoveries occur every day. His own treatise lay hundreds of years unknown. Most of the classics, many of the writings of the Fathers, nearly half the productions of the middle ages, have lain for centuries in obscurity, are even in our own days frequently brought to light, and many more remain to be discovered. We do not pretend to have given a demonstrative proof of what we have said. It is merely a historical conjecture, but it is not based on violent suppositions or an unjust manipulation of the monuments that stand before us. The truth, however, of any one of the series of events here related would in itself be fatal to Mr. Ffoulkes' theory.

The Treves and Colbertine manuscripts are not alone in speaking of the existence of the Athanasian Creed before the beginning of the ninth century. Out of seven tabulated by Waterland, and credited to the eighth or an earlier century, we may mention one of singular interest. Lambecius, librarian at the imperial library of Vienna, where this MS. is or was preserved, gives a description of it. It is written in letters of gold, and contains a poem by Charlemagne, in which he says he gave that very copy as a present to Pope Adrian. This Pope died in 795. There is also an attestation by a notary of the Empire prefixed to the psalter in which this copy is found, to the effect that it belonged to Hildegard, wife of Charlemagne, during her lifetime, and that after her death it was given by him to the Church of Bremen, on the occasion of his naming St. Willehad to that see. Mr. Ffoulkes says there is nothing either in the dedicatory verses or in the notary's attestation to prevent his supposing that it was given nearly a century later by Charles the Bald to Pope Adrian the Second, and that it cannot have been given both to Adrian and the Church of Bremen within a few years. It is only necessary for us to show that there is no part of the testimony given which contradicts the statement that it once belonged to Charles the Great, and was given by him to Adrian the First. If, as

Lambecius judges, it was given to the Pope on the occasion of his coronation, the 10th of February, 772, Hildegard being the Queen, it might afterwards, in 783, be given to the Church of Bremen as a memorial of Hildegard, with the concurrence of Charles, or perhaps by his own act. In this way it might be said to have been used by Hildegard, and mention of Adrian would have been omitted, either because he had not used it, or because its donation to him was sufficiently attested by the verses of Charles. Anyhow, both testimonies agree in this, that it once belonged to Charles, who was the husband of Hildegard and contemporary of Adrian.

It remains only to be seen, by examining the creed itself whether it can reasonably be attributed to Athanasius, or, as many undoubtedly competent persons suppose, be referred to some other author. The fact that it has not been mentioned by ecclesiastical writers or controversialists for two hundred years after the time of that Father is an evident proof of its not being known as his work, even in Treves itself. But when we bear in mind the persecutions, the wars, the absence of literary curiosity which marked that period, when we remember the multitude of more striking works which have remained yet longer in obscurity and are nevertheless universally admitted to be genuine when a polemical interest militates against them, we ought to see that if there is no further difficulty, this alone should have no great force. Mr. Ffoulkes relies upon a work as having been the production of Alcuin which is nowhere referred to in his admitted works, which is not spoken of by his contemporaries and which for nearly a thousand years was utterly lost to the world.* We do not find fault with him for this. There are here at least, good reasons for his assumption, but then he must tolerate equal liberty in those who oppose his views. There is nothing absurd, as far as we have seen, in the time honoured tradition; from an examination of the work itself we may see whether it is unlikely to be true.

It is first objected that the creed is manifestly a patchwork made up of sentences found scattered in the writings of the Fathers and other authors of every age. To this we reply that it exhibits a unity and completeness surpassing that of many works, and not exceeded by any. That every passage can be paralleled by sentences taken from the Fathers, shows that it is what it professes to be, a symbol of Catholic teaching; but

* *Liber de processione Spir. Sanct.*

compare it with attempts to summarize their teaching we shall find that it is the type and model on which their teachings are based. Not that we mean to imply that they had this creed before their eyes, but they had the faith of the Catholic Church of which this is the most perfect exponent. There are no artificial seams, awkward joinings, unreciprocal connections. We find a sequence in the thought answering that of the verse, and a balance of rhythm and antithesis fully sustained from first to last.

The opening corresponds with the closing words, and both pervade their significance over the whole production. There is simplicity too in the expansion, and a continuous glow in the expression that dispels at once all thought of its having been produced but by one skilled, masterly, and almost inspired hand. Compare it with the verses of Paulinus and you will see that it could not belong either to him or his age.

But then there are doctrinal difficulties. Athanasius refused to speak of three "hypostases," and we have three "Persons" expressly proposed in the symbol. This is really no difficulty, for at the time of the Council of Nicæa the Latin *persona* was no equivalent for the Greek hypostasis. Hypostasis then meant existence, or at least signified subsistence, *in recto*, and the personal relation, *in obliquo*. Hence St. Jerome would not say there were "three hypostases," because he feared that *hypostasis* meant subsistence. In the same way St. Augustine at one time refused to use the word *persona* because its theological meaning had not yet been conventionally fixed. As has been said already, there was no hesitation on any side about the doctrine,

the terminology was unsettled, and they were bound to guard against giving offence, just as our theologians would be at the present day if some new heresy exacted fresh verbal distinctions. Moreover, Athanasius, with qualifications, accepted the three hypostases. In the form of faith which he accepted from Paulinus of Antioch, and corrected with his own hand, we find—*αποδέχομαι τὴν προεγγραμμένην ἑρμηνείαν τριῶν ὑποστάσεων καὶ τῆς ἑκείνης ὑποστάσεως, ἥτοι οὐσίας, καὶ τοὺς φρονούντας οὕτως.** When in the West, if he desired to arm his friends there against the machinations of the Arians, already threatening to become extended over Western Europe, he would have taught them to use *persona*, meaning by that word, as since it has ever been made to mean, the divine relation *in recto*, and the Divine Being *in obliquo*.

Another objection remains, and that is that this creed seems

* Epiphanius, l. ii., t. 3, xxi.

to refer to the Nestorian and Eutychian heresies, in language that Athanasius could not have used. It is admitted that many highly competent judges have held this opinion, and accordingly they have sought to fix the authorship on some Latin writer. But with all respect to their great authority, we may be permitted to say, that the objection should carry no weight with it. The creed, of its own nature, sets forth the doctrine of the Incarnation, and that setting forth, necessarily with a view to confute the Arian heresy, must speak of the "oneness" of the Man-God, and the distinctness of the two natures. The language used no more belongs to the time of these heresies than the words *a Patre et Filio* belong to the time of Photius. If it was desired to condemn Nestorius, words would have been used such as we find in the Canons of the Council of Ephesus; or, if Eutyches was to be condemned, such as are given in the declaration of the Fathers at Chalcedon. But we only find such language as Athanasius himself, and the Fathers of his time, might have used.*

It remains to be said, that in speaking of a *tradition* in support of our view, we do not mean a Catholic, but a local tradition. The fact that the symbol is called "Athanasian" in the breviary, or that it has been so named in a Provincial Synod, or even spoken of as such by one of the Popes, is no indication of anything but a private judgment on its authorship. The tradition, then, is a matter of free historical inquiry, and though we are by no means disposed to submit to the verdict of men who ignore the high qualities and motives of those whose verity guarantees the genuineness of our ecclesiastical monuments, we can never object to the fullest discussion of historical facts, as long as history keeps within its proper sphere. Mr Ffoulkes promises, or seems to expect, the discovery of some new frauds, he leads us to understand that he is engaged in a work of Christian archæology, that appears under the sanction of a respected name, and we shall always know how to give full value to his discernment and impartiality. As for the Athanasian Creed, one thing is certain, it existed long before Charlemagne, and was known in his time, and acknowledged to be a truthful expression of Catholic faith. Beyond this, whatever can be

* This is abundantly shown by Waterland (chap. vii.), where he proves very clearly that there is not a word in this part of the symbol which had not been equivalently used in the times of Athanasius, and that the express terms of condemnation which were used to confute these heresies are not to be found in the symbol.

said may be received as conjecture, or historical discernment, or justifiable theory, as the case may be. To us it seems that the justification of our views is mainly supported by the authority of Fortunatus. If, considering all things, he judged it to be the work of Athanasius, all that follows is not only explained, but the wisdom that directed its use is vindicated. That the Anglican Church should withdraw it from a use that it was never fitted to serve, is natural enough. But, it is to be feared, that doing so now is a virtual abandonment of a dogmatic standpoint. The disbelieving movement has joined its forces to the rationalistic, and the unfortunate Establishment is drifting away from every ecclesiastical landmark.

J. J.

*. Since this article was in type, the discussion on the Athanasian Creed in the Upper House of Convocation has been published. The Bishop of Lincoln, in a very able address, has examined some of the questions that we have been dealing with, and we are happy to say, for the most part, with the same result. With regard to Alcuin's letter, however, Dr. Wordsworth suggests that it may have referred to a document sent by Paulinus from the Council of Frankfort to the bishops of Spain. It appears to us, nevertheless, that the *Regula fidei* of which we have spoken must be the work referred to, and if anything, beyond what we have already said, is necessary to show this, we here submit it for consideration.

We have a letter from Alcuin to Charlemagne dated 798,* in which he speaks of a *libellus*, published by Felix the Adoptionist, Bishop of Urgel, and urges the King to have copies of it sent to the Pope, to Paulinus, and to others, that they might write against it *ad defensionem Fidei Catholicæ*. "Et si æqualiter et concorditer cunctorum in professione vel defensione Catholicæ. fidei resonant scripta, intelligi potest quod per omnia ora et corda unus loquitur Spiritus," &c. After this we have a treatise in three books written by Paulinus, and, as we learn by the dedication to Charles, undertaken by his desire; and, as we also read that it occupied Paulinus for a year, it could not have been finished till about the beginning of the year 800. We have also the *Carmen de Regula Fidei*, composed about the same time, and, as Madrisius tells us, forwarded with the treatise to Charles, and lastly, the fragment of a letter in which Paulinus

* *Epist.* lxxxv.

asks the King to have the *Carmen*, or perhaps the whole work, sent as a gift to Alcuin.* Let us see whether this *Carmen* sufficiently explains Alcuin's letter, said to be written in 800. The *Carmen*, if not strictly a compendium, is an epilogue to the treatise, and they mutually throw light one on the other. In the preface to the treatise Paulinus promises, as a safeguard for the future, to oppose everything that Felix has written against the *rule of faith*; the *Carmen* is styled the *rule of faith*. Alcuin congratulates him on writing a *taxatio fidei*. Then, in his preface, Paulinus makes a curious calculation, in which the number of the cardinal virtues is the prime factor, and the sum total is made mystically to represent the work he has undertaken; in the *Carmen*, as we have seen, the idea is expressed by the four rivers of Paradise springing from one fountain. Alcuin says of the work he praises—"Ubi de uno lucidissimo et saluberrimo Paradisi fonte, quatuor virtutum flumina . . . rursus irrigare conspexi." Lastly, Paulinus writes to the King—"I beg that this not very valuable, but, anyhow, little gift (*munusculum*) be sent to Albinus (Alcuin), 'mihi super omnia flaventium favorum dulcissimi mella,' " &c. Alcuin replies—"Cum beatitudinis vestræ litteras omni favo dulciores intueri," &c. A comparison also of the letter which Alcuin wrote to Charles about the *libellus* of Felix, and that which he wrote to Paulinus, thanking him for his work, shows that what he desired to obtain in one letter he acknowledges to have received in the other. In the first, he asks that a defence of the Catholic faith may be provided, that by the concordant writings of many the same spirit may speak in the mouths and hearts of all. "Defensione Catholicæ fidei resonant scripta . . . per omnium ora et corda unus loquitur Spiritus," &c. To Paulinus he writes—"Una tamen fides ubique resonaret." He offers to Charles to help him in writing a defence of the Faith. He writes to Paulinus—"Quod mea optata humilitas vestra implevit sublimitas." He is urgent in writing to Charles. He tells Paulinus that he had completed "Quod diu optavi et sæpius Domino Regi suasi." We find explained here the very words that Mr. Ffoulkes says refer to the Symbol *Quicumque*. Finally, the whole correspondence shows that the *desideratum* was to provide a rule of faith to guard the people against the Adoptionist heresy. Mr. Ffoulkes only points to a work that leaves dogmatic questions just where they were at the death of Athanasius.

* Migne, xcix., p. 468.

The Rosenberg.

I.

EVERY one must agree in saying that the right time to arrive on a visit is where is the evening. It is so pleasant to drive up to a hospitable door at the dusk, and try and fancy what the grey indistinct scene really is like, and then to come down fresh and rested the next morning and compare one's conjectures with the reality. I had always heard that the Von Löwenstein's place, near S—, was very pretty, but my imagination failed to depict anything half so charming as that summer villa and grounds proved to be. The house had been built by its present mistress on the model of one which overlooks the Bay of Naples, and which had been in her fancy while she was travelling in Italy with her mother, many, many years before I first made her acquaintance. It stood about half way up a hill which had originally been covered with vines to its very summit; space had been cleared for the house and gardens, but with this exception vineyards still remained. The views from various points in the grounds were very lovely; all around we saw other vineclad hills, and beyond them red dark mountains covered with forests of pine.

About three miles off, at the foot of the hills, and almost surrounded by water, lay the charming little capital of W—, with its well wooded environs and pretty winding river. The best view of S— was to be obtained from a verandah which ran along the front of the house; a flight of steps at the end led into the Baroness' rose garden, which was just in its greatest perfection at the time of my visit. But the whole house was like a garden, many and so varied were the flowers which were disposed with the most summate taste, in every available nook and corner of it. The arrangement of the sitting rooms was very peculiar; the hall, and a large and lofty dining room, occupied the whole centre of the house from back to front, on one side of these were the music room, the drawing room, and the private dining rooms of the various members of the family, both suites of rooms opening in a conservatory which opened on to the verandah, as did also the dining room. These conservatories were arranged as sitting rooms; one of them was our habitual breakfast parlour on fine mornings, and a santer one could hardly exist. Altogether, if ever I felt tempted to aim—

How good is man's life, the mere living!

as during the weeks that I spent at the Rosenberg, for my entertainers knew how to make the wheels of existence move with a smoothness which I have contented a Sybarite.

There was far less formality and ostentation than English ideas would have led one to expect, for the family of the Von Löwensteins is as old, and

as wealthy too, as almost any in the south of Germany, and they are just proud of their long, unbroken line of noble ancestors, and of the cast among the mountains of the Black Forest, which was the cradle of the race. Surely not one of all the former Barons von Löwenstein can have been a more striking person than my host : he was an old man, but I used to think him quite as handsome as either of his two handsome sons ; and the dignified courteousness of his manner is not easy to describe. He was the chosen friend and chief adviser of the King of W——, the Prime Minister in fact of that tiny State, and the most important personage in that miniature Court. Every morning he used to ride into S—— and repair to the palace often dining at his own town house, and not returning to the Rosenbergs till nearly supper time. It was very nice to see him and his sons together, they got on so well with one another, and were such firm friends. The relation between father and son is very beautiful when seen in perfection, which it rarely is, more rarely perhaps than any other relation ; certainly it is more variable than any other in intensity, especially as regards the feeling of the son towards the father. The brothers were very much alike. Max, the elder, was somewhat insipid looking in his colourless fairness, with his pale grey eyes, and flaxen hair ; he was a dreamy, indolent, unpractical person, and spent nearly all his time in the music room, for he was a composer and performer of no mean kind. Karl, the younger, was far the handsomer of the two ; his eyes were the colour of his native skies, and the sunlight seemed to have got entangled somehow in the crisp curls of his golden hair. His talent for painting was as remarkable as his brother's for music, and he pursued his art with as much energetic industry as if he had been obliged to earn his daily bread. He rode into S—— each morning with his father and devoted the early part of the day to his easel. Our visits to his studio in the Von Löwenstein's town house used to be among my greatest enjoyments. At that time he was painting a favourite dog and horse, belonging to the Queen, who was away from S——, the picture being intended as a surprise for her upon her return. He was a very clever portrait painter, too, and had the rare gift of idealizing the faces he transferred to his canvas, without in the least diminishing the truthfulness of the resemblance. His aunt said to me one day—"Karl makes people look as they will look in Heaven." And I think she was right in thus defining the peculiar charm which the likenesses taken by her favourite nephew certainly possessed.

The old Baron had lost his wife many years before, and his sister, Ida von Löwenstein, had always lived with him during the greater part of the year ever since. The Rosenberg was hers, and the whole party generally spent the months of May, June, and July there. In August, the Baron and his sons used to go off to the Stamm-schloss among the mountains, while Ida went to a delightful little estate which belonged to her, on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne. About the middle of November they all met again in S——, and spent the winter in their town house, for the winter months are the "season" there, and it was amusing to hear the remarks people made to me on the absurdity of the English fashion in this respect. "We have our dinners, balls, concerts, and operas, when the weather is cold, and the days are dark and short," they would say ; "and then when the spring comes, and the weather is fine and warm, and the evenings are long, we go

away and enjoy the country. We manage much better than you English do." And I could not contradict them.

Ida was one of the principal persons in the society of the neighbourhood; at the time of which I write, *Elle avait déjà doublé le cap redoutable de la quarantaine*, and yet she was as attractive, in her own way, as ever. She had never been nice looking at any age, and now that she was no longer young, she had the good sense to content herself with the sober tints of autumn, and never made the least attempt to appear younger than she really was. She talked extremely well; indeed she had the art of making anything she chose to tell appear the most interesting story imaginable. One day she gave me a droll account of the various suitors she had had in bygone years, and her reasons for refusing them. "I wonder you never liked any one out of them all," I remarked. "I *did* like a great many of them very much," she answered; "only I never liked any man well enough to be willing to give up my liberty and tie myself to him for life. Besides, I should have been sure to get tired of him." She told the simple truth about herself when she thus spoke, as I heard from other people. There certainly was a great lack of feminine softness and dependence about her, as a single glance at her large, determined mouth, and straight chin, was enough to show.

During the months she spent at the Rosenberg her friends knew that she was always "at home" two afternoons in the week, and I never enjoyed any form of society half so much as these receptions; they had not the formality which necessarily belongs to a regular garden party, or indeed to any kind of premeditated entertainment; no one came who did not want to, or stayed longer than he liked, or did anything he would rather not have done. The guests began to arrive about three, and from that time till nearly seven, there was a constant coming and going. Some strolled about the grounds, some gathered in the music room, all seemed amused and happy. I cannot think how the dull people, and the stupid people, and the disagreeable people, were kept away, but somehow they never made their appearance. Of course the chief occupation was talking, and certainly if ever the difficult art of conversation was thoroughly understood, it was understood at the Rosenberg. The tone was admirable, too; there was so much breadth, and such an absence of anything like personal gossip, or petty slander, or prejudice.

With all this ease and freedom, however, there were very strong class ideas, and the invisible cordon which inclosed the charmed circle formed a barrier almost impossible to be passed by those born outside of it. Wealth was, in itself, no passport, for money is not a leveller of social distinctions in Germany to the extent it is among ourselves. Riches are not treated with undue honour there, nor is poverty regarded as a disgrace, but *parvenus* are held in abomination, and *nouveaux-riches* sigh in vain for admission into even the merest outskirts of good society; or rather, they *would* sigh in vain, if they desired such admission, but Germans, as a rule, are free from any wish to intrude into a class above them. No one who could be said to have ever been engaged in any kind of trade, or whose immediate predecessors had been so engaged, would, under any circumstances, have been received on terms of equality at the Rosenberg. Yet well connected persons, who were poor, came there as honoured guests,

and were treated with invariable kindness. I have seen Max mark the fingering of a difficult passage of music for some little governess, and Karl correct the sketches of a friend who was obliged to eke out a scanty income by giving lessons in painting. Of course English luxury and love of display, in dress for instance, render it almost impossible for persons equal in cultivation, good breeding, and refinement, but very unequal in the amount of their respective incomes, to mix freely in society; but where much greater simplicity prevails the case becomes quite different. The Von Löwensteins' class ideas were a sort of religion to them; at least, they none of them had any other, but were the most complete Nihilists that could be imagined, and I could never have understood what that sect, if such it may be termed, now spreading so widely in the unhappy State Church of Russia, really is, if I had not stayed so long at the Rosenberg. The greater part of the nominal Protestants to be found among the German aristocracy are, at least in the south, nothing more than thorough going liberals; and, if one could imagine a sufficient excuse for unbelief, that excuse might surely be found in the gloomy unattractiveness of the system which calls itself German Protestantism. But no Catholic guest of the Von Löwensteins ever experienced the slightest difficulty in practising his religion; for instance, whatever plans might be made for Sunday, care was invariably taken that a carriage should be at the disposal of any one who might be going into S—— to hear Mass, however early in the morning.

II.

How well I remember the last evening of my visit. We had music after supper, as usual, and then we all went out of doors for an hour or so, according to our almost invariable custom. The evening was perhaps the pleasantest part of the whole day in that delicious climate, and much as I always admired the view from the verandah when I saw it by day, I used to think it looked even more beautiful by moonlight. It was specially lovely on that last evening, or else I noticed its different features more particularly knowing that it would, in all probability, be a long time before I saw them again. The whole landscape was so distinctly visible in the soft, bright light of the golden moon, the dark mountains in the distance, the hills a little nearer, the picturesque city at their feet, the woods, and the shining river.

"I don't believe anybody ever saw anything more enchanting even in fairyland," I said to Max, who was pacing up and down the verandah with me. "Yes, it is a pretty view," he answered rather absently; "but I was thinking of something very different. One doesn't care much about a view when one is wretched at heart," he added, stroking his moustache and sighing wearily. "I suppose not," I rejoined; "but then we are both anything but wretched, and so we can't judge. I am sure I have had had nothing but enjoyment ever since I came into this house, and one doesn't need to stay in it long to see how happy *you* all are." "Don't include me in the *all*, please," Max said; "but it's only natural you should think as you do, for I know my duty to myself and to those around me too well not to try and be cheerful. From what you say, it appears that I succeed, but you little know what the effort costs me." I could hardly suppress a smile at the idea of such selfdenying endeavours to be cheerful on the part of the selfish, indolent Max; but I composed my countenance,

for I plainly perceived that he was longing to unburden himself of his secret sorrows, and I thought it would be rather amusing to hear his story, as told by himself. I knew its principal features tolerably well already, for Ida had given me several hints as to the cause of a certain expression of pseudo-melancholy which was occasionally to be remarked upon the countenance of her elder nephew, but I carefully concealed this fact, and after a little more preparatory conversation had passed between us, and solemn oaths of secrecy had been administered to me, Max proceeded to tell me "all about himself," as he said.

His father had chosen for his wife the daughter of a Norman seigneur, who had married one of Max's mother's dearest friends. The arrangement had been formally concluded about three years before, to the great satisfaction of both families. Max had in no way been consulted, indeed he had been at the University all the time the negotiations were going on, but he had all the strongly marked ideas of his class as to the duty of an eldest son in deferring completely to his father in the matter of marriage, and his nature being very much the reverse of energetic, he had passively acquiesced in the destiny that was marked out for him; so that all had gone smoothly until the autumn before I knew him, when he went to travel in the Pyrenees, and during his wanderings met a young lady who impressed his fancy a good deal. "I saw her several times," he said, "and sat near her once or twice at the *table d'hôte*, for we were at the same place for two or three days. I even went to Church one hot Sunday morning in order to look at her again. She was so charming, I couldn't half describe her properly, however I were to try. She had the loveliest eyes and complexion, and such a sweet expression. *Ach, sie war göttlich!*" He paused. I didn't quite know what to say, so I said nothing, and he presently went on—"As soon as I got home I told my father all about her, and begged him to find some excuse for breaking off my engagement, but he at once refused absolutely. I was angry at the time, and have been wretched ever since. However, I suppose he is right, *noblesse oblige*, and of course I would not do anything in the least dishonourable and unworthy of my name. But yet you know a man can't resign himself to a blighted life without a struggle, and sometimes it seems *too* hard. This afternoon, for instance, my father has been settling some money matters in reference to my marriage, and I feel more depressed than ever. Look at this likeness of my *fiancée*, you won't be able to say what you think, so you needn't say anything."

We stepped off the verandah, and out of the shadow of the house; the light of the moon was so bright that I could perfectly distinguish every detail of the photograph which Max put into my hand, and it was a very unattractive person that I saw, so that I scarcely knew how to console my companion. "She may be much nicer looking than that now," I said at last; "I can tell by the dress that the likeness was taken some time ago. You haven't seen her since she was a child, and you say you shouldn't have recognized this photograph. Perhaps when she leaves the convent where she is at school, and you go to visit her, you will find her quite unlike the picture. And if she's not exactly pretty, I dare say she's very nice and pleasant, and you know one never thinks much about the looks of the people one lives with."

At this moment Ida called to me from the verandah—"My dear child,

are you never coming indoors? Why don't you remind that selfish Max that you have a long journey before you tomorrow?" Thereupon Max slipped the unfortunate photograph back into his waistcoat pocket; I looked up at him with the most sympathizing face I could assume, and said, laying my fingers lightly on his arm—"It's very, very kind of you to have told me all this; I shall often send my good wishes to you from over the sea, and I do believe it will all come right somehow. When it does, don't forget the Englishwoman's prophecy!" And then we went in. I must confess that I felt rather odd the next morning when I encountered my companion of the evening before, but Max's selfpossession was equal to any emergency, and soon after breakfast the carriage was announced, and he and Ida drove down with me to the station. 'At the very last moment he handed a beautiful bouquet in at the window of the railway carriage, saying as he did so—"Don't forget your promise of secrecy; *treu und fest*, you know." "*La donna è mobile*," I answered, and the train moved off.

I had plenty of time that day to think over his story, and as I did so, the shallowness of his nature struck me more and more. With all his grace and cultivation and charm of manner, he was very heartless and superficial. His affection could never be worth having; the affection of such a one as he was never is, for water cannot rise above its source. And his dejection was so evidently unreal too; it was nothing more than the disappointed caprice of a spoilt child; he had so long been accustomed to have the tree shaken for him whenever he wished, that now he could not bear to sigh in vain for a fruit which appeared so very tempting. The ready fluency with which he had spoken of his grief proved that it was not very bitter, *ce ne sont que les maux médiocres qui peuvent être exprimés*. Besides, poor and shallow characters like his never can have any deep grief to confide for they never know what such grief is, any more than they ever know the best and purest kind even of mere earthly happiness; both extremes are avoided in the road along which they travel steadily through life. Of course I refer only to indiscriminate and uncalled for outpourings; there are many people who only unfold very slowly, and yet when their confidence is gained it is absolute and entire. But then they bestow it once perhaps in their lifetime, and unconsciously pay the highest possible compliment to the individual who receives it; they must entertain no small amount of trustful affection for any one whom they will allow to see into the secret places of their souls, where "God only, and good angels" are accustomed to look.

III.

I should have been in no danger of forgetting the Rosenberg even if I had not brought away a lovely water colour sketch of one of the prettiest views to be obtained in the grounds, for Ida was a most excellent correspondent, and as long as she lived, her racy and amusing letters kept me thoroughly *au courant* of all that went on around her. But she died, almost suddenly, about two years after my visit, and the tidings of her death caused me many an hour of reflection. One cannot help asking oneself, however sadly, what is to become of people like her, so nice and good, and kind, yet so entirely without religious belief? She left the greater part of her fortune, and both her houses, to her favourite nephew, and the family life still goes on much after its accustomed fashion, for

Karl likes his father and brother to enjoy the Rosenberg with him in the early summer, and they are glad that he should be an inmate of their town house during the winter.

But all the friends of the Von Löwenstein's agree in saying that their house is far from being as pleasant as it used to be; for Max's young wife contrasts unfavourably, in many ways, with the former mistress of the Rosenberg; but then Ida's social talent was of a very high order, and her equal in this respect would not easily be found. Karl gets on admirably with his sister in law, all the better perhaps, because she possesses no very distinct character or individuality of her own, and regards him as a wonderfully talented being, a sort of demigod in fact, to be treated with all deference and distant respect. He paints better than ever now, and more assiduously too; from time to time his friends ask him when he means to marry, but he always makes reply that his art is his lady love, and that he wishes for no other bride. He is proud, and exceedingly reserved, so that no one tries to press him further on the subject, and it is only a very few people who know the truth about him, or suspect that a charming little picture, called "St. Agnes," which always hangs in his studio, is in reality the likeness of an English girl who was a guest at the Rosenberg once upon a time, and whom Karl von Löwenstein learned to love, not knowing that her heart was not her own to give. Later on, when her dream of happiness proved to be a mirage in the desert of life, he renewed his offer, doing this with such perfect taste and delicacy of feeling that if anything could have induced her to reconsider the determination which she had formed, that letter must have done so. Her refusal was a great blow to him, but I believe that his pride was more deeply wounded than his heart; he could not bear to think that the memory of an unknown Englishman was preferred to him, and to feel that in spite of his beauty, and wealth, and talent, and faultless pedigree, he was not altogether so irresistible as he had imagined. Perhaps it *was* a little hard for such a one as him to find that he could not marry the only woman he had ever wished to make his wife, but I am certain that the resolution never to marry, to which he has hitherto adhered, was more the result of pique than of disappointed affection, he could not have exactly what he liked, and so he would have nothing at all! Besides, his love, such as it was, had not been returned, and a one-sided attachment can never take any deep root, for love must be mutual to be worth the name. Nor was he the sort of man that is capable, in any case, of a great affection, and I do not believe he could ever, notwithstanding all his attractive qualities, have called such an affection forth.

The two brothers, so different in many ways, resembled one another in this, that they were neither of them at all affectionate, though Karl would no doubt make a very nice husband for a woman as incapable as himself of understanding what love really is, and Max seems fond enough of his wife in his listless, apathetic sort of way. If ever there was a spoilt darling of fortune, he is one, though I cannot imagine what the capricious goddess sees in him, or why she has so loaded him with her favours all his life through. Even in the matter of choosing a wife he had his own way after all, and the manner in which this happened was so remarkable that I could never have believed the story to be true if I had known the persons concerned in it less intimately. In the spring of the year after he had so pathetically (as he

thought) confided his sorrows to me under the verandah of the Rosenberg, he set out with his father for the old Norman *château* in which he was to be introduced to his future bride. For several days before the one fixed for the departure of the travellers, Max was more irritable than he had ever been known to be ; he had scarcely ever been thwarted in his whole life, and he had always believed that his good fortune, hitherto so invariable, would not desert him when the fatal step had to be taken, but that some way of release from his engagement would be certain to appear. He possessed all that light hearted confidence as to the future which is such a characteristic of people whose lot has been a prosperous one, and contrasts so strongly with the timid apprehensiveness of those whose history presents a succession of sorrows.

Now that the crisis was close at hand, it was more than Max could bear with equanimity, and when his father said to him on the last evening but one —“You had better ride into S—— with me tomorrow morning, Max, and then we can go to the jeweller’s and choose a present for Désirée ; I saw some very pretty things in the window today,” he could scarcely control himself sufficiently to answer in his usual tone of calm indifference ; as soon as he could, he escaped into the garden, where Karl joined him, and the two brothers proceeded to quarrel more earnestly than they had ever done. They ordinarily seemed to be the best possible friends, and really were too, in a certain way, though there was no manner of sympathy between them, and their characters were radically different. Now, however, Max’s complaints were more than Karl knew how to endure, especially as he himself was far too proud and selfcontained ever to complain at all ; if a remedy could be found for any evil, he sought and applied that remedy with his accustomed energy, if not he silently acquiesced in the inevitable. “I think you are making yourself very ridiculous,” he said to Max, at last ; “all this fuss is worse than useless, it annoys my father, and worries my aunt, and nearly drives me wild. Why on earth didn’t you declare, when you came home from that confounded journey, that you would have your own way, come what might ? Not that I see any reason for all your airs ; you’ll be happy enough with Désirée, I’ve no doubt.”

“She ought to be called Détestée,” muttered Max ; however, he said nothing more upon the subject, either the next day, or during the journey, but wore the air of a very sulky martyr, if I may be allowed such an expression. On arriving at the *château*, he brightened up a little ; he was naturally anxious to make a good impression, and thus his vanity got the better of his ill temper. Try as he might, however, he could not at any time appear to advantage by the side of his father, who possessed all the best qualities of both his sons. And is there not always a charm about a handsome and courteous old man, which a younger one must long in vain to possess ? I think some such thoughts as these must have passed through the minds of M. le Marquis and M^{me}. la Marquise as they received their guests, and witnessed the graceful affectionate way in which the old Baron greeted his future daughter in law, stooping to kiss her on both cheeks.

When Max’s turn to salute her came, all his selfpossession forsook him for the first time in his life ; he blushed like a girl and stammered like a school boy. For he saw in his dreaded *fiancée* the queen of all his dreams, the charming girl he had met in the Pyrenees ; there were the soft dark eyes, there was the clear delicate complexion, and there was the varying expression

too, for Désirée was smiling and colouring and looking astonished all at once, as she glanced, in her pretty French way, first at Max, and then at her father, and then back again at Max, as much as to say—"What does it all mean? This is the handsome unknown I admired so much, how can it be Max von Löwenstein?" But so it was, she had changed very much since the unprepossessing likeness was taken, and hers was one of the many faces which, for one reason or another, photography can never do anything but caricature. She had been travelling with old family friends at the time when Max met her, and their name had been given by mistake instead of her own, in answer to his inquiries. I don't know which of the two young people was the most pleased; at any rate, with such an introduction, they could not fail to become friends very speedily. After dinner Désirée invited Max to come with her and see her garden; what she really wanted was to show him certain passages from the journal she had kept while travelling in the Pyrenees, in which there were some not very uncomplimentary mentions of himself. She had called him "the charming unknown," and had expressed many a childish wish that Max might only prove half as delightful as this stranger seemed to be. At last they returned to the house, and she sang for him the lovely ballad of "*Les yeux bleus*." Her singing was by no means first rate, nevertheless Max was enchanted; I suppose his ear was less critical that evening than usual. "You see it has all come right; I knew it would," he said to his father as they parted for the night,

With that regal, indolent air he had,
So confident of his charm.

I had a long account from Ida of her nephew's good fortune. "We are all so delighted," she wrote, "at this most unexpected *dénouement* of Max' story, and he is as much pleased as he ever could be about anything. However, I think he ought to be a great deal more rapturous than he is, and I cannot help wishing that success in love had fallen to his brother's share rather than to his, especially as I am sure you were right in saying that Max would soon have made himself quite happy with the wife of his father's choice, and would have forgotten all about his romantic fancy. I find now that he had told his tale to all our friends by turns, pledging each to secrecy; he is indeed a proof of the proverb—*Wo viel Schein, da Rein Sein*." Max and his father are as good friends as ever, the latter always declares that he chose his son's wife, as every father should do, and Max slowly shakes his handsome head, and retorts—"It's no such thing! I chose for myself, as every man should do, if he wishes to live happily for ever after, as I have done." I believe the old Baron did a great deal for the wounded during the late war; he used to escort the Queen of W—— on her visits to the hospitals in S——. I read an account of their proceedings one day in an English paper, and gathered from it that he is as great a favourite as ever with his royal mistress. My latest news of the Von Löwensteins is of very recent date; only the other morning, when dining at the house of some German friends, I happened to sit next a gentleman from S——; he knew them well, and gave me all the information I desired. It is always a pleasure to me to talk of them, for they are charming people, and I have a great deal to thank them for. Certainly it is not often the lot of any one to stay in so pleasant a house as the Rosenberg.

A. M. C.

Postscript to the Article on "Results of the Education Act."

ST. JEROME is sometimes quoted as having said that the Christian world woke up one morning and found itself Arian—*Ingemiscens orbis terrarum, se Arianum esse miratus est*, and the expression of the great Doctor of the Church may perhaps serve well enough to give an idea of the astonishment with which the writers in this Review found on the morning of February 10, 1872, that they had become not exactly Arians, but certainly not far short of heretics—secularists in education, "desirous to surrender thoroughly the whole Catholic system of education to that infidel entity, the State ; soliciting unhesitatingly the destruction of that liberty of combining secular and religious instruction which the Catholic Church is struggling to preserve in almost every country in the world."

This is pretty well, our readers will doubtless think, and we may pause to inform them on whose authority these things are said of the MONTH. They are said on the authority of an anonymous "School manager," writing to the *Tablet* newspaper. His letter occupies more than a column of close type in that paper, and is far too long to be transferred to our pages, nor is there any necessity that it should be quoted at length. The fairest way to test the truthfulness of any account of the sort is to try to imagine what idea would be formed of the article represented by it in the mind of one who had never seen the article, and could only judge of it from the account in the newspaper. We think we are not overstating the effect likely to be produced upon the mind of any reader of the *Tablet* who knew nothing of the MONTH but what this anonymous correspondent told him, when we say that it would be this—in the first place, that we had written an article on the general subject of Primary Education, embracing the many all-important questions connected with that subject—in the second place, that we had advocated secular education to the exclusion of all religious teaching ; had urged that "no shadow of liberty" for such religious teaching should continue to exist ; that all children should be swept by the Government into "godless schools ;" that no more grants should be made to denominational schools ; that Government should even compile new books of its own instead of the Poor School Committee's books ; in short, for there is really no use in writing out at full length every detail of this highly coloured picture, that in every possible way and to every possible degree, Catholic education should be made absolutely secular, handed over to the Government, and that this new system should be made compulsory and enforced by penalties. As a charge very far short of this would amount to a very serious accusation of false doctrine, and that on a matter which is at present one of the

s of conflict between the Church and the world, it is really important to state exactly the details. If we have mistaken feature of the case, it must be remembered that the writer is, very obvious reason, incoherent; that reason being that there certain parts of our article, about the rights of conscience, and the which he does not appear to be able to account for on his own y. This first assailant was followed, at the interval of a week, by er, equally anonymous, "School manager," who "capped" him by or three adroit quotations from a late Pastoral of the Archbishop of minster on Christian education, certain most admirable passages of a were placed in very picturesque contrast to passages stated by riter to represent the principles and doctrines of the MONTH—if we rstand him rightly, not of this particular article, but of our Review neral. We may fairly suppose that the storm has not yet ceased, as these lines cannot appear in our pages for at least three weeks. the first letter of our assailants, we may expect before the month of uary is over, to find ourselves confronted with the Syllabus or the ical, and perhaps delated to the Holy Office and reported to the agenda. Indeed, to say the truth, we think that if the gentlemen whom we are dealing, one of whom is apparently a priest, really ght that we had maintained what they represent us as maintaining, would have taken, not only a fairer, but a far more Catholic, course ringing their accusation in due form before some ecclesiastical rity, instead of before the readers of a weekly newspaper. Their ation appears to us to amount to a charge of heresy, brought st one or more priests in the diocese in which the *Tablet* newspaper blished, and we conceive that it is by no means in accordance with pirit of Catholic discipline that such charges should be made ymously, and in the way in which they have been made, to be d of by an appeal to "a truly Catholic journal," instead of to the ary authority in ecclesiastical matters. These writers appear to be much in earnest in a most laudable hatred of any lay interference airs or questions which belong to the Church. Why then have acted in this, which is nothing more nor less than a grave iastical cause, a cause of true or false doctrine, in a manner so sly contrary to all ecclesiastical rule? The accused are priests, uestion is one of dogma (as the last writer puts it), the accusers r to be priests also. We conceive that under such circumstances ying of the plaint before the so called tribunal of public opinion anonymous letter addressed to the Editor of a newspaper, is a neglect of the legitimate tribunals of the Church, a serious oblivion ristian decency, and an appeal to lay judgment on questions d its sphere. The Church has a right to have causes of doctrine t before her authorities, as well as to educate her own children, ose who are rightly sensitive of her privilege in the one case l not be the first to infringe it in the other. Orthodoxy is eivably dear to Catholics, especially to priests, and Catholic apers should not be made the vehicles for charges on that head, hey were Anglican journals like the *Church Times* or the *Rock*. fore pointing out how it appears that these writers have dis- ed the mare's nest to which they have invited the attention of the lic public, we may be allowed to dwell for a moment upon the

somewhat humiliating aspect of the story of the discovery. Here is a Catholic review, which has been for some years in the enjoyment of considerable favour and some credit with the religious body to which its writers belong, writers who are known to be ordinarily priests and religious men, belonging to a body which has never, we think, lost the confidence of English Catholics, and never, as also we may trust, been unfaithful to the highest principles of Christian Education. Moreover, the Review has within the last few years, not once or twice, but some dozen times at least, fought to the best of its ability the battle of Catholic Education, and has had more than one article on this very department of Primary Education from which the principles of its writers might have been gathered by any one who chose to know them. Again, this very article which is in question had been before the public for six or seven weeks before the attack was made upon it, and, on its appearance, had been specially remarked upon, and certainly without disfavour, and, if we remember rightly, in a complimentary manner, by the Catholic newspapers (including the *Tablet*) in their usual notices. All these circumstances, we think, might have made these anonymous school managers hesitate as to the soundness of their own interpretation of the article, though they could not know how highly it had been commended in private by many whose names deserve great weight with the Catholic body. It might have been thought that at least some little misgiving might have crossed their minds that they might not be quite right in reading—if they did read—the article in the sense which they have affixed to it in these letters. Even if they had felt no such misgiving, they might at least have dealt with a Catholic review in a friendly and charitable spirit, they might have suggested that there was some misconception, that there had been some accidental omission of qualifying clauses, and the like, or they might have ascertained by private inquiry or remonstrance whether they understood the article rightly, whether it had got into the MONTH by mistake, whether any steps would be taken to give explanations, without the necessity of a public scandal. But these writers seem to have thought it the most natural thing in the world that the writers of the MONTH should advocate an absolutely unchristian State education, and to have felt no scruple or reluctance themselves in bringing against those writers that public and most serious accusation which their letters convey.

And now for the answer to this very simple and groundless misrepresentation. In the first place, the article attacked is misrepresented by the name given to it in the *Tablet*—it is *not* an article on Primary Education.* It gives no general view or theory on that subject, which has been abundantly discussed more than once in the pages of the MONTH. It is an article on certain "Results of the Education Act"—it inquires simply what has issued from the first year's working of Mr. Forster's measure, which it does not discuss or criticize or qualify or applaud, but simply takes for granted. It has nothing to do with what that Act found in existence and left untouched, nothing with the general question whether education should be religious or secular, nor with the Church's right to her children, nor, indeed, with education

* We have ascertained that the Editor of the *Tablet* is not responsible for this misrepresentation, which stands at the head of the letters in his columns, and which, under the circumstances, is calculated to mislead in the most serious manner.

rest and true signification," as the author words it, but simply provisions of this particular Act with regard to what he calls "instruction," the need of which he urges as greater in our days, and with the success of these provisions. The article is very long, twice as long as the letters in which it has been attacked. It cannot be said at once, and our pages have often enough borne witness to our sense of the importance of the questions here omitted. The writer shows how the Anglicans, how the Catholics, how the Nonconformists, have dealt with the opportunities offered by the Education Act, especially on the paltry manœuvres of the last named class, who have actually leagued with the Secularists to secure the utter elimination of religious teaching from rate-aided schools, because they find that they cannot compete on equal terms with the members of the Established Church. The writer then passes on to describe what has been the working of the School Board system, and sides strongly against it. He considers that Parliament has, in the matter of education, done a weak and mischievous thing in putting it not as a matter of education—or rather, instruction, for, as we have seen, he has set aside "education in its highest and truest sense" into the hands of a "handful of London professors, Liverpool

Sunderland tradesmen, country squires, provincial attorneys, and the like, and he adds that Primary Education should be an undertaking, it should be placed "beyond the sphere of pickings," certain leading principles should be fixed by the State, and carried out thoroughly. We cannot imagine any misconception of this word "Imperial." The opposite which is not, as our kind friends have chosen to insinuate, "local" or "religious," but local or municipal. The writer says, whatever the State is to do, should be done by the State itself. Then he goes on to state certain principles laid down in the Act, and to say that they should be enforced by the Parliament, and not left to local Boards. He does not discuss principles, any more than he discusses the Act itself. Both the principles have been at least so far accepted by the authorities that Catholics sit on School Boards and work their way under the Act, and that is enough for him. The writers whom he probably dislikes the Act in itself, and so may he; but that is not to the point. He says, let Parliament enforce the principles laid down. It has decided that primary instruction should be kept apart from religious instruction. Well then, let this principle be carried out in every elementary school in the kingdom, and let Parliament, again, "have decided that local School Boards are to pay the school fees of destitute children sent by their parents to schools of their own denomination. *Let Parliament advance a step and compel* School Boards to recognize the rights of conscience of parents, and to pay the fees when the parents are unable to do so. We need not go on, for what we have said is enough to show the general drift of the article. It speaks entirely of that part of the Act in which the State has undertaken to secure, and in which the State, in all events as yet, has not thought it necessary to refuse the aid of the State. It addresses the State throughout, as to this, and urges that the Act has failed, because its execution has—

been committed to School Boards, and not enforced by the Government itself. This is the simple meaning of the remaining parts of the article to which we need only refer; of the suggestion that the burthen of solution of the difficulty of compulsory attendance should not be thrown on School Boards, but assumed by the Home Secretary, and of the last sentence of all, in which the *instruction* of "*all the children, even the poorest, in reading, writing, and arithmetic*," is said to be "an Imperial duty, Imperial in its magnitude, Imperial in its importance, and Imperial in the results which may be expected to flow from it."

There may be a question as to the wisdom of this suggestion, but we know that many practical men are as ready to endorse it as ourselves. Boards are really fitted to carry out laws, not to discuss first principles, and the result of leaving so many questions of importance to them has been that a good deal of time has been wasted, a great diversity of practice already arrived at, that in many cases the best provisions of the Act have been, or are likely to be, evaded, and a good deal of suffering and difficulty thrown upon the minorities—that is, in most cases, on Catholics. There are no doubt many Catholics who would rather see us free from the Act altogether. Some have gone so far as to argue that Catholics cannot lawfully sit on School Boards, and these, we suppose, must in their hearts think that the Catholic authorities in England are wrong in their toleration of the Act as far as they tolerate it. With this question the article has nothing to do: it simply inquires whether the working of the Act, in certain matters, is satisfactory, within the sphere which the State has, so to speak, occupied, and from which the Church has not yet sought to expel it. Our assailants apparently hate the Act itself, as they have a right to do if they like. They have no right to deal with our article as if it treated of the theory of the subject at all.

The process by which the argument has been distorted into an attack on religious education is very simple. Wherever the State has been called upon to see that the principles of the Act are really carried out, and not left to the weak agency of local Boards, the words have been separated from their context, and are represented as an invitation to the State to exclude the Church from all share in education. The critics vent their hostility to all interference of the State on suggestions to the State to do well what the Church tolerates its doing. It has been left out of sight, that the writer was not dealing with Primary Education as a whole; indeed, a title has been given to his article so as to insinuate that he was, and the readers of the *Tablet* are given to believe that he was dealing with something more sacred than reading, writing, and arithmetic. The passage which we have italicized, in which Parliament is called upon to exceed its own principles, and *go a step further and compel* School Boards to recognize the rights of conscience in poor parents, and to pay the fees for their children in schools of their own denomination, is left out; and, we may remark, that passage alone would have been enough to undeceive the readers of the *Tablet*. But we must also remark, that this passage must have been before the eyes of the first of our assailants, for he quotes, without the context and without the sentence from which they depend, a few words only three or four lines lower down on the same page, in which—also to avoid the "miserable huxtering and bargaining already too common among the School

Boards"—it is suggested "let Parliament fix the fees in all schools," and the like. Lastly, the word "Imperial," the sense of which it might have been thought is obvious enough, is always represented by the writers in the *Tablet*, as if it were opposed, as we have pointed out, to ecclesiastical or religious, not to local or municipal.

We do not consider it our business to discuss the question of the innocence or malice of the writers who have put before the world so extraordinary a perversion of our article. It may possibly be that a writer who puts on paper rapidly and unsuspectingly his thoughts on some one particular branch of a great subject may not always expressly guard his language against misconception for those who are thinking of another. One very high among us, if we mistake not, had once to explain that it was a characteristic of his own mind to be so intent on the subject with which it was engaged for the moment as to forget all others. When people are speaking to their friends, they do not think it necessary to guard themselves against every monstrous supposition that no one who knows them will entertain as probable for a moment. Whatever excuse the anonymous assailants with whom we are dealing can find in the fact that the writers in the MONTH do not imagine that Catholics will suppose them guilty of heresies which they have denounced scores of times, they are perfectly welcome to. But on the other hand, we must say plainly that we cannot acknowledge that the article justifies such misrepresentation. There is but one way in which it can be understood as consistent with itself from beginning to end, and that is the way in which, no doubt, our own readers, many of whom have greatly commended it, have understood it. No one should make a charge of heresy against a priest without carefully considering, not isolated passages and truncated quotations, but the whole of the document before him. An ecclesiastical judge would never decide without the whole case before him, and these gentlemen have called on lay judges to decide on a few shreds of it, selected by themselves. Again, the well known character of all that has been written in this Review on the subject of Primary Education ought to have been considered, and the writer's name is perfectly well known as that of a priest who has had to take a leading and successful part in Catholic Education as such. Lastly, the fact that we have pointed out—that the writer who came first into the field, in order to make his charge colourable, was obliged to omit a sentence which stared him in the face, and which was of itself enough to confute him, making it difficult for us to understand how he can excuse himself.

And this is not a mere question of misunderstanding words. Not every misconception justifies a corresponding misrepresentation, or such a step as turning the office of the *Tablet* newspaper into a court of doctrine for the diocese of Westminster. We shall be satisfied if the Catholic body does us the justice which we have hitherto had at its hands, and shall even rejoice if the issue of this strange and wild accusation puts some check upon the glibness with which certain writers throw about charges of the gravest character, and, in particular, if the persons who write without responsibility or name in the newspapers are restrained, either by public opinion or by authority, from bringing grave doctrinal charges against Catholic priests. English Catholics live in the midst of a Protestant world, and they may insensibly

catch some of the bad habits of their neighbours. For many years past there has been a growing tendency to assimilate the Catholic press to the Protestant press—to erect it into a power which may be less abnormal when there is no real ecclesiastical authority, and no strict law of doctrine—where heresy is not considered a sin, and when even a light imputation on moral character is thought a more serious injury than an attempt to cast a slur on a man's orthodoxy or loyalty to the Faith—which can never, as we trust, be tolerated where the traditions of the Catholic Church reign supreme.

Here we should stop, but that we have another word to say on a matter which has more than once been mentioned in these pages, and which illustrates to some extent the argument of the article which we have been vindicating. Our readers are well aware of the grievances of the Catholic prisoners in our gaols, of the Parliamentary inquiry which took place two years ago at the instance of Mr. Maguire, and of the fate of the Prison Ministers' Bill which was introduced last year by the Government in consequence of the recommendations of the Committee of the House of Commons, which passed the House of Lords, but fell through in the Lower House at the end of last Session. The necessity for that Bill illustrates exactly the necessity under which, unless we are much mistaken, the Catholics of England and Scotland will soon find themselves as to Education, of begging for deliverance from the tender mercies of local Boards, and for the further interference of Parliament in rendering compulsory what at present is only permissive. There is some difference between the two cases, but on the whole we may expect to find that, in Educational matters as well as in what relates to the interests of Catholic Prisoners and Prison Chaplains, the safety of a minority such as we are is rather in the fairness of the Central Government than in the religious bigotries and "bickerings" of local Boards. We should not be surprised if, when some one in the Month or elsewhere says that the religious care of prisoners is an Imperial matter, and ought to be dealt with as such, he is accused by some anonymous friend, of proposing to hand the administration of the sacraments of the Church over to gaolers or policemen, and to exclude Catholic priests under severe penalties from meddling with the souls of British subjects. What is, we fear, certain, is that we may soon be called upon to fight over again the battle which we considered fairly won last year. It is said that the Government hesitates about reintroducing the Prison Ministers' Bill, and that this important question is to be left unsettled for fear of the opposition of Messrs. Newdegate and Whalley. Catholics will have again to petition and memorialize, again to ask for Parliamentary inquiry, and again to be baulked of the simplest justice, in consequence of the bigotry of Middlesex Magistrates, London Aldermen, and the like—in consequence, in short, of that sort of half legislation which the article on which we are commenting deprecates in the matter of Education.

[EDITOR.]

Reviews.

LITURGY AND WORSHIP IN THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

Liturgy and Worship in the first three centuries of the Christian era. By Dr. Konrad Probst, Professor of Theology in the University of Breslau. Tübingen, 1871.

DR. PROBST has kept his word with the public, and has not made us wait as long as might have been expected for the second part of his larger work, the first part of which has already been published in the pages of this periodical. As the author remarks in the preface, the second part also is little more than a compilation: he does not have to treat questions of doctrine, preaching, the Catechism, and love-feasts, in a new and independent manner, but in regard to the hymnology of the early Church, he does not profess to have reached his researches to a conclusion, but leaves the reader to draw his conclusions on the subject from what is laid before him.

The work is divided naturally into two parts; the first treats of the Liturgy, the second of public services. After the author has established the truth of a divine message, he treats in the first chapter the office of the minister, the bearers of this office, namely, deacons, priests, and bishops, and finally the qualifications which should be found in every minister, according to Scripture and the testimony of the first Christian centuries. That Word of God, which the Church has received, has the commission to teach, has, according to Dr. Probst, a double object—the glory of God and the sanctification of man. The glory of God is promoted by liturgical services, the sanctification of man chiefly by preaching. And the preacher's office is a threefold one, according to the account of the three different classes of hearers (unbelievers, converts, and the faithful), missionary sermons, catechetical instruction, and discourses being suited to them respectively. But the sermons of the early Church remained in their very essence a pattern for all time, however the mode of instruction may have varied, and we still have the discourses of the Apostles in the rule of faith of the early Church, an abstract of their catechetical instruction in the Creed, and discourses intended for the faithful alone, in the Gospels. Carrying out this idea, the author treats, in the first two chapters, of the doctrine to be taught and of its earliest development, and takes up, in the third, to consider the style of our Lord's teaching, the missionary work of the Apostles to the Jews and heathens, the rule of faith as given by the earliest Fathers, and finally, the Creeds. The third part of the work proves the existence and internal organization of the Catechism—the latter part forming a short treatise on the schools for

catechists. In the fourth chapter, Dr. Probst treats the form and subject-matter of the homily more in detail, and explains both the views of the Fathers with respect to the manner in which Scripture should be interpreted, and the relation of natural science to theology.

The second part of the work is considerably the shorter of the two. The first chapter treats of hymns, and the author shows that even in the writings of St. Paul, of Theophilus, and of the author of the Epistle to Diognetus, traces may be found of the earliest Christian hymns, which seem to be in strict accordance with the laws of rhythm. In the second chapter the various forms employed for united prayer are passed in review, together with the ceremonies connected with them: for instance, agapæ, processions, &c.

As far as the first volume is concerned, the author might justly claim for many of his deductions the merit of originality. And, indeed, many well known names in the literary world may be found in the ranks of his admirers. The chief merit of this second volume appears to lie, on the other hand, less in any considerable number of fresh or important deductions, than in a new and painstaking examination of those facts which are commonly held to have been already proved, and which one may find treated at great length in the writings of other authors. But it will always be very much to the credit of our author, to have explained and brought to light, as he has done, a number of passages from the Fathers which had hitherto been passed over almost unheeded.

And in this respect we find the same merits as were to be observed in the first volume, combined, now as then, with a plan of research which is somewhat too minute, and imparts, at times, an air of weariness and constraint to the whole subject. Although the present work is intended in the first place only to serve as a historical basis for a portion of pastoral theology, yet the writer on dogma, the exegetical commentator, and the ecclesiastical historian, will find in its pages many collateral questions treated with thoroughness and skill.

This remark applies, for instance, to the first division upon the office of the Church as a teacher, in which the universal liberty as to public teaching prevalent among Protestants is combated with much decision; Catholics being at the same time reminded that according to the principles laid down by the earliest Fathers, "Theological science and its professors are subject to the bishop, and must remain under his surveillance." Yet in this very section we must draw attention to a statement which is, to say the least of it, wanting in exactness. Dr. Probst mentions by the side of the Apostles the seventy disciples as being immediately empowered by Christ to watch over the teaching of the Church. We cannot agree with this view of the subject; it is of course true that Christ did send forth the seventy disciples, but the object, duration, and province of their mission were all very limited, and they had merely to prepare the way for the real teachers, who were to come after them. The Church's office as a teacher is to proclaim truth all over the world, and never to prepare the way for its reception. A new and universal commission of this kind can be proved from Matthew xxxviii. to have been given to the Apostles in the very beginning of the Church; for that of the disciples we can find no standing-point either in Scripture or tradition, and the idea of attri-

buting such a mission to them appears to be, therefore, an utterly groundless one. Together with this distorted view of a fundamental point, we find a somewhat misty statement of the relation in which the seventy disciples stand to priests. This confusion appears specially in the remarks upon 1 Cor. xii. 28, and the parallel passages. According to Dr. Probst, St. Paul means by prophets, priests, and by teachers, deacons, and the author considers this view of the subject to be a perfectly self-evident one; he only adds that the deacons were also called Evangelists, and as a proof of this he mentions Philip. Yet Timothy is also termed an Evangelist by St. Paul, the word being, moreover, not to be considered as a special designation of deacons, but rather as bearing the wider signification of a messenger of the faith, or missionary.

Further than this, the author understands the word doctors, as used by Hermas, to mean priests. Is it possible that any language could change so much in so short a space of time? Should not the author rather allow that the word doctor was not, in the ecclesiastical language of the first three centuries, connected with any definite office in the Church, but was applied interchangeably to the reader, the deacon, and the presbyter? To understand prophet to mean presbyter, in the passage referred to, seems to us quite unwarrantable. The author certainly appeals to Ephes. ii. 20, where the Apostle says the faithful are "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone;" for the bishops (apostles) and priests (prophets), or the priesthood in general, are the foundation of the Church. But in this text the Old Testament prophets are referred to; they alone can be compared to the apostles, and termed a foundation, for the prophets of the New Testament play a very subordinate part. In this sense the passage has hitherto been generally understood, to the exclusion of this new idea that priests may be spoken of as foundations of the Church. But we have entered at too great length upon this point, and can only add that we are far from agreeing with the views which the author sets forth in several of the other explanations which he gives in this part of his work.

Much more instructive, on the contrary, is the portion which he devotes to the consideration of the qualifications necessary for the Christian teacher. His materials are gathered from the earliest writers, and he has certainly woven them into a beautiful whole. The Christian preacher, we are here told, should not take for the basis of his teaching his own impressions and ideas, but the Church's rule of faith. He should, moreover, be adorned with sanctity of life, with wisdom and piety, so that his actions may confirm the effect of his words. And he who desires to devote himself to the office of a preacher must see that his intention be pure; he must be well versed in Holy Writ, and must combine the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove. All these qualifications are backed up, in their minutest details even, by quotations from the Fathers. The remarks of the author upon the matter to be taught are, on the whole, worthy of approval; yet we think that the connection between the missionary sermons of the Apostles and the rule of faith of the Fathers, ought hardly to be taken to mean that this latter has its source only in those missionary discourses, *i.e.*, *apologetic sermons*. Rather should its origin be sought in

the collective preaching of the Apostles before Jews, heathen, and believers. And if it is positively affirmed that we have in the Gospels the sermons of the Apostles, yet the Epistles of the Apostles themselves declare that the Gospels do not contain the whole of their teaching.

From the writing of Hermas, Origen, and Clement of Alexandria, as well as by means of a peculiarly dexterous appropriation of sundry passages in various heretical and pseudo-Clementine works, the existence and internal organization of the Catechumenate is shown, and the author goes on to prove to us, with a great display of learning, that the Catechumenate was at that time divided into two principal classes alone—a fact, moreover, which may be easily and evidently gathered from the fifth canon of the Council of Neocæsarea, and the fourteenth canon of the Council of Nicea. Yet Dr. Probst asserts the existence of a preparatory class outside the Catechumenate proper, and as he will certainly not refuse to allow that the worshipping catechumens received more careful instruction immediately before their baptism, he must further be willing to grant that the class of aspirants is also discoverable in the third century, less perfectly developed, indeed, than in the fourth, but substantially the same. In this part of the book we particularly notice that want of breadth in the treatment of which we have already expressed disapproval above.

We must not pass over in silence the fourth chapter, which is the best and most instructive portion of the whole work. It brings before our notice with much scholarly exactness and warm enthusiasm the preaching of the Apostles and Fathers of the Church. The matter which it furnishes is more particularly suited for the commentator; as for ourselves, we merely wish to draw attention to the admirable picture it gives us of the nature of apostolic preaching. The author believes that the Apostles were in the habit of beginning their addresses with some incident from the life of Christ, which they in the next place proceeded to explain and apply in a practical manner. In proof of this view he refers us to the Epistles of St. Paul, which are, so to speak, written homilies, the incidents with which they commenced being found in the Gospels. Thus the author decidedly rejects the view of those who see in the sermons of the Apostles the materials for the Gospels, and thus explain the striking coincidence which is to be observed between the three first. In the beginning of his work Dr. Probst took occasion to address a word or two of admonition to certain German scholars, and in this concluding section he certainly does not spare those easy going parish priests who content themselves with committing to memory printed discourses. "For such a proceeding is death to everything like eloquence. An ordinary parish priest doing battle in the armour of a Bossuet is a more pitiable spectacle than David essaying to fight with Saul's weapons. Let him rather choose a pebble from the brook, and go forth with his sling to meet the enemy."

Of the remaining portions of the treatise we will only mention that one which treats of Agapæ. Dr. Probst's opinion is that they were originally held every evening, conjointly with the holy Eucharist. From the accounts given by Pliny he gathers that, later on, the Eucharist was celebrated in the morning, and received fasting, while the Agapæ were held only on Sunday evenings, the cause of this change being an

stolic injunction. It must be allowed that the author considerably lessens the position of his opponents, and at the same time brings forward weighty arguments in support of his own.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF PRAYER FOR THE DEPARTED.

Christian Doctrine of Prayer for the Departed. By the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L., F.S.A., Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth. Strahan and Co., London, 1872.

Dr. Lee was prompted to write this work by "the *ex cathedra dictum* of Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to a distinguished Eastern patriarch, that the Church of England did not authorize nor sanction prayers for the dead;" and by a similar utterance on the part of one of Tait's suffragans, Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester. The book consists mainly of the history of prayers for the departed; the historical portion being supplemented by some chapters on the theological principles on which the practice rests.

With the history of prayers for the dead we do not find fault; it deserves all praise for the care and industry which it reveals, and for the sobriety with which it is written. The chapter on the use of Prayers for the Departed among the Jews will suggest to many of Dr. Lee's readers the importance of trying to connect the thoughts and manners of the apostolic age with the thoughts and usages of the chosen people of God. The statement of the influence of the Reformation on the practice of praying for the dead is candid and full; and we believe the *catena* from the writings of the eminent men who strove against the Reformation is no more than justice to their opinions. Whether Dr. Lee is justified in claiming the teaching of these men as more faithfully representing the teaching of the Established Church in England than the *dictum* of the Archbishop of Canterbury, we do not pretend to decide.

Of the theological portion of the book we cannot speak so favourably. Dr. Lee does not possess the talent of stating clearly and forcibly his thoughts on theological subjects; his language is vague and lacks precision. Neither in the chapter on the Communion of Saints, nor in the chapter on the Rationale of Prayers for the Dead, do we find any distinct teaching. The saints are said to be in communion with God the Father, again with God the Son, again with God the Holy Ghost, with angels, with each other; but is this the Communion of Saints confessed in the Apostles' Creed? In what do the saints communicate one another? Again, what is the Rationale of Prayers for the Dead? may be asked by the reader of chapter II. Is it the relaxation of lesser sins? Is "the condition of souls between death and judgment of gradual purification," in which "the intercessions of the living aid"? Dr. Lee returns no distinct, clear answer.

Still more unsatisfactory is chapter IX., on the doctrine of Purgatory. Dr. Lee quotes the Council of Trent—"Whereas the Catholic Church, instructed by the Holy Spirit, has from the sacred writings and ancient traditions of the Fathers taught in sacred Councils, and very recently in the Ecumenical Synod, that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls

there detained are relieved by the suffrages of the faithful, but chiefly by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar," &c. Within a few pages we are told that the common belief of people during the middle ages, held the souls in Purgatory to be punished with corporeal fire. We are told, "Venial sin, that is, all sin that can coexist with grace in the soul, is expiated by the pains of Purgatory, not simply as to its punishment, but also as to its guilt" (p. 119). And again, "The Purgatorial fire frees from the liability to punishment, under which sin lays the sinner." This is described as the general faith of the Western Churches during the middle ages. In the same chapter, Dr. Neale is quoted with approval as condemning Rome "for thrusting a precise, dogmatic, matter of faith belief on her converts."

Dr. Lee ought to have seen that where the defined belief is so very restricted and asserts so little, popular belief and popular modes of speech must assume more than the definition expresses. The popular language respecting Purgatory was shaped on St. Paul's teaching,* that souls should be purged by fire; but such popular language no more implied a definite faith as to the nature of the pains of Purgatory than Father Faber's poetical fervour implied that his faith went beyond the teaching of the Council of Trent. It would be impossible to speak or write about Purgatory within the limits of what is strictly of faith, at least in popular language, and any one attempting, as Dr. Lee has done, to trace back the faith from the popular form it assumed, would probably be misled. Dr. Lee has not escaped the danger. Where, for instance, did he learn that venial sin is *expiated*—not simply as to its punishment, but also as to its guilt? Is it not the more received opinion among theologians, that the guilt of venial sin is remitted at the Particular Judgment? Are not the souls in Purgatory in several languages called the Holy Souls, because they are held to be free from all guilt? This expiation of sin as to its punishment is an instance of what we understand by Dr. Lee's want of precision. Another instance occurs in the same page—"The purgatorial fire frees from the liability to that punishment under which sin lays the sinner." The explanation follows—"A person is loosed from a debt who pays it." What a vague way of saying that the suffering in purgatorial fire is the chastisement visited on venial sin!

The claptrap about the sale of indulgences is unworthy of one who writes on so grave a subject as prayers for the dead in a reverential spirit. Dr. Lee, at p. 136, says—"No such extensive changes as were effected under Henry the Eighth and his illegitimate daughter, Elizabeth, could have been carried out, had not corruptions existed of a nature such as to have practically eaten out the religion of the main body of the people, who, with only a few exceptions, passively witnessed the steady progress of Change and the triumphant success of Robbery." We ask him to turn to Italy and seek the explanation of the facts which are passing in our own day, under our own eyes. If Dr. Lee, and those who think with him, were as zealous in looking for points in which they can join the Western Church as they are in exaggerating what they imagine to be the points of divergence, the work on Prayers for the Dead would have been far more complete, more explicit, and better adapted for the instruction of the English public to which it is addressed.

* 1 Cor. 3.

LE LENDEMAIN DE LA MORT.

Le Lendemain de la Mort, ou la Vie future selon la Science. Par Louis Figuier.
Paris: Hachette, 1871.

The sun, says M. Figuier, is the first agent of life and organization. The rays of the sun, falling upon the land and the water, bring about the formation of plants and zoophytes. The solar rays do this, by depositing on the waters and on the earth animated germs, which emanate from the spiritualized beings who inhabit the sun. Thus it was that life began in the world, in the appearance of plants and zoophytes called into existence. Plants and zoophytes have life and "sensitivity." They contain within themselves an animal germ. This animal germ is perpetually passing upward in the scale of existence, rising higher at the termination of the life of each organization which contains it, from the zoophyte to the mollusc, thence to the "articulated" animal, fish or reptile. From the reptile it rises to the bird, from the bird to the mammalia. Many germs, dispersed in an inferior state of existence, may unite themselves to form a superior being. The rudimentary soul which thus passes through the series of animal existences gradually acquires greater perfection and the beginning of new faculties. Sense, conscience, will, judgment, are successively added. In the mammalia the soul numbers among its faculties the principle of causality, which is the basis of reason. From the higher order of mammalia the soul passes into the body of a new born infant.

The human infant has no memory, any more than the animal from which it received its soul. But it soon acquires memory—at the age of about one year—and memory henceforth grows stronger, and the mind is further enriched by imagination, thought, reason, and the like. The child is, however, imperfect up to the age of twelve, and so, if the child dies before that time, the soul must begin again, and enter another new human infant. In other cases, after death, the soul leaves the body, and passes to the ether which surrounds all the planets, where it enters into the body of an angel—a superhuman being. Not always, however. If the soul has not been sufficiently purified or ennobled during its sojourn on the earth, it must begin over again, enter yet another new human infant, and lose all memory of its former existence. So that this world is, in many cases, the scene of many "reincarnations" of the soul. When the process of purification is complete, the soul goes, as we have said, to the ether, constitutes a superhuman being, and remembers all its former existences.

The earth on which we live is not the only scene of life such as we have described. The same process goes on in Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Only the poor little asteroids are left out in the cold. There is everywhere just the same progress from plants up to beings answering to men—planetary men. The souls of these planetary men pass in the same way as the souls of men to the circumambient ether, and constitute super-(planetary)-human existences, whole swarms of which throng the ether of which we have spoken. They have faculties indefinitely superior to ours, there is comparatively little matter in their composition, their bodies are light and vaporous, their senses and powers wonderfully acute and marvellously great.

Superhuman beings of this kind can communicate with men if worth of such communications. They can help them, watch over them, and receive them after death into their new spheres of existence. But *lil* men, they are mortal. After living their allotted time in the ethereal regions, they pass into new bodies, those of archangels and arch-human beings, and their transmigrations continue through a series of changes the number of which science, with all its perspicacity, is as yet unable to determine. As they rise higher and higher, their faculties and powers increase and develop immensely. When they arrive at the highest grade in the celestial hierarchy, these spiritualized beings are perfect in power and intelligence. They are pure spirits, with no material alloy about them. In this state—they tumble into the sun.

The sun, then, is the final and common abode of these spiritualized beings, who have started from the different planets, and finished the long series of intermediate ethereal changes. What they do in the sun M. Figuiet does not tell us, but they send forth by means of the solar rays, as we have said, the animated germs which start life on earth and in the planets, and which are to rise gradually in the scale till they become fullblown spiritual beings like those from which they proceeded.

Such, according to M. Louis Figuiet, is the last word of modern science. We have not consciously omitted any feature in the system and we have done little more than translate his own words. M. Figuiet who has written a number of books on different physical subjects, a list of which may be seen at the end of the little volume which we are reviewing, and many of which have been thought worthy of translation into English, has a certain amount of knowledge of the matters of which he treats. Many of his books really deserve their popularity. And now, in the full blaze of the nineteenth century, he sets down and puts forward the system of which we have given a sketch. He is evidently entirely in earnest, he is not conscious that he has done anything childish, much less anything unscientific. We have no doubt that many scientific men will laugh him to scorn, and certainly with justice enough, but it is worth while to consider in what the rottenness of his system consists. He has taken a great many ascertained facts, far more than are usually employed in dreamy imaginations and arbitrary explanations of the phenomena of the universe, and he has drawn inferences from them and made them elements of an argument according to his own fancy. And now, how many scientific men are there who can throw a stone at M. Figuiet on this account? How many are there who reason much better than he? Science is supposed to be the reign of calm inquiry, of severe logic, of processes of thought carefully tested by inferences and deductions which are put to the strictest argumentative tests before they are allowed to do service in affirming a theory. It is perfectly easy to expose M. Figuiet's logic. For instance, he has a chapter in which he proves to his own satisfaction his theory about what he calls the frequent "reincarnation" of souls. His first proof is the misery of human life, and the inequality of the distribution of gifts and of evils of various sorts among men. God would be unjust to make this inequality, unless there had been some antecedent state in which the soul of which its present allowance of good or evil is the fruit. Another argument is from the case of those who die in infancy. Christianity, indeed, says that if they have been baptized they go

ut God would not be just if He gave them for a life of
es the same reward which He gives to others after a long and
ice, or again, which He denies to those infants who die
d. Again, in the same chapter he argues that all souls must
d," meaning by salvation that sort of progressive rise in the
existence of which we have spoken. Chemistry, since the
avoisier, has taught the great truth that nothing is lost in this
world ; so also in the moral world nothing must be lost. These
are childish enough, certainly. M. Figuiet knows a great
things—what a pity he never learnt logic ! His book is a mass
tributed middle terms and illicit processes one after another.
ar it must be allowed that he is not much worse than many of
aries of the day. We question whether any bad syllogism or
in his book could not be paralleled from Mr. Darwin or
Huxley. What is the use of boasting of the progress of
our time when the laws of reasoning are falling into
? Every new discovery is a fresh demand for the right use
give it a proper place and a proper force, and unless these
ed to it, it only adds another element of confusion to a
already overburdened with knowledge that it cannot

SOUTH SEA BUBBLES.

South Sea Bubbles. By the Earl and the Doctor. Bentley, 1872.

se—very properly named—bubbles had been blown by an
mortal, and not by a young Earl, it is probable that they
ever have found a publisher, never have been reviewed in the
d never have been indulgently or enthusiastically noticed in
ers—some of them more religious in their character than the
onans of the English press—nor should we be at the pains
g our readers against them. They have a certain undeniable
about them, for the book contains some pretty descriptions
y, and some amusing anecdotes, besides having the attraction
venture or two of some peril, and the far greater charm which
to every tolerable account of the fairy islands of the Pacific.
no may remember Herman Melville's *Residence in the Mar-*
and his successive volumes, *Omoo* and *Typee*, will be prepared
eat deal that is interesting in the account of the graceful,
goodnatured natives of the Pacific islands, as well as for
tual presence of the foulest and most open moral degradation,
tself felt at almost every page. We venture to think that the
ed element is only more mischievous than ever when it is
l in the form of smiling, amiable, natural voluptuousness ; and
ever lightly it may be touched upon, it is very far better that
not be touched upon at all. For this reason the book before
objectionable book, whatever excuses may be alleged for the
goodnature" and "animal spirits" with which much of it is
all the more objectionable, for the "boyish frolicsomeness"
aracterizes it. If novels, bad in their plots and character, are
ndemned notwithstanding the grace and brilliancy of their

colouring, and even the possible good lesson which may be drawn from the vicious incidents of which they are made up, the same stern justice should be meted out to books of travel which are crowded with scenes of what in any Christian sense is simple licentiousness, though not dressed in its grossest and most revolting garb. If the excuse is to be allowed in one case, it must be allowed in all, and we must begin to tolerate on Christian tables a class of books, perhaps at the present time more practically mischievous than any other.

The other feature which is specially characteristic of the volume is quite in keeping with that on which we have already remarked. By the side of the sensuous accounts of the "Paphian Bowers," and the like, in which the writer or writers revel, there is frequent evidence of a feeling which is very often found in alliance with sensuousness—an intense unreasoning hatred of the Catholic religion. In one place Catholicism is spoken of as "the most dogmatic and conceited of all religions," and the writer adds, "I will back half a dozen enthusiastic Jesuists or Marists, going the round of Polynesia, to do more to demoralize the people, and shake what small hold Christianity has upon them, than five hundred of the most dissolute sailors" (p. 302). We give this as a specimen of what we call "unreasoning" hatred. There is no sense in it; and the writer would find it hard to justify it at length, even to himself. The book is defaced in many places by sceptical speculations as to whether Christianity is the only true religion, as to prayer, as to Providence, and the like, and will probably soon be forgotten in favour of other elegant but fresher flippancies. If, as is reported, the author be the son of a late distinguished statesman, who, if he had not been prematurely cut off, would now perhaps be the very foremost man amongst us, nothing could be a more cruel kindness to the heir of such a name than to speak too indulgently of the foolish conceit and inexcusable bad taste which have characterized his first public appearance.

Notices.

DAVID LEWIS has followed up his beautiful translation of St. Teresa's autobiography by giving us another and a companion volume, *Book of the Foundations* (Burns and Oates). We had hoped to include in our present number an essay on this book in the series of "Lectures on Famous Books," but we have been obliged to omit it on account of the great pressure of other matter. For the present, therefore, we must content ourselves with noticing the volume in this place. It is, without doubt, the most generally attractive of any of the works of St. Teresa. It is more of direct narrative, more incident, a greater variety of matter, than in the account of herself which is commonly called *the Life*, though it is not by any means a full biography. St. Teresa writes with force, clearness, wonderful judgment, and loftiness of thought though she is by no means averse to digression, in fact, her own thoughts master her from time to time, and she is utterly free of the ordinary laws of narration. This absolute freedom is one of the many charms of her writings. The present work, which was written at different times, embraces nearly all that stormy period of her life which was coincident with the gradual spread of her reform and persecution which she and her friars had to undergo at the hands of the "Mitigated" Carmelites. She says but little about these troubles but her translator has made himself perfectly familiar with their details.

Mr. Lewis has certainly spared no pains to render this a valuable edition, as well as a good translation, of the *Book of the Foundations*. An immense amount of information is condensed in the text and notes, and we cannot help admiring the very modest and unobtrusive manner in which the fruits of so much labour are used.

Mrs. Hope's *Conversion of the Teutonic Race*, the first part of which is before us (published by Mr. Washbourne), bids fair to be a valuable book. It is edited by Father Dalgairns of the London Society. The first volume gives an account of the conversion of the Saxons and the English, and is to be followed by a second, which is to treat of St. Boniface and the conversion of Germany. The appearance of a work by an English Catholic is thoroughly refreshing, and we hope that better days are beginning to dawn for our literature. Instead of confining herself to translation of some German or French work, as Ozanam's *Les Germains avant le Christianisme*, for instance—Mrs. Hope has gone to authorities for herself, and compiled an original work which gives constant evidence of great erudition and sound historical judgment. The latter part of the volume, which gives us a capital of the first Christian centuries of our own race, has a special interest for our attention, and the subject is well arranged. We trust the work will become very popular.

3. We are precluded in these pages from giving any criticism on Father Coleridge's *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier* (Burns and Oates), the first volume of the Quarterly Series conducted by the managers of this Review. But we may be allowed to quote a few passages from the Preface, which will give our readers an idea of the reason for which a new Life of St. Francis has been thought desirable. "There can be no doubt," the author says, "that if St. Francis Xavier had lived within the present century, the first thought of his biographer would have been to collect every detail within reach, even as to the external circumstances and scenery of his career, and that, in particular, every scrap of writing that ever proceeded from his pen would have been religiously preserved and examined, even if it had not been published. Such was not the way in which biographies were written in the generation which succeeded that of Francis Xavier and Ignatius; and the Lives which that generation and subsequent generations produced differ in proportion from those which we require. At this distance of time, and under all the circumstances of the case, it might be impossible, even for one with far greater opportunities than it is my lot to possess, to supply fully what is to us a sort of deficiency in earlier Lives of the Saint. A very large number of his letters have perished altogether. Those which remain to us exist chiefly in a Latin translation, which appear to have the merit of conscientious fidelity, but which must certainly fail to give us much of the fire, much of the delicate grace, much of the intense tenderness, which must have breathed in every line of the original. Moreover, a great many collateral facts, which would render the letters more complete as an integral portion of his biography, have certainly been lost to us. . . . In the meantime, it may serve to the glory of God and the honour of St. Francis, to have done that which has been now attempted; that is, to give a clear narration of his life as it stands in the ordinary biographies, and to use the whole of his letters and fragments which have survived to us, in the form in which we possess them, to illustrate the life and to speak to us of his character for themselves. The only former biographer of St. Francis who has made much direct use of the letters is Père Bouhours, whose work is known in England from its translation by Dryden. But our acquaintance with the letters has been increased since his time, and he did not use those which he had as fully as might be wished. He had the advantage, which is shared by the excellent Italian writer Massei, over the earlier biographers, Turselline and Lucena, of writing after the Processes had been completed and largely used by Bartoli, who, in his *Asia*, has really furnished the storehouse from which all subsequent authors have supplied themselves. . . . Bartoli is very full, accurate and industrious, but the letters were less perfectly known to him than to us. We have the great advantage of the very useful though unostentatious labours of Father Menchaca, who, at the end of the last century, and during the suppression of the Society, published the letters in two volumes at Bologna, summing up at the same time in his Prolegomena all that can be said about them, and going through them carefully, in the "Chronotaxis" which form a portion of those Prolegomena, with view to their arrangement and connection with the life of St. Francis. Father Menchaca once or twice expresses a hope that a Life in some day be written which may give to the letters their due weight.

illustrating the history. No one could have been more fit than himself, from his devotion to the Saint and his intimate knowledge of all that remains to us concerning him, to have undertaken such a task ; but he has been content to make it possible for others" (Pref., pp. viii.—x.). The present volume of the work embraces the life and letters of St. Francis to the beginning of 1548, leaving nearly six years of the busiest part of his career for the second volume, which is to be published at Midsummer, making the third of the Quarterly Series.

4. Among the pile of publications which have been called forth by this subject—the Athanasian Creed—we notice with pleasure the very able pamphlet of Professor Heurtley (*The Athanasian Creed; Reasons for rejecting Mr. Ffoulkes' theory as to its age and author.* By Charles A. Heurtley, D.D., Margaret Professor of Divinity, and Canon of Christ Church. Oxford: James Parker and Co., 1872), which of itself should completely set at rest all doubts about the pretentious theory of Mr. Ffoulkes. We select two from the various arguments put forward in it, not because they are at all more urgent than the rest, but because they are, to us at least, quite new. First our attention is directed to a passage in the Exposition of the Creed by Fortunatus—*In isto sexto milliaro, in quo nunc sumus*. By all the methods of calculation which were before the writers of the middle ages the sixth millenary terminated at latest with the year 799. Moreover, if this exposition had been written in the very last years of this era, undoubtedly there would be some reference to its impending close, but there is none. Therefore, it is fair to conclude that it was written before the Carlovingian period, and when it was written, the symbol was at least old enough to be believed the work of Athanasius. Again, "The thirty sixth and thirty seventh verses of the Athanasian Creed were, with the exception of the first clause of the former, simply incorporated from the Apostles' Creed, or Creed of the Western Church." But they give us the old form—*Sedet ad dexteram Patris*, without the addition *Dei Omnipotentis*. Therefore, they must have been taken before the new form was generally introduced, or in other words, before the middle of the seventh century. The learned Professor has done a good service to historical truth in calling attention to these important considerations. We may venture to add that in the MS., from which in our article we have quoted an exposition of the Athanasian Creed, published by Cardinal Mai, there is also an exposition of the Apostles' Creed, judged to be by the same writer, in which the text is according to the older form. This speaks for the antiquity of both expositions, and gives strong evidence of the much greater antiquity of the Symbol *Quicumque*. The words *Dei Omnipotentis* are found in the Spanish, Gallic, Hispano-Gallic, and Mozarabic forms in the West, and would be found in any quotation from this part of the creed in Spain or France from the tenth century onwards.

5. Mr. Lewin Bowring, lately Chief Commissioner of Mysore and Coorg, has published a very interesting volume under the title of *Eastern Experiences* (Henry S. King, 1871). About half the volume is devoted to Mysore, of which we have a very fair history and a very good description. The remaining, more serious, chapters are shorter. There is one on Coorg, one on the Punjaub (Panjab) before annexation, an

account of the Sikh invasion of the Cis-Sutlej country, and a sketch of the Taepings in 1854. The latter part of the volume contains Mr. Bowring's letters to friends at home, which are very bright and amusing indeed. Here, for instance, is an account of what Mr. Bowring saw at Mercara, in Coorg—"In the afternoon Captain and Mrs. C. took us in their carriage to the tombs of the Rajas of Coorg, handsome buildings with gilt minarets. It is noteworthy that, inside, the stones above the graves of Dodda Virrajendra and Lingarajendra and their two wives are in the shape of a cross. The tombs were covered with flowers, a light was burning, and an attendant came out to present us with fruit. We did not go inside, but looked through the door. Some of the carvings about the buildings are very rich. The two tombs are exactly alike, a third building being a sort of sanctuary, in which the god Shiva is supposed to reside.

"The Coorgs themselves do not believe in Shiva, and have no temples, but have a great respect for the god Pan, and the goddess of the Cavary river. They are very superstitious, and believe in wood demons, spirits, &c., and, except at certain seasons of the year, will not enter parts of the forest. Amongst the upper classes there are no conversions to Christianity, and although the children attend the Government schools, the slightest interference in religious matters would be resented at once, so in all the schools it is forbidden.

"The Catholic missionaries have a school, not under Government, and after school hours they give religious instruction to those who like to remain, but only the low castes ever venture to do so. It seems a sad state of things. We can educate them as much as we like, and many of the higher officials are clever and refined in manners, but we cannot convert them.

"On the 7th I saw all over the fort, and went into the rooms formerly occupied by Mr. K. when he was Superintendent. All the Coorgs ask after him with respect and affection, for they say they never had such a Superintendent. Troops now occupy the palace. Horrible stories are told of the cruelty of the last of the Coorg Rajas, a man who ended his days in England. It is said that he used to sit in a bow-window in the palace, and make people run across from the entrance to a stone elephant in the courtyard while he shot at them! In this way he killed all his relations but one sister, who escaped, and is still living. Certainly the Coorgs are much happier under our rule, and they are very loyal.

"I expressed a wish to see some Coorg ladies, so one of the head men brought his wife and cousin to see me. They came thickly veiled, but uncovered their faces when in the drawing-room. They were fine young women, with large eyes, and were not very dark. Their hair was worn *en chignon*, only they had splendid gold ornaments on it, and bunches of white flowers. They wore white jackets with short sleeves, embroidered with red cotton, white muslin skirts, embroidered with a narrow gold lace, and very short. Their legs and feet were bare, and round their ankles they had massive silver bands, from which hung a number of little bells, with a silver chain from the band to each toe, held on a number of rings. Their arms were covered with bracelets, and round their necks hung a number of gold chains with jewel ornaments. L. was allowed to be present, but they were very shy. They

me some work, a sort of fine embroidery, which they were and with which they ornament their husbands' clothes. They brought with them all their ornaments, and I showed them my necklace, which is not very unlike what they wear, and it them.

the afternoon, in honour of our visit, all the Coorgs assembled, number of four hundred and upwards, and had a national in front of the old palace in the fort. We drove at a foot's pace the crowd round the carriage was so great that it was unable to go quicker. They went, dancing and singing, in front of the way up to the fort, with drums and horns and war shouts. How row! I thought every moment the horses would take fright, and off. All the English had assembled at the front windows of the fort but we remained below in the courtyard, where we had a better view of course it pleased the people to see us among them.

About two hundred Coorgs formed into a circle. The first figure was called Balakata, and was a slow movement, the men going round, singing, and waving about gracefully chowrees (long of hair like horses' tails), with an accompaniment of drums. This was followed by the second figure, called Kolhata, or stick dance, in which each man was provided with a couple of sticks, just like those of 'La Grace.' They all moved round as before, beginning slowly, in a sort of prancing step, which got quicker and quicker. They were tapping their neighbours' sticks in time, getting more and more and hitting harder, as if they were going to have a fight, but at a signal they all instantly stopped. The third figure consisted of combat. One man leaped into the circle with a war whoop, with a long switch and a metal shield, challenging the ring. He sprang another, and away both danced. At last they rushed hitting as hard as they could. The laws of the game do not permit hitting above the knees, although some, in their excitement, transgressed. The ankles, however, suffered most, and must hurt terribly after an encounter. When one of the combatants the other embraced him, to show there was no ill-will. At the end of the third figure the assembly had a grand flourish, dancing about, going vigorously into the air. The entertainment was brought to an end by wrestling for cocoa nuts, the victors coming forward and opening them open before us.

They then formed into a long line, through which we passed to the carriage. Nothing could have been more orderly than the whole proceeding, nor more respectful than the manner of the people as they escorted the carriage out of the fort and up the road. I stopped and made them a little speech, after which they dispersed. Hundreds of people had assembled to witness the dance, and I shall never forget the scene. The old fort, the picturesque crowd, the fine men in their costume, and the graceful manner in which they danced. It is quite unique, and that there is nothing like it in any other country.

The Abbé Orsini's *History of the Blessed Virgin Mary* has been translated by Provost Husenbeth, and published in a handsome volume by W. B. Nashbourne. It is a very learned and very pious work, and

gathers up the ancient legends about our Blessed Lady in a most pleasing manner. Some eighty pages at the end of the volume contain Dr. Husenbeth's tract on the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, with the Apostolic Letter *Ineffabilis Deus*.

7. The Arctic regions have a strange attraction for some readers, as well as for some adventurers. Now that the Northwest Passage has been discovered, we cannot expect to hear quite so much about them as we heard some years ago: but there is still the open Polar Sea to be navigated, and the North Pole to have the Union Jack or the American Stars and Stripes hoisted upon it. Dr. Hayes is already known to the readers of Polar literature. His present work, *The Land of Desolation* (Sampson Low, 1871), is an account of a visit to Greenland, and discourses about Julianashaab, Upernavik, Disco, Jacobshavn, Godhavn, their inhabitants and scenery, in a very pleasant and entertaining manner.

8. All who are conversant with French literature are aware of the great pretensions and success of the *Histoire de France* of H. Henri Martin. The French Academy and the Academie des Inscriptions have twice awarded to it the "prix Gobert," and it has received another substantial mark of approval in the shape of a quinquennial prize of two thousand francs allotted by this Institute. Unfortunately, M. Martin's history is eminently uncatholic and even unchristian, and it has been severely and learnedly criticized in a series of articles by M. Henri l'Epinois in that very valuable French Review—and would that we had its counterpart in England!—the *Revue des Questions Historiques*. M. l'Epinois has now published his criticisms in a single volume, *M. Henri Martin et son Histoire de France* (Paris: L. Sandret, 1872). The volume should be on the table of every student of French history.

9. As it is not our habit to criticize sermons, especially by those in authority, we must simply announce the publication of a new volume on *Ecclesiastical Subjects* by the Archbishop of Westminster (Burns and Oates). Father Harper's long expected volume of Sermons has also appeared, as the second volume of the *Sermons by Fathers of the Society of Jesus* (*ib.*). The same publishers have also sent us Miss Bowles' charming little volume, *French Eggs in an English Basket*, a Religious Reading Book (No. 3), by a Diocesan Inspector, and new editions of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's *Laurentia* and of the *Life of Marie Eustelle Harpain*, edited by Mr. Healy Thompson.

St. Ambrose.

THE advice which the dying Mathathias gave to his sons, that they should "call to remembrance the deeds of the fathers which they have done in their generations," is a piece of counsel which we should do well to take more heed of than perhaps we do. Nothing is so refreshing to the soul amid the changed circumstances and new dangers of these latter days as to converse, across the gulf which separates us, with those great men whom God's providence gave to earlier ages of His Church, to realize from their utterances with ever greater force that we are hewn from the same rock as they, that the foundation on which we stand is that whereon they stood, that whatever else has changed, the Church has not, that she confronts the Liberalism and Communism of our day in the same guise in which she confronted the Imperialism and the Barbarism of fifteen centuries ago, with the same hopes, and aims, and ambitions, and pretensions, the same unflinching assertion of her rights, the same everlasting *non possumus* when asked to sanction wrong ; looking, amid present prospects that might seem hopeless, calmly and undoubtingly to a triumph in the future, because her confidence is in Him Whom "none that trust fail in strength."

From no one, perhaps, in the whole catalogue of the Fathers, do we learn these lessons with greater clearness than from the great Bishop of Milan, whose name stands at the head of this paper ; who, from the prominent position which he was called upon to fill before the world, amid vicissitudes the most extraordinary and in face of difficulties and duties the most opposite and the most grave, has been enabled to leave us a typical picture, singular in its completeness, of the spirit of the Church which he represented, applying to a number of the most momentous questions, and showing to the eyes of the world how all the imaginings of philosophers are eclipsed by the realities

of Christianity. There is no one, moreover, who was called to speak more unflinchingly on questions which have a living interest for us in our day too, upon the mutual relations of the spiritual and the temporal—whether they happen to stand towards each other as open enemies, or as seeming friends; and while none was ever more rigidly dogmatic, more intolerant of error, or of concession, none also more conspicuously and more unmistakeably exhibited a large, a generous, and a practical philanthropy; and to none, while seeking with all his earnestness in the first place God's kingdom and His justice, was more markedly given in addition to prove himself even temporal benefactor of his kind, whose deeds outshine those of men who profess their whole aim to be such benefactors.

The times in which Ambrose was called to play so high a part were such as to enhance tenfold the difficulties which it met always and everywhere present. The Church had found, in the converted Cæsars, friends frequently more dangerous than were the open enemies who had persecuted her. Men in whom it is to be noted as a stretch of generosity that they refused to be honoured as gods, even when entreated by a servile senate to permit themselves so to be; who knew that their predecessors had claimed omnipotence, and that there was no earthly power to hinder themselves from trying to exercise it; who were forced by the very instability of the eminence on which they stood, to be violent and energetic, and to make the world feel that they were in truth its masters—men such as these were prone to think that the condescension was theirs when they made friends with the Church, that they did her a mighty favour when they deigned to lend their august minds to the consideration of her controversies, and that she ought, even in matters of dogma, to submit only too thankfully to their imperial award. At the moment when Ambrose received the burden of the episcopate, the evils of Cæsarism were conspicuously manifested both in East and West. In the East, Valens had declared for the Arians, and brought the Church all the troubles which an imperial heretic can bring, making bitter the last years of Athanasius and installing in his chair a worthless successor, attempting to bully and browbeat Basil of Cæsarea, putting to death the Catholic deputies of Constantinople who dared to ask him for a Catholic Patriarch, and on every occasion making violence and cruelty do duty for what he lacked in firmness and in strength. In the West, if things were not actually so bad for the Church, it might be said that the

was, in a different and truer sense than is usually attributed to the much used phrase, conspicuous by its absence. Valentinian was a Catholic, and moreover, with rare moderation, he declined to use his civil power in matters ecclesiastical ; but a mind at all acquainted with his character cannot help reflecting that if he had chosen to be otherwise he would have been a persecutor beside whom his brother would have paled. The prince who could have a page beaten to death for being too frightened to manage a hound, who could order a groom's arm to be cut off for not hindering a horse from prancing, who could send an artizan to execution because a breastplate was an ounce or two short of weight, and who could keep pet bears in his palace to feed on the flesh of his victims, had plainly qualities which might easily have made him a far more formidable plague of the Church than was the more timorous Valens.

It was in an age when the peace of the world depended on the whim of men like these, that the disunited flock of Milan resolved to convert Ambrose, their civil governor, into their bishop. Catholics and Arians had been emulously clamouring for a pastor, each of their own creed ; but all were united with enthusiastic unanimity when his name was mentioned. In the midst of hubbub and tumult so great as to have called him in his official capacity to quell it, the clamorous partizans having been hushed up for a moment by his presence, a child's voice from the midst of the throng that filled the great Basilica, had, on a sudden, been heard to cry, "Ambrose is the Bishop;" and this nomination of a layman—nay, of a catechumen, who not only was in no sense a churchman, but had not yet even been baptized into the Church—had silenced all contention and satisfied every heart except his who was the object of it. And so he was swept away, protesting and resisting with all his might, declaring his unfitness and trying to destroy his character, having prisoners put to the torture that he might seem cruel, and using a still more extravagant expedient that he might be thought unchaste—but all in vain. The people knew their man, and had made up their minds to have him, and so, as they saw the criminals laid on the rack, or the bad characters brought to his house, they only replied by the cry, "On us be thy sin." At last, flight having been tried and having failed, the Emperor having consented to lose the service of his officer, and no possible excuse being left to urge, the Saint accepted the situation, and showed that if he became bishop by compulsion, he did not

therefore hold himself excused from that change of habits and character which was needed for the due fulfilment of the sacerdotal office. There is something like our own St. Thomas à Becket in this part of the history of St. Ambrose. They had been alike successful and glorious in their worldly career, in the midst of which they had both kept free from the faults of worldlings; alike they were forced into the episcopate, and with equal thoroughness did they accept the necessities and the duties of the new office. They had both also in the sequel to make a stand for the rights of the Church against the encroachments of the State, though the Archbishop of Milan had to make in will only that last sacrifice which was demanded in deed from his brother of Canterbury.

We know from our Saint's words and deeds alike how he thought and felt of his new character and its duties. "Lord Jesus," he cries,* "how should it be said of me, 'Many sins are forgiven him, for that he hath loved much?' I own that my debt was more grievous, that more was remitted to me, who was called from the wranglings of the courts and the unenviable execution of public justice, to Thy priesthood; and therefore do I fear lest I should be found ungrateful in loving less when I have had more forgiven." Nor did he stop at words. He hastened to shape himself in earnest after the counsels of the Gospel. His personal property—his gold and silver, says his deacon, Paulinus—he bestowed on the poor; his lands on the Church, making his sister tenant for life. He next formed himself and his clergy into a sort of religious house, where no employment was to find place but the love and service of God; for he thought that though a priest was called to dwell before the eyes of the world, and not in a desert-hut like a monk, he was no less bound than was the latter to a hard and toilsome existence; "for the life of the one," he says, "is spent in the arena, the other in his grotto; the one in combating the tumult of the world, the other the lusts of the flesh; the one subdued to bodily delight, the other flees it; the one life is more meritorious, the other more secure; but each alike renounces itself that may belong to Christ."† In accordance with this programme he devoted himself body and soul to the service of God and his flock. Not to go into all the holy particulars of his self-sanctification, his days of fasting and nights of prayer, his tears for his offences, and his pilgrimages to beg grace and strength

* *De Penitentia*, ii., 8.

† *Epist.* lxiii.

at the tombs of the martyrs, we may well find in the external side of his life, with which alone we can at present attempt to deal, the model of a Christian pastor who treads resolutely in the steps of the Good Shepherd. On every Sunday and holiday (which latter category included the feasts of martyrs), and throughout the whole of Lent, he mounted the marble pulpit of his Basilica to break the bread of the Word to his people, his lips ministering, as his great convert, St. Augustine, declares,* “unto the people of the Lord the fat of His wheat, the gladness of His oil, and the chaste inebriation of His wine.” Nor was it in the Church alone that his subjects pressed around him. Every day, and at all hours, as the same authority tells us,† crowds besieged him with petitions or grievances, or to ask advice, and to all he gave his attention and his aid. And when he found a moment to himself, he set himself to study—“reading with the eye only, and searching after the meaning in his heart, while his voice and tongue were quiet;” and as there was no hindrance ever put upon any one walking in upon him when he would, and no necessity for a visitor to be announced, it often happened that his disciple and friend came in and found him thus employed, so intent on the page before him as to be unaware of the others presence, who was able, unperceived, to slip away again, unwilling to break in upon that hard earned leisure.

His studies were devoted to those matters a full knowledge of which was necessary in his position in those days of dogmatic controversy, matters with which his life previous to the episcopate had made him but little acquainted, so that, as he himself complained,‡ he had to become a teacher without having ever been a scholar. To Scripture accordingly, and to the Fathers of the earlier Church, he devoted his attention, as also to the writings of his great contemporary, Basil of Cæsarea, and what his earnestness and labour in this direction must have been his position in the Church attests. In his audiences with his people he had to play a no less difficult and delicate part. The civil power in those days was, we know, anything but parental, the administration of the laws anything but what it should have been, and not unnaturally it came to pass that the people, ground down by highhanded and corrupt magistrates, feared to have recourse to them in any circumstances, and turned instead to the new dignitaries whom the triumph of

* *Confess.*, v., 13. † *Confess.*, vi., 3. ‡ *De Offic. Min.*, i., 1—4.

Christianity had placed in every town on an elevation not less conspicuous than that of the prætor or prefect. In the case of all bishops, speaking broadly, this sort of jurisdiction—at first not sanctioned by force of any law, but in some way approved by Constantine and afterwards legalized by Arcadius—seems to have obtained, but Ambrose, who was known as a singularly just and equitable magistrate before his elevation to the sacred office, came to exercise it in a more marked manner than his brethren. But while his time and his counsel were at the service of all, he would neither himself forget nor suffer others to forget that it was as a priest of the living God that he acted, and that no business should be handled by him that was repugnant to his character. “A priest ought,” he tells his clergy,* “to be of harm to none and of good to all; if one cannot be benefited without another being hurt, it is better to assist neither than to aggrieve one. And so a priest should not mix in money matters, in which it cannot be but that the loser shall often take offence, imputing his loss to the arbitrator. A priest should thus desire to do good to all; to succeed in doing so belongs to God alone. In a criminal case, to bring injury on him whom you should help in his necessity is grave and sinful; in a question of money, to expose yourself to odium is the part of folly.” With equal care did our Saint shun all interference in match making; he never would persuade any one to serve in the army, nor would he recommend any one to a place at Court. The exception often proves the rule, and what we learn of one instance in which he overstepped his usual practice as to money matters, best illustrates the spirit in which he always regarded them. A brother bishop, Marcellus, had made over his lands to the Church, making his unmarried sister tenant for life. His brother Lætus contested the arrangement, and it seemed likely that, in the process of litigation, the property would melt away. Then Ambrose, “thinking it unfitting that a prefect should sit in judgment on a bishop,” consented to arbitrate. And what was his award? He himself tells Marcellus†—“I knew that if I decided for you, he (your brother) might refuse to agree; if I gave my verdict for him, your opposition and that of your holy sister would cease. . . . I thought that I should follow such a course that none should lose, but all should gain. I have succeeded; you are all gainers—in brotherly love, in the bonds of nature, in conformity

* *De Offic. Min.*, iii., 9.† *Epist.* lxxii.

to Scripture. But you may think yourself injured for having been deprived of your right and having lost your money. In truth, for priests the losses of this world are better than its gains. . . . I have decided that Lætus shall have the land, and shall provide his sister yearly with a fixed amount of oil, corn, and wine. . . . You are therefore all gainers; Lætus in having possession of the land, your sister in having a yearly revenue without litigation or wrangling, and yourself more gloriously than all in having conferred on both of them the benefaction you intended for one. And for the Church, she loses nothing where there is gain of right feeling, for charity is no injury to Christ, but His greatest gain. . . . And fear not lest the Church should have no share in your liberality. She also possesses your fruits, and your best fruits—the fruits of your learning, the riches of your life, the fertility of your doctrine. She does not care for temporal benefactions while she has these that are eternal.”

Leaving this typical example to indicate the character of others, which time and space preclude us from recounting, we must pass on to those more public scenes in which the Saint was called to figure, and the more striking—we would not say grander—parts which he was forced to play before the world. Here again we must be content with the slightest indication of the various lights in which his greatness and sanctity shone forth; or rather, while we can in no instance do more than indicate, in many we cannot even do so much, and must be content with touching on what seems best to give some notion of what he was, and best to serve as encouragement and example for ourselves. We are not attempting to write a life, so we shall not tie our narrative to chronology, but shall arrange the events to be noticed rather by the character in which they caused him to appear than by the order in which they happened to occur.

We have seen that in the service—even the temporal service—of his flock, Ambrose was ready and willing to expend his labour and his time. He did not hesitate, in the same good cause, to face even graver forms of trouble. Valentinian the First was a prince whose path it was not altogether safe to cross. His great qualities were tarnished by brutal severity, often exercised in defiance of all justice, and his maxim, that without harshness there could be no law or order, was eagerly caught up by his lieutenants, who proved by their performances

that at least the presence of the one did not always ensure that of the others. Against some of these excesses Ambrose undertook to protest to the Cæsar himself, and though the words in which he did so have not come down to us, we learn the tenour from the imperial reply. "I was already aware," says Valentinian, "of your freedom of speech."* The said freedom, however, he took in wonderfully good part; reminded the Saint that in spite of it he had approved his elevation, and begged him to continue to apply the same salutary medicine to the evils of the imperial soul.

But the violent and powerful Emperor passed away; and the Goths, admitted by the folly of his brother into the Empire, not only overwhelmed with misery that prince himself and his dominions in the East, but swept in the West even to the confines of Italy. Amid the woes and afflictions which they brought in their train, Ambrose found occasion to prove, in memorable manner, how sincere was his attachment to his spiritual children, and his neglect of the goods of this world. A vast number of captives had fallen into the hands of the barbarians, at whose hands they experienced the most brutal treatment, and were exposed to the greatest evils alike of body and of soul. The story of their sad case reached Milan, where it caused pity and consternation in the minds of all. The holy Bishop heard of it, and his active practical charity would not allow him to remain content with unavailing sentiments. His church was rich; it had much valuable plate, the gift of Emperors and the wealthy faithful. Not content to expend what money he still possessed on their behalf, he, on his own responsibility—it is particularly noted that, contrary to his custom, he did not consult his clergy—broke up first such of the vessels as had not yet been hallowed by use in the sacred mysteries, then, finding the metal so obtained was insufficient for his purpose, he treated in like manner some of those which had been so employed;† then melting the gold into ingots, he sent off ambassadors provided with them, who brought back a goodly number of ransomed captives. But the boldness of the deed, and its strangeness,‡ furnished a handle to the Saint's enemies—and there was a strong Arian party at Milan—

* Theodor., *II. E.*, iv., 8, 9.

† This is not stated explicitly, but seems clear from the words of the Saint's apology quoted below.

‡ The like had, however, been done in similar circumstances by St. Cyril.

who murmured against what they styled this unbecoming employment of God's property. But mounting the pulpit, he justified his act in this glorious apology: "Who is so hard, so cruel, so stony-hearted as to begrudge the rescue of men from death, of women from insults worse than death, of children from the worship of idols to which they were driven by their fears? . . . The Church has gold not for the sake of keeping it, but of using it! What is the good of hoarding that which is of no use? . . . Would not the Lord have asked, 'Why suffer so many to die for want of food? Thou hadst gold, thou mightst have provided them with sustenance. Why were so many led unransomed to slavery or death? It were better to have preserved my living vessels than those of metal.' And what answer could I have made thereto? Could I say, 'I feared, O Lord, that Thy temple should lack adornment?' The Sacraments need no gold, they are not enhanced by it, as they cannot be bought. But the redeeming of captives is their adornment. Truly those are precious vessels which redeem souls from death. That is the true treasure of the Lord which works that which His own Blood worked; then do we see that a vessel is worthy of the Lord's Blood when in each we see redemption, in the one from slavery, in the other from sin. How beautiful that it should be said of the line of captives ransomed by the Church, 'These hath Christ ransomed!' Here is gold that we may esteem; gold that is of value, gold that is Christ's, which ransoms modesty and preserves purity. . . . I see that the Blood of Christ poured upon it has not empurpled it merely, but endowed it with the power of redemption."*

Tender as the heart of Ambrose could show itself for the love of Christ, it could for the same love be stern and relentless. It was no mere philanthropy or human compassion which led him in such instances as that above, it was his duty to his Master, and for the sake of that duty he could no less put forth those qualities which an age careless of principle lightly stigmatizes as the stupid intolerance of the churchman. Believing with all his heart in a dogmatic creed, he did not find in the object of his belief that aridity and lifelessness which it is the fashion with some writers to consider that a faith pinned to dogma must always present. On the contrary, it was in the vividness with which he realized the truths of faith that he found courage and

* *De Offic. Min.*, ii., 28.

strength for his life of toil, just as we easily see that the tenderness of heart which prompted him to the ransom of the captives sprang out of the firm grasp he had of the doctrine of the Redemption.

The two great obstacles to the Catholic Church in the latter part of the fourth century were Paganism, not yet extinct, and the rampant Arian heresy. As for Paganism, it had continued still to leave its mark in one of the most conspicuous parts of the Roman world. The Senate, as a political assembly, might be but a shadow without substance, but the Senate House, was for all that, a notable and official place. In this house the Pagans had contrived to keep up an altar to Victory, the most thoroughly Roman of all the gods, and though Constantine had caused it for a moment to be removed or veiled, yet either covertly in his reign, or openly in Julian's, it had found its way back, and in the official hall of an Empire officially Christian, sacrifices were still burnt and libations poured.

This altar the devout Gratian, the disciple and admirer of our Saint, caused to be definitively and finally removed ; though we are not expressly told that in so doing he acted under the influence of Ambrose. The holy Bishop's undoubted influence was, however, employed to prevent the restoration of the odious shrine, and after his royal pupil's untimely death, the same influence was used to the same effect with the younger Valentinian, in words which will paint to us what was the Saint's idea of the positive relation of a monarch and a priest. The young prince had been well nigh overcome by the importunities of the Pagan party, and was minded to order the restoration of the altar. This is the manner in which the Bishop opposed the resolution.* "What answer will you make to God's priest when he says, 'The Church wants not your gift, for you have adorned with gifts the temple of the Gentiles?' The altar of Christ rejects your offering, for you have built an altar to idols ; for order is to do, and your signature is your handiwork. The Lord Christ refuses and disdains your service, who have done service for false gods, for He has told you, 'You cannot serve two masters.' " And so in like manner did he oppose with all his might the great Theodosius when he wished to force the Christians of Callinicus to rebuild a Jewish synagogue which they had destroyed. And when the same pious and powerful Emperor was at one moment inclined on grounds of policy to

* Epist. xvii.

allow the restoration of the odious altar in the Senate House, the Saint not only did not fear "to tell him to his face"* that he was wrong to entertain the thought, but when the prince still hesitated, and would not promise to follow his counsel, he retired, and did not seek his presence for several days, and, as himself relates, "the Emperor did not take it ill, for I acted not for my own gain, but for what profited his soul and mine."†

So again when the Emperor Eugenius, after the murder of the younger Valentinian by Arbogastes, came to Milan, having previously given some signs of indulgence to Paganism to gain its followers to his cause, Ambrose left the city, and would not even see him; and let him know the reason of this conduct in no ambiguous terms‡—"To the most clement Emperor Eugenius, Ambrose the Bishop. The cause of my going was the fear of the Lord, for my practice is to direct all my acts, as far as in me lies, to Him, never to turn my mind away from Him, and never to make more account of the favour of any man than of the grace of Christ. I do injury to no one if I put God before all; and, trusting in Him, I do not fear to tell you Emperors what, for my poor part, I think; and so what I have not been silent on before other Emperors I will not be silent on to you. . . . Although imperial power be great, take thought, O Emperor, how much greater is God. He sees the heart, He questions the inmost conscience, He knows all things before they come about. How will you offer your gift to Christ? Although you are an Emperor, you ought still more to be the subject of God."

As to the Arian faction, it had—as a still more dangerous enemy—to encounter his more vehement opposition; and in this contest he had the most marked occasion to show that he was that "just and steadfast" man, the even tenour of whose mind circumstances could not affect. At the very time when the heresy was well nigh stamped out in the East, which had been its stronghold, partly by the Council of Constantinople and partly by the civil action of Theodosius, it found occasion for a temporary official triumph in the West. Valentinian the First and his son Gratian had been firm Catholics. Valentinian

* *Epist.* lvii.

† *Ibid.*

‡ It is hardly needful to remark that the title "Clementissimus" was a formula prefixed as a thing of course to every Emperor's name, and in no way implied the private view of him who employed it.

the Second began life under his mother's tutelage as a patron of Arianism, and it was during the short period of his residence at Milan that the holy Bishop was called upon to resist more openly than ever the encroachments of the civil power on the domain of Christ. The Arian party, which included many officers of the Court, having managed to procure a Bishop of their own sect to contest the see with Ambrose, went on to demand from him—the Emperor being their spokesman—the surrender of one of the Milanese churches for their use. At first it was for the Portian Basilica, outside the walls, that they asked; then for the larger or new Roman Basilica—otherwise the Ambrosian—within the walls: but for both equally they asked in vain. Seeking as we are, primarily, to know the man rather than to trace every circumstance of his life, there is no need to go through the history of the struggle, the fury of the Court against him, and the enthusiasm of his people in his behalf; the plots and expedients of Justina and her crew, the projects to kidnap him, the chariot prepared and harnessed and kept near the church to whirl him away on the shortest notice if they could but get him out of sight of his faithful flock, the siege which he and his subjects endured in the Basilica, a one-sided siege, in which there was little or no resistance from inside while the soldiers without would not suffer the Bishop's permission to leave the sacred precincts for several days and nights—days and nights which Ambrose spent in introducing to the faithful around him the sacred chants which till then had not penetrated from the East, and which are still known by the name of Ambrosian. Suffice it to say that he triumphed, that he kept both his Basilicas, though throughout great part of the Holy Week one of them had been occupied in the Emperor's name by armed men. Rather, we would examine the mood in which he went through the combat, the motives of his action, and the sources of his strength. As before, he shall speak for himself—

And first as to the grounds of his obstinate refusal to consider the question of a surrender, he thus explains himself to Valentinian *—"Trouble not yourself, O Emperor, with the thought that as an emperor you have power over sacred things. Lift yourself not up, but as you would have your power endure, be God's subject. It is written, God's to God, and Cæsar's to Cæsar. The palace is the emperor's, the churches are the bishops'." And thus, again, he describes the matter to his sister†

* *Epist.* xx.† *Epist.* xx.

—“The captains and the counts came to me to get me to give up the Basilica and to take measures that no disturbance should be raised by the people. I replied according to the obligation of my order, that God’s temple could not be surrendered by His Priest . . . If the Emperor should ask for what was my own, for my lands or my money, or anything of the like, I would not refuse, though my property in truth belongs to the poor ; but what belongs to God the imperial power cannot touch. If you wish my patrimony, seize it ; if my person, here I am. Would you cast me into chains, or lead me to death ? I shall rejoice in it. I will not defend myself behind the rampart of my people, nor as a suppliant will I cling to the altar, but rather will I willingly be a sacrifice in behalf of the altar.” And thus, again, did he address his faithful flock in the midst of their common trouble*—“I see that you are disturbed beyond your wont, and more than usually your attention is on me. . . . Do you fear then that I shall desert the Church, and in anxiety for my own safety abandon you ? But you might have known how I had spoken, and that I could not think of abandoning the Church, for I fear the Lord of all things more than the Emperor of this world. . . . Why, then, are ye disturbed ? Never will I, of my own accord, abandon you ; if force be used, I cannot resist. I may grieve, and weep, and sigh ; against their arms, their soldiers, their Goths, tears shall be my weapons : these are the protection of a priest. Otherwise, I neither can, nor should resist. . . . I have answered their demands that I can give up nothing from God’s temple, which has been given me to keep and not to surrender ; that in thus doing I look to the Emperor’s good as well ; for it would be neither good for me to give nor for him to take it ; for let him give ear to the free spoken words of a Priest, and shrink from this injury to Christ, if he would have things go well. . . . You remember what we read today, how holy Naboth when ordered by the King to give up his vineyard, made answer—‘God forbid that I should give thee the inheritance of my fathers.’ . . . If he would not give up his vineyard, shall we give up the Church of Christ ? How then was my answer contumacious ? when I said, ‘Far be it from me to give up the heritage of Christ ! And,’ as I added, ‘the heritage of my Fathers, the heritage of Denis who died in exile for the faith, the heritage of Eustorgius who confessed it, the heritage of Myrocles, and all the other bishops that have gone

* *Serm. contra Auxentium de Basilicis tradendis.*

before.' I have answered as a Priest, let him act as an Emperor. But sooner shall he touch my life than my faith. And to whom am I asked to give it up? . . . To the support of that synodical doctrine* which has called the Lord a creature."

But in the midst of the struggle he received comfort and encouragement from a source that is eloquent as to the temper of his soul. He was inspired to search a certain spot of ground near the tomb of the martyr, St. Nabor, in the confident hope of finding some fresh relics to place under the altar of his new Basilica. He was rewarded by finding the skeletons of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius.† A blind man was healed by the touch of the sacred relics, and the Catholics took heart at this manifest sign of the approval of heaven.‡ As for the Saint, he thus thanked his Master for the timely consolation: "I thank Thee, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast aroused in us the spirit of Thy holy martyrs, at this time when Thy Church has need of Thy special help. Let all men know what manner of champions it is I want—such as can defend, but do not attack. These soldiers have I enlisted for thee, O holy people: soldiers who do good to all and harm to none. I fear no odium on their account, whose patronage I desire for those who grudge it to me. The Scriptures tell us that Eliseus, when hemmed by the army of the Syrians, bade his frightened servant not fear, 'for,' said he, 'there are more for us than against us;' and in proof he prayed the eyes of Giezi might be opened, and then he beheld standing by the prophet a mighty host of angels. The Lord hath opened our eyes, and we see the defenders whom we are guarded."

It need hardly be added after this, with what dignified scorn the Saint rejected the proposal of the youthful Cæsar, that he should submit his creed—as his rival, Auxentius, was, on the other part, willing to submit his—to the judgment of the Emperor and other courtly arbitrators. "When did you ever hear,"

* The Council of Rimini.

† It is curious to note how short a period constituted antiquity in the ideas of the ancients, and how fixed was their persuasion of the constant degeneracy of the human race. St. Ambrose writing an account of this discovery to his sister, says—"In nimis miræ magnitudinis viros duos, ut prisca ætas ferebat;" just as Virgil doubted that the skeletons of Pharsalia and Philippi would strike awe into the husbandman of the future. "Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

‡ Even a Protestant like Dr. Cave feels bound to submit to the testimony which witnesses to this miracle. It is, however, no part of our object to pursue this question here.

says, "most clement Emperor, of a layman passing judgment on a bishop? . . . Who can deny that in questions of faith—of faith, I say—Bishops are wont to judge of Christian Emperors, not Emperors of Bishops. . . . Ambrose is not so precious as to dare for his own sake to degrade the priesthood."

But, as *Æsop* has told us, the sun is oftentimes more powerful to disarm than is a blustering tempest; and some men, rather than cross a friend, will relax that sternness which all the opposition of an enemy only makes them more determined to preserve. That Ambrose was superior to this temptation, also, we see from the history of his relations with the great Theodosius, a prince who most fully appreciated and honoured, both in word and deed, the consistency and fearlessness of the great Bishop, and whom the world would probably, therefore, have set down as a priestridden and incapable prince, if he did not happen to be manifestly about the mightiest and most successful ruler whom the Roman world had found since Trajan. The story of the relations of Theodosius with our Saint is probably better known than any other part of the history of either; we shall therefore confine ourselves to the most cursory notice of its chief points.

When the Emperor, who had been allowed by the more courtly bishops of the East to take up a place in the sanctuary during the performance of the Holy Sacrifice, came to Milan, he never doubted that he should be allowed and expected to do the same there. Accordingly, on his first occasion of attending the Basilica, after, according to custom, going up to place his gift before the altar, he did not retire to the body of the church as did the others. Ambrose perceived this, and if we would understand the full dignity of his conduct, we should try to remember what was the position and what the power of the man who tacitly asked him for this mark of honour before the people. On the will of that man, humanly speaking, depended the safety of the Church throughout the world. He was Emperor of the East, which he had found a prey to barbarians, and which he had brought round to a state of prosperity and peace undreamed of for years. He had, moreover, just led a victorious army into the West, to suppress a usurper and restore the rightful sovereign. In this man was centered Ambrose's cherished hope of seeing the Empire saved and restored to the glories of its youth by the influence of the Church, and then, in its turn, aiding the Church to subdue all the nations of the

world. How many in such circumstances would have shut their eyes to what the Emperor was doing, and, rather than risk offending so necessary a patron, would have allowed him the small privilege which the Patriarch of Constantinople expressed him to accept!

But Ambrose was not such a man. He sent his archdeacon to the monarch to ask him for what he was waiting inside the rails. The Emperor replied that he was waiting to assist at the sacred mysteries. And Ambrose answered,* "The sanctuary, O Emperor, is for Priests alone. . . . The purple makes Emperors, but not Priests." Theodosius submitted, and thereafter took a place without the rails; and when he returned to Constantinople he pursued the same course. The Patriarch Nectarius, observing this, sent to request him to remain, as had been his wont, within. "I have at last heard the truth," replied the prince; "I have at last met a bishop indeed, and that is Ambrose."

But still more wonderful, and also more generally known is the history of the penance of the same Emperor. He had in a fit of passion given orders, under pressure from his Minister Rufinus, to chastise the turbulence of the Thessalonians by a massacre of the most cruel description. Ambrose had attempted before the event to counsel moderation, and had flattered himself that he would be heard, but when he found how things had really gone, he could not contain his grief and indignation. At first he thought it well to wait without taking action, in the hope that the Emperor might, in his more sober mood, recognize the greatness of the crime which he had committed under the influence of passion. When no sign of repentance appeared, he wrote to Theodosius. He explained his estrangement from Court and his silence, and set forth in his usual fashion the grounds on which he felt himself bound to speak. "Is it not written, 'If God's minister fail to speak to the sinner, the latter shall die in his sin; but he shall answer for not speaking.' . . . I thought it best to leave your own reflections to overcome your passion, instead of running the risk of increasing it by some public interference. So I made up my mind to be if anything rather wanting in what my office called for than in respect towards you, and that others might think me deficient in priestly vigour rather than that you should accuse my loyalty; so that you might be unhampered in coming to a right mind."

* Theodoret, *H. E.*, v., 18.

. . . A deed has been done at Thessalonica which has no precedent. . . . Are you ashamed to act as David acted? who confessed, 'I have sinned before the Lord.' Do not you, then, O Emperor, take it ill if it be said to you, 'What the Prophet told David, that you have done.' For if you will hearken duly, and will say, 'I have sinned before the Lord,' that also shall be said to you, 'For that thou hast repented, the Lord taketh away thy sin, and thou shalt not perish.'"

This letter did not produce the hoped for effect, and Ambrose was called on to speak more plainly by action. On the next occasion when the Emperor came to the Basilica, he found the way blocked at the porch by the resolute Archbishop. "You seem to be unaware, O Emperor," he cried, "of the gravity of the massacre which you have caused; and even now, when your passion is cooled, your reason does not recognize your crime. Perchance imperial power blinds you, but you might know the frailty of your being and the ancestral dust from which we all are sprung, and to which we all must again return. You rule those who are of a nature like your own—who are your fellow slaves. There is but one King and Lord of all—He Who made us all. With what eyes, then, will you look on the temple of our common Lord? With what feet will you tread the sacred threshold? How will you raise up your hands, still reeking with unjust slaughter? How will you receive in those hands the Body of the Lord? How will you approach His precious Blood to your mouth, which in its fury has shed so much blood unjustly? Begone hence; add not a fresh crime to your old one. Submit to the bonds with which the Lord of all would have you bound—it will be a medicine to cure your soul."* The Emperor, recalled by this bold admonition to a better mind, returned to his palace sighing and weeping, for, says the historian, bred as he was in the discipline of the faith, he knew what belonged to the priest and what to the prince. During eight months he abstained from attempting again to enter the sacred building, but yet he took no active means to restore himself to the communion of the Church. The feast of Christmas came, and the unprincipled Rufinus found his royal master in tears, and on asking their cause, was answered—"Slaves and beggars may freely enter the church to join in prayer, but against me the gates of heaven are shut; for well I know that the Lord has

* Theod., *H. E.*, v.

plainly said—‘Whomsoever ye bind shall be bound in heaven.’” The Minister undertook to hasten to the Bishop, and to persuade him to revoke his sentence. The Emperor warned him that the attempt would fail, “for,” said he, “I know what manner of man he is;” but at last, overcome by the other’s importunity, he not only allowed him to go off to make the attempt, but, hoping against hope that the appeal would be successful, he started with his retinue for the Basilica. Rufinus however, instead of obtaining grace for his master, only gave Ambrose an occasion to overwhelm him himself with reproaches both for being the original cause of the crime and for showing little appreciation of the need of repentance. Finding matters hopeless, the Minister despatched a messenger warning Theodosius not to come on, as he would only expose himself to shame; but the contrite monarch, saying that he would submit to the confusion he had deserved, proceeded onwards to the church, gave humble ear to the prelate’s unsparing reprehensions, accepted penance at his hands, appeared in the guise of a penitent in the Basilica, and, to guard himself against a like crime in future, agreed to pass a law that thirty days should always elapse between sentence and execution in all cases of death and confiscation.

To many minds, however, all this firmness and fearlessness will seem tainted by its object. Some men there are who can see nothing admirable in the conduct of a churchman so long as he is battling for the Church. Whilst he professes himself to be anxious only for the glory of God and the good of souls, his firmness is set down as obstinacy and his zeal as priestly ambition, and it is only when he steps out of his own proper province and does something in the cause of mere human interests that he becomes capable of anything good. And so we see that men who deny the smallest meed of praise to Dunstan or Becket or Fisher, are quite ready to applaud the seven Bishops, and even, in spite of his Cardinalate, Stephen Langton. In the minds of such, some promise of interest may be awakened on hearing that Ambrose too could in troublous times take upon himself a political office and import into the discharge of it all that greatness of soul of which we have already seen so much. We hardly think, however, that further investigation will afford any satisfaction, if such is to depend upon finding evidence of human motives. In political things, as elsewhere, Ambrose was in the first place and before all

a bishop; he would neither himself forget the fact nor suffer others to forget it: he held fast here also to the notion that the only rule of action about which he need trouble himself was the rule of God's good pleasure, and he embarked in such matters only so far as he saw that by so doing he might defend the right and just, and so virtually, in things political as in things more strictly religious, carry out one only end. He had striking occasion to manifest this spirit on occasion of his double embassy to the tyrant Maximus at Treves, for the better understanding of which a word of preface must be said as to the history of the time.

Valentinian the First, at his death in 375, left the Western Empire to his two sons—by different wives—Gratian and Valentinian the Second, of whom the latter was still an infant. Gratian was, therefore, virtually the sole ruler; and four years later, on the defeat and death of his uncle Valens, the East was added to his rule. Feeling himself, however, unable to manage such vast dominions, he made Theodosius Emperor of the East, while the West was supposed to be divided between himself and Valentinian, the latter living at Milan and being the nominal ruler of Italy, while Gratian assumed the more difficult rule of Gaul and the westernmost provinces. In 383, however, Maximus, General of the troops in Britain, revolted against his master, and, having put Gratian to death, usurped his power. Theodosius, too much occupied with his own troubles in the East, could not at once avenge his benefactor, while the young Valentinian and his mother, utterly unable to contend with the master of the most warlike provinces in the Empire, only feared that, unsatisfied with these, he would extend his ambition to Italy also. If he would refrain from doing so, they were willing to recognize him as lawful ruler of what he already possessed—and it was to such an agreement that Ambrose was sent to bring him. He was also to beg for the surrender of the body of the murdered Gratian. It should be added, in order to show with what manner of man he had to deal, that the efforts of our Saint were fruitless. The body of Gratian was not obtained, and Maximus did finally take the course which had been feared and cross the Alps into the almost defenceless regions of Italy. Valentinian and his mother had to take ship and fly to the protection of the great Theodosius, who, having finally reduced to order his own hitherto chaotic dominions, was able to turn his arms against the usurper of the West, whom having

defeated and slain, he replaced the rightful Prince upon his throne.

Such was the tyrant to whose Court at Treves Ambrose undertook a double embassy, first in the year 383 or 384, and again just before the final crisis in 387. These dates are themselves deeply significant. It was in the year 385, about half way between them, that the contest about the Basilica occurred, and in that contest Maximus, desirous to borrow every possible lustre for his insecure authority, affecting championship of orthodoxy, uttered a solemn protest against the violence of which the holy Bishop was the object. Valentinian, it should also be noted, remained an Arian, and far an enemy of Ambrose, until he fell under the influence of the good Theodosius after his flight from Italy. It was therefore, at a time when they stood in such a position of antagonism to each other that the Emperor asked the Bishop to undertake on his behalf this grave and dangerous task. Can there be a more unmistakeable proof of the conspicuous rectitude which guided the Saint throughout, which made his struggle only when he felt that he was responsible for interests not his own, and bear no grudge for injuries received — not allowing him to hesitate when the Prince claimed what was his right, just as he did not hesitate when the same Prince exceeded his province and asked for what was wrong? And not only does the Bishop's conduct prove his notions right in themselves, but the Emperor's act in choosing him for such an office proves that these notions were so clearly expressed as to be liable to no misconception. Otherwise, how could the Prince have so soon and so thoroughly forgotten that fear which that does an injury proverbially feels?

Such, then, was the honourable and perilous mission with which Ambrose was intrusted. Of the first embassy we shall say nothing, as the Saint has not himself left us any account of it, and our other chief authority, the Deacon Paulinus, deals with the two embassies as one. But from the full account which we have of the second,* we can perfectly well judge the difficulties of the first. The complications that must have perplexed any envoy were in this case aggravated by the temper both of the tyrant and of him who was sent to him. Maximus seemed from the commencement to have conceived displeasure at the choice made by Valentinian, while on his part Ambrose, after

* Ambrose, *Epist.* xxiv. *ad Valentinianum*.

sual fashion, refused to observe diplomatic reticence, and told the usurper what he thought of the murder of an. Nay, he refused communion with the murderer,*
 ning him to do penance for the blood which he had shed blood of his master—and, moreover, innocent blood ; wise he could not make his peace with God." On his

Maximus strove by marked discourtesy to cow theiding spirit of the ambassador, that he might then be easily able to work his will with him. He refused to see him, as was usual, in private audience, but summoned to a meeting in public consistory. Ambrose protested as unbecoming towards a priest, and there were someers of moment that needed privacy ;" but finding that protest was vain, he gave in, preferring, as he tells us, hiser's interest to his own right. He accordingly entered the story, and Maximus must at once have seen that, if idation was his object, he had mistaken his man. "When id taken his seat," Ambrose tells Valentinian,† "I came in. ose to give me the kiss. I stood still amongst the members e Court. Then they began to bid me go up to him, and egan to call me. I made answer—'Why kiss him whom will not recognize? for had you recognized me I should e here.' 'You are put out,' said he, 'O Bishop.' 'Not th resentment,' I replied, 'but as with shame to see myself position not my own.'" And then he went on to remind surper that he came to treat with him on behalf of an equal. whose gift my equal?" asked Maximus, indignantly. "By of the Almighty," replied Ambrose, "Who preserves to itinian the kingdom He has given him." At this the t lost his temper, and proceeded to reproach the Saint the results of the former embassy. "You befooled me. Had I not at that time been kept back, who would have tood my valour?" "To this," says Ambrose, "I replied y. 'There is no need,' I said, 'for you to be indignant, re is no cause for indignation ; but listen patiently to my

For this very reason have I come, because in my former ssy you say you were taken in by me. A glorious charge st me, that I should have so looked to the safety of my the Emperor. For of whom should we Bishops take more than of wards committed to our charge? . . . But I will lead this good service towards Valentinian. In truth, how

* Paulinus, *Vit. Amb.*, xix.

† *Epist.* xxix.

did I withstand your legions, to hinder their entrance into Italy with what works? with what forces? Did I with this body of mine shut the Alps against you? Would that I could have done it, I should not be hindered by what you might say.' And in such terms as these did the fearless prelate go on to speak his mind to the murderer of Gratian. "Why deny to Valentinian the remains of his brother? You fear, as you allege, that the translation of the body might awake the recollections of the soldiery. Do you think they will avenge him dead whom they betrayed when alive? Why do you fear him after death whom you slew, when you might have saved him? 'It was my enemy,' you say, 'whom I slew.' No; he was not your enemy, but you were his. . . . Unless I am quite wrong, a usurper makes war, and an emperor but defends his right. . . . And how can it be thought that you had a grudge against his life, when you grudge him even a grave? The letter giving an account to Valentinian of this strange interview, then concludes—"Such is the history of my embassy. Farewell, O Emperor. And be much on your guard against a man who under the guise of peace conceals designs of war." This prophecy was not long in being verified by facts.

But the visit to Treves was not to close without another display of boldness on the Saint's part, and one that we should perhaps hardly have expected. From what we have hitherto seen of him, it might seem unlikely that a profession of orthodoxy should embroil any one with Ambrose, still less perhaps shall we be prepared to find him disapprove of a form of State protection for the Church, as it might be supposed that his steadfastness in enduring persecution would, when the occasion served, become sternness in inflicting it. But here again we see that his dogmatic and polemical zeal now interfered with the largeness and tenderness of his heart. He, doubtless, considered it the duty of the civil power to lend its utmost aid towards the triumph of the faith. But he well knew what the limits of that power are; that it may silence the voice of error, but that it steps beyond its province if it attempts to compel an acceptance of truth. Also, while with all his heart he detested the errors of the Arians and other sectaries, he never forgot to distinguish between the hateful doctrines and his misguided brethren whom they enslaved. And consequently, although at various times, in the days of Gratian notably and Theodosius, he

ight have extended to his opponents that measure which they in their day did not scruple to mete to him, he yet restrained his zeal, while he did not seem to feel even a temptation to revenge. "Let us act," he says, "by moral means, let us convince them of that which is to their advantage, let us send up our prayers and entreaties to the Lord Who guide us. For we desire not to overcome, but to heal. Often-times kindness masters those whom neither strength nor reasoning could subdue."

But it happened, as we have already had occasion to remark, that Maximus affected a zeal for orthodoxy, under which guise he had protested in favour of Ambrose himself against the violence of Valentinian. But the zeal of the usurper, tinged with the fierceness of his character, and the murderer

Gratian had also ordered, or permitted, the execution of Scillian, the heretic bishop of Avila. Against this high-handed method of vindicating the faith, the bishops of the provinces about Treves had been afraid to protest, and they made the act their own by their approval: some of them, indeed, had originally instigated it. One prelate alone had been bold enough to lift up his voice against the deed—

Martin of Tours*—and it had needed all the ascendancy which he had acquired over the mind of the tyrant to induce him to take such remonstrances in good part. Ambrose was

in a more delicate position than Martin, and there might have seemed to be difficulties enough in his path already without adding another. But unable, as usual, to keep silence where duty bade him speak, he refused to communicate† with the Ithacians, as the persecuting faction were called. We have already seen that all along he declined to communicate with Maximus himself. This insult to his bishops seems to have been too much for the tyrant's patience, for Ambrose himself tells us—"Afterwards, seeing that I held aloof from the bishops who were of his communion, or who sought to put to death certain men who had gone astray from the faith, in a rage, he bade me begone. I, on my part, started with joy, although many thought I should not escape some snare. The one thing that troubled me, was to see the aged bishop Hyginus led forth into exile—although his last breath must have been close at

* Sulp. Severus, *H. E.*, ii., 51, and in *Vita B. Martini*.

† To communicate—that is, in the ecclesiastical sense of recognizing the person communicated with as a coreligionist. See *Epist.* xxiv. and xxvi.

hand. When I made application to the counts of his Court, that they would not suffer the old man to be thrust forth without cloak or coverlet—I was thrust forth myself." Such was the close of the bootless embassy; but it is not improbable that political reasons had as much to do with this discourtesy as personal resentment. Maximus could make nothing of Ambrose—he could neither browbeat nor hoodwink him, and so he got rid of the envoy who stood so steadfastly in his way, and found in Domninus, who was sent instead, a more facile tool, whose foolish blindness made possible the contemplated seizure of the passes of the Alps.

It was not only in theory, nor in criticism on the work of others, that our holy Bishop gave his countenance to a gentle and kindly treatment of those who differed from him in faith. The trophy of his practice in this regard is the conversion of another, who is now one of the Church's Doctors, like himself—the great St. Augustine. That brilliant and ardent African, by profession a rhetorician, in creed a Manichean, but unsettled and unsatisfied, with a passionate yearning for truth, but with a heart of flesh that clogged the aspirations of his intellect, not given, perhaps, to all the excesses with which his own after words have made some credit him, but with no glimmering, as it would seem, of the Christian view of virtue, and a seeming incapacity for attaining to the Christian idea of faith; having professed at Carthage first, and then at Rome, obtained in the year 384 a professorship at Milan—which the presence of the Court had made the most important town in Italy—and coming there with views of earthly ambition, found the more precious gift that has made him what he is. To Ambrose, under God, he attributes this good fortune. "I was led," he cries, "to him by Thee, O Lord, blindfold, that by him, with my eyes open, I might be led to Thee."

Before coming to Milan, Augustine had heard the fame of Ambrose as a speaker, and as such he longed to hear him, not for the matter in which he had made up his mind truth could not be found, but for his style and manner—objects of professional curiosity to a rhetorician. We will leave Augustine to give his own account of what he found in the great prelate—"The man of God," he says,* "received me cordially, and took a bishop's kind interest in me as a stranger;† and I, on my part, began to love him, not, indeed, as a teacher of truth, which I

* *Conf.*, v., 13.

† "Peregrinationem meam satis episcopaliter dilexit."

despaired of finding in the Church, but as a man personally kind to me. And I carefully listened to his discourses before the people, not with that object which I should have had, but estimating, as it were, his eloquence, seeing whether it equalled his reputation, or exceeded or fell short of it. And I was taken up with his words, but carelessly and contemptuously let the matter pass, finding pleasure in the sweetness of his speech, which was more learned, but not so taking nor so smooth as that of Faustus,* as far as manner goes, that is, for as to matter there could be no comparison. . . . But† while I opened my heart to recognize his eloquence, I begun at the same time, little by little, to recognize his truth." And then the holy convert goes on to make the acknowledgment, which proves that just as little as the Church herself have the ways of her adversaries changed; that as he proceeded to learn from the lips of Ambrose what was really to be believed, he blushed to find that he had been crying out those many years, not against the Catholic faith, but against the figments of his own earthly imagination.‡

Ambrose does not appear to have engaged in set controversy with him whose soul he so desired to win. He trusted rather to kindness as a preparation to soften the other's mind, and then left the rest to the grace of God, which he implored in prayer, and to which he lent such aid as he indirectly could from the pulpit. Whether any of his sermons were expressly aimed at Augustine we cannot know; but, at any rate, they exactly suited his particular frame of mind. He learnt from them to receive the Old Testament, which the Manicheans rejected, to understand the Catholic view of God and of man, so that at last he gave up his Manicheism, though without embracing the Faith, and allowed that if the Catholic doctrine were not proved, neither was it disproved.

And then, with his restless craving for what was perfect and true, and his unending dissatisfaction with himself and his position, he began to look on Ambrose as himself an argument for his cause, a proof in practice of the truth which he preached. Yet he could not satisfy himself that the great bishop was a happy man, and therefore a model to be copied. He was honoured and esteemed, it is true; but then came the difficulty, the old difficulty ever new—"His celibacy seemed to me a grievous thing." § What was the hope that gave his heart

* The Manichean Bishop of Carthage. † *Conf.* v., 14.

‡ *Conf.*, vi., 3.

§ *Conf.*, vi., 3.

courage for that? how did he guard himself against the perils which his own greatness and goodness brought? where did he find solace in his trials? what were the secret thoughts and aspirations of his heart? All these things were a puzzle to Augustine, who could not imagine the hidden sources of his strength.

But the affair of the Basilicas came to prove the sterling nature of the prelate beyond a doubt, and the impression produced on the doubting and hesitating mind of Augustine by the chants which we have already mentioned as being taught during the days of trial by the bishop to his flock, whilst it doubtless advanced him one degree more towards conversion and strikingly illustrated the wisdom of the invention, seems also to show how in the hands of God and by the ministry of His Saints, all that is beautiful and good becomes a weapon for the armoury of the Church. As a question also arises hereon which has not lost its interest in our own days, we cite a passage or two in which Augustine describes the effect upon himself, though we must certainly exclaim *tempora mutantur*, when we find the query arising as to whether the Ambrosian chant was not perhaps too ornate. He first heard these chants, as we have said, during the siege of the Basilica: this is his description*—“The people were keeping watch, O Lord, in the church, prepared to die with Thy servant the bishop. There was my mother, Thy handmaid, who, foremost in care and watchfulness, lived on prayer. I, unwarmed as yet by the fire of Thy Spirit, was yet excited by the trouble and excitement of the city. Then was it first ordained that hymns and psalms should be sung in the fashion of the East, that the people might not be unnerved by weariness and sorrow. And from that time even until now has the custom been retained, yea, and imitated by Thy faithful throughout the world.” And thus again does he describe the effect of the same chants on the occasion of his baptism.† “How I wept over those hymns and canticles of Thine, O Lord, keenly touched by the sweet sounding voice of Thy Church. My ears drank in that voice and its truth distilled into my heart and gushed forth again in tears, and I was happy in them.” And again, he says‡—“Sometimes I think that I give too much to these (pious melodies), for I feel more moved by these sacred words when they are sung than when they are not. . . . Sometimes in avoiding this snare I go to the opposite extreme of

* *Conf.*, ix., 7.

† *Conf.*, v., 6.

‡ *Conf.*, x., 23.

severity, and would fain banish from myself and from the church the melodies of sweet chants to which we sing the Psalms in a loud voice; and then that method seems the more secure which, I have often heard, was adopted by Athanasius of Alexandria, made the reader chant with so slight a modulation that it was more like speaking than singing. But yet when I recall the joy which I shed on hearing the chants of Thy Church in the beginnings of my recovered faith, and that now I am moved in not by the singing but by the thing sung, when it is aided by clearness of tone and aptness of melody, I must allow the usefulness of this practice."

In the complete history of the conversion of Augustine it does not concern us now to follow, its later stages not being directly connected with the name of Ambrose, although he it was who sealed upon it by the waters of baptism. Enough has been said to show how true our saint always and everywhere was to the principles, and to allow us to gather from the effect produced in the acute and not altogether friendly philosopher that Augustine was when first they met, what must have been the charm which was exercised on those about him by his qualities and great virtues.

No less clearly than in the nature of his controversy we see the goodness of his heart in his relation with his men and his friends. As to the first, we find the model Christian family in the lifelong affection that bound him to his brother and sister, Satyrus and Marcellina. Over the grave of the former he poured forth his grief in words that reveal the cruel wound inflicted on his heart, though he consoles himself with a thought like to that in which the mother of another and very different lament finds consolation, "it is a cause of more joy to have had such a brother, than it is of grief to have lost him."* Still more, of course, we find consolation in his lively faith and his constant habit of looking beyond the bounds of this visible world. Such a faith and a habit of so looking seem in fact, in his friendships everywhere, to have been the regulating principle of all. "He wept most bitterly," says his biographer,† "as often as he was asked to hear of the death of any worthy priest, so much that we used to try to console him, not understanding his feeling nor the motive of his weeping. And he would always answer, that he did not weep because he was gone of

* *De Excess. Satyri*, i., 3.

† *Paulin.*, n. xl.

whom he had heard as dead, but because he had gone before himself, and because it was hard to find a man worthy of the high dignity of the priesthood."

We have, however, dwelt so much on the sublime and supernatural features of his character, that we will close this hasty and imperfect sketch with a letter which presents to us rather the human side of the man. It is addressed to a friend who had disappointed him of a visit, and to make up had sent him a present.* "Ambrose to Felix, greeting. You have sent me some truffles, and indeed astonishingly fine ones, so that I was struck with astonishment at seeing them so big. I was unwilling to keep them to myself, and preferred to let others see them too, so I have given part of them to my friends and kept part for myself. The gift was acceptable, but not so much so as to stifle my complaint that you do not come to see us who love you so much. . . . Get yourself to hinder me from grieving at your absence, and try to be less generous in future. Make no more excuses; for however this peace-offering of yours may serve as such, you have a poor opinion of yourself and not much better of me if you think that your absence can be compensated by gifts, or that I can be satisfied. Farewell, and love us who love you."

And now, that we have thus imperfectly glanced at some few of the facts of his history which go to demonstrate the character of this glorious prelate, we would ask one or two questions which that character suggests. And, first—if the aggressiveness and inflexibility with which the Church is now so frequently reproached be really a fault, is it not a fault ingrained in the nature of Christianity? Were its pretensions one whit less in the days of Ambrose than they are in ours? Is there, or can there be, any doubt as to what would be the judgment of this great prelate of the fourth century, if he were asked to pronounce upon such questions as Civil Marriage or Secular Education in this the nineteenth? Again, can any one who studiously communes in his writings with this great man, seriously flatter himself that the fashionable creeds of the day—the scientific, the philosophic, or what not—tend even remotely to turn out characters that can compare with a character like his? Nay, are we quite sure that even our minds, basking as they are in the noonday blaze of scientific knowledge, are very much superior to that of this man, who

* *Epist.* iii.

in the Phoenix and the Music of the Spheres? We
at a little acquaintance with those whom it so lightly
dismisses could hardly fail to prove to a vain and self-
deceived age that there are after all more things both in
heaven and earth than are dreamt of in its shallow philosophy,
in its various searches after an ungodly perfection
repeating the folly of those who of old, leaving the
fountain of living waters, troubled themselves with digging
for treasures that could hold none.

J. G.

"Tout est dit."

LA BRUYERE.

MAY thought no more with wit aspire
New language to the soul to give?
Nor Genius more to words yield fire
Their fleeting utterance to outlive?
While speech to man new light imparts,
While echoes wake in human hearts,
Shall language ever weave a spell
Responsive to the springs that dwell
Where searching glance ne'er yet could steal.

Oh, urge not, then, that words no more
May take new impress from the mind!
Such light as broke on days of yore—
A treasure, garnered still, we find
Bequeathed by thought of other days,
Yet sparkling with its mellowed rays,
Tho' chilled by eld and hoared with rime:
Last relic of a bygone time,
Stray vestige of its woe or weal.

P. M.

Episodes in the Life of a Scotch Missionary Priest in the Seventeenth Century.

THE hero of the following notices was Father Gilbert Blakhal, Priest of the Scots Mission in France, in the Low Countries, and in Scotland, in the seventeenth century. Little is known of him besides what is recorded in what may be called three chapters of his autobiography, which, under the title of *A brief Narration of the Services done to three noble Ladies*, still exists in the original manuscript, in the author's handwriting, amongst the papers of the late Bishop Kyle, and has been printed by the Spalding Club. This short narrative, though concerned only with the fortunes of three private persons, whose names, but for its existence, would never have reached our times, is not without interest, as furnishing us with some insight into a missionary priest's life and work in those hazardous times, as well as into the social state of the period in Scotland and in France. It also gives us a few glimpses into the homelier phases of the lives of some whose names are household words in the countries where their lot was cast, but who are only known to us for the most part under the stately garb imposed upon them by history.

Blakhal was most probably descended from a family of the name of Blakhal who appear in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries as landed proprietors in Aberdeenshire. This family adhered to the ancient faith at the time of the Reformation, and, in the persons of various members, it fell in for its full share of Protestant amenities, in the shape of banishments and excommunications. In the year 1626, Gilbert Blakhal entered the Scotch College at Rome, founded by Clement the Eighth in the year 1600, and remained there for four years, prosecuting his studies, and assisting at the lectures of the Roman College. Amongst his fellow students were John Smith and Francis Dempster, who afterwards became Jesuits, and laboured on the mission in Scotland, where Dempster carried on a controversy with John Menzies, Professor of Divinity at

Aberdeen, and both suffered imprisonment. Other College companions of Blakhal were William Leslie, who died at an advanced age, Canon of St. Quintins, in France, and Thomas Chambers, who became one of Cardinal Richelieu's almoners. From these and similar instances we may infer that the Church of France was not an unsympathizing spectator of the trials and sufferings of the Church of Scotland, but received with open arms those who were driven by the rigours of the Presbyterian persecution from their homes and country, and admitted them to a share in her rich endowments.

Having finished his theology, Blakhal was ordained sub-deacon on the 23rd of February, deacon on the 16th, and priest on the 30th of March, Easter Eve, 1630. Immediately afterwards, he seems to have left Rome and proceeded straight to Paris, here, in 1631, at the instance of a cousin of his of the name of Forbes, he became confessor to the Lady Isabella Hay, and it is to this lady that the first chapter of his narrative has reference. Lady Isabella was the fifth daughter of Francis, Earl of Errol, hereditary Constable of Scotland, the head of the great family of Hay, which still remained true to the Church. She had come to France with her father's permission eight or nine years after her mother's death, where she was put under the protection of Mr. James Forbes, a cousin of Blakhal's, then living in France; but she had not long been in the country when Mr. Forbes, taking advantage of his position, forced his visits and attentions upon her in such a manner as to show that he wished to draw her into marriage with himself. This proposal seems to have been by no means to the lady's taste, and gave still less satisfaction to her brother, the Earl of Errol, at that time in Scotland. Lady Isabella, in her difficulties, appealed to Blakhal for assistance, and he warmly took up her cause. This led to a serious quarrel with his cousin, Mr. Forbes, and the good Father enters at somewhat tedious length into the various details connected with

The issue of the quarrel certainly went to show that Blakhal was not a person to be trifled with.

Lord Errol, when he heard of Mr. Forbes' pretensions, desired his sister to return at once to Scotland, if she could not make up her mind to become a religious, of which there may have been some question previously, stating that he had provided a suitable match for her at home, and threatening to withhold all supplies of money in future, if she did not comply with his request. But the young lady happened to have a very decided

will of her own, happily, in this instance, turned in the right direction, for she declared to Blakhal her firm resolution not to go home; and when he "inquired what way she thought to subsist in France, she answered that if she could do no better, she and her servant would rather earn their bread with their needles than expose her soul to danger, which she did and ever would prefer to all earthly things, which she was morally assured would follow if she should marry a heretic husband, and she did not know any Catholic fit for her then in Scotland." Lady Isabella retired for a time to a convent at some distance from Paris, and at length resolved to throw herself upon the protection of the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, at that time Governor of the Low Countries, and induced Blakhal to use his endeavours to obtain a canonry for her at Mons from that Princess. This object was not of easy attainment, for there were only five Colleges of these canonesses in the Netherlands, each consisting of thirty members, and admission into them was sought with great eagerness by the nobility for their daughters, who would sometimes put their girls forward as candidates before they were six years old. After some preliminary correspondence with friends in Brussels, where the Infanta then resided, Blakhal proceeded to that city, and reached it in safety after what must have been a tedious journey of nine days by coach. On his arrival, he endeavoured to interest some friends in his cause, but, as he says, "I perceived that I could not expect any friends to assist me; yet, said I, without either alms or answer I shall not return; I am too far engaged to do nothing but return again home with my finger in my mouth, or, as the French say, *Avec un pied du ne*—My honour is engaged. An honest man, we say, is a lion in his own cause, and now the cause is not hers only, but mine also; therefore, I will speak myself to the Infanta, without the mediation of any, and so I am sure I shall be soonest despatched."

In pursuit of his object, he spent a whole week "in writing and disposing my harrangue," and in the meantime went every day to the Court, to see and learn the ceremonies, which he found to be the same as at the Court of Rome. He gained an entrance at the commencement as one of the suite of the Duke of Orleans, who happened to be at the Court of Brussels at the time; but when it was discovered "that I was none of his, but was for some business, they did hold me out, which, I seeing, and knowing that I behoved to make a key of gold, I scraped

in, and presented a single pistole of gold to him who immediately had shut the door upon my nose." He applied the same den key to three others, and thus made them his fast friends. The good Father's perseverance was at length crowned with success. He says—"When I had well considered what I was obliged to say to Her Majesty concerning the lady, and had repeated it to my own self over and over again so often, that I was not afraid to stutter or stand dumb, I being every day in the chamber of audience, did speak to her master household, who then was in quarter, the Comte de Noel, without whose presence none had audience. He granted my request, and prayed to be short, because it was past midday, and Her Majesty yet fasting. I promised to be very brief."

It will not be without interest to cast a passing glance at the illustrious person in whose presence this single hearted man thus exposed himself. Daughter of Philip the Second, Spain's most conspicuous monarch, and born in 1566, the political storms of more than half a century of that agitated period had surged round her, and to no inconsiderable extent felt the pressure of a guiding hand. Once a candidate for the throne of France, betrothed as the wife of Henry the Fourth and the Duke of Brabant, she saw those high destinations pass away from her unfulfilled, and in 1597 married the Cardinal Archduke Albert, obtained a dispensation from Rome, and was invested, together with her husband, with the joint sovereignty of the Netherlands and Flanders-Comté. Their rule, that of the Archdukes, as it was called, is still gratefully remembered in Belgium, where their names, especially that of Isabella, are yet in benediction. Left a widow in 1621, when she was deprived of the sovereignty of the Low Countries by her nephew, Philip the Fourth, though continued at the head of affairs there with the title of Governor, she was now drawing towards the close of her busy career, loved her subjects, and held in estimation, even by her opponents, for her virtues and gentleness of spirit, for she was, says Blakhal, "the rarest, not only Princess, but I may well say woman, that I have seen in her time, for I do not think that any man, let be woman, possessed such a grave affability and affable gravity as she had."

Notwithstanding his promise to be brief, it took the Father about half hour to lay his case before the Infanta, and bring forward the various grounds of his client's title to Her Highness's favour. He urged the virtues of her parents, and showed that his father had suffered long exile, and had his best castle blown

up by the Puritanical ministers, and been three times imprisoned on account of his religion, and, notwithstanding, had brought his numerous family in the Faith, and been the benefactor to the poor Catholics around him, not forgetting to bring forward the good points in the young lady's character and her heroic resolution to suffer any privation rather than return home again among heretics. On the conclusion of his harangue, the Infanta promised to consider his petition, whereupon Blakhal shot his final bolt, in which is manifested not unfavourably the proverbial canniness of his countrymen. "Then I subjoined, madam, your Majesty do not grant this suit, I humbly beseech your Majesty to do me the favour not to discover to any person the demand, for if it come to the ears of our countrypeople who are here that this lady hath desired such a thing from your Majesty and have been refused, they will write that to their friends at home for news, and so it will come to the knowledge of our Puritan ministers, who will not fail to make their pulpits ring with that example, as they will call it, to show that Catholics have no true charity, and in derision, bid the Papists, as they call us, stand out courageously, and their own means be []; the Pope and the King of Spain will bestow enough upon your children. Follow the example of our Constable, and let your houses be thrown down for your religion; your Papist Princes will build them up again, and will give as much to your children as the Infanta of Spain, so highly cried up for her charity, did give to the Constable's daughter, who sent a priest to Brussels, to procure from that so renowned Princess a poor canonicate, and was refused. Madam, this is the daily pratique of their ministers, to take all occasions to show how hard are the hearts of the Catholics towards one another. She answered, 'I know they do so; I will do what I can to give you satisfaction. Come again some other day, and I shall give you an absolute answer.'" And after some further conversation, Isabella allowed the Father to fix his own day for returning, when he elected for the Tuesday following. At the end of the interview, the Comte de Noel complained of its length, as Her Majesty had thus been kept fasting long beyond midday, but she kindly stopped his complaints, commending Blakhal's charity in taking so much pains to promote the interests of another, while he sought nothing for himself.

On the day appointed the Father had another audience, and got a most gracious answer, to the effect that though there was

no benefice vacant at present, yet if he would bring the young lady to Brussels, the Infanta would take charge of her till a vacancy occurred. The young lady was brought to Brussels, in accordance with this offer, not without sundry difficulties that her stout champion had to grapple with and overcome both at the Court and on the journey. A letter promised by the Infanta could not be obtained from her secretary, and the delay was so prolonged that Her Highness' own intervention became necessary, and it was of a kind to bring her character out in a very pleasing light. She ordered her secretary, in answer to an application from Blakhal, to prepare a letter and send it to her that very night, as she was resolved not to go to bed till it was signed by her own hand. This was done, as may be supposed, and the Father, after soothing the wounded consequence of the officials by a judicious administration of pistoles, was free to proceed on his journey, which he accomplished in safety, though not without encountering more perils than one from *voleurs*, as he calls them, a sort of gentry not by any means uncommon, it would seem, in those disturbed times. Lady Isabella was received by the Infanta, as soon as she arrived at Brussels, in her own chamber, while she was at dinner, and we are told that the young presentee was constrained to sit on her knees during the audience according to the ceremonious etiquette of the Spanish Court. The Infanta renewed her promise of a benefice as soon as a vacancy should occur, announced her intention of keeping the postulant at Court in the meantime, and then dismissed her with the assurance that she would be sent for in a short time. On Blakhal's inquiry as to what she thought of the Princess, Lady Isabella replied that all her travel would have been well bestowed though she should derive no other benefit from her than only to have seen and spoken with her on that occasion.

She never saw her benefactress more. On the following day the Infanta was stricken down by fever, and in a few days her noble soul entered into its rest, after the long turmoil and struggles of a life in every way worthy of her lofty place. Great was the grief and consternation of our good priest at this untoward event, but he was not one to lose courage or leave a stone unturned under difficulties. He first waited on the confessor of the deceased Princess to ascertain whether he could learn anything to the advantage of his charge. "He was a Spanish Cordelier, the most rustic, rude, ambitious, and envious fellow that ever I did speak with in all my life. I went to his

chamber at the Cordeliers ; hoping to learn something from him. I spoke to him with as much respect as if he had been Prima. He made no answer, I thought it was because he was going to say Mass ; I waited upon him after Mass, he ran to his chamber. I followed ; he rapped to his door upon my nose, I chopped douselye, no answer ; then I chopped harder, no answer. At last I rapped with my foot, then he said—‘Who is that so rude at my door?’ ‘One,’ said I, ‘who has something to say to you.’ Then he came and half opened his door, and as I began to conjure him, he said—*Nihil sum ; nihil scio* ; that is, ‘I am nothing ;’ I know nothing ; and saying that, shut his door again. The gossips of the Court declared that he said *Nihil sum* because he had not got a bishopric, but that Her Majesty knew him too well to promote him to such a charge, as she only kept him here to be mortified by him. Not discouraged by this repulse, Blakhal tells us that he went every day to one or other of the members of the Provisional Government, of which the Archbishop of Mechlin was the head, but beyond a few ambiguous words, could get no ground of assurance as to the prospects of his charge, which in fact seemed gloomy enough. But at length the time came for the publication of the Infanta’s will. It had been made twelve years before, and remained unaltered, save for the addition of a codicil made upon her deathbed and signed with her own hand in behalf of the friendless girl who had been thrown so unexpectedly upon her bounty. In this codicil provision of a thousand livres a year was made for the helpless stranger till a benefice should fall vacant ; and after signing it the Infanta took the Archbishop by the hand, and holding still his hand in hers, said to him as followeth—“My lord, you see my affection towards this demoiselle ; I will yet tell you more if it had pleased God to prolong my life any farther, I intended to be a mother unto her and provide her ; but since it is His will to call me from her, I charge you, as you shall give an account at the last day, to be a father unto her, and see my will towards her executed punctually.” What greater love could Her Majesty have shown to her own child, if it had pleased God to give her any ? The Archbishop answering said—“I am not worthy to be a father unto whom your Majesty would have been a mother, but I shall be a faithful protector to her, and execute your Majesty’s will towards her in all things.”

Further words would but mar this gracious and touching deathbed scene. The Archbishop was true to his word, for

was not long before a vacancy occurred at Mons, and she was duly installed as canoness; not however without great opposition on the part of the rest of the canonesses, who pleaded privilege to exclude strangers put in against their will. The struggle was so obstinate that the Archbishop was compelled to invoke the authority of the Cardinal Infant who had succeeded Clara Eugenia in the government of the Netherlands. The Governor, finding the alleged privilege not to exist, at length carried the matter with a high hand, and had the young candidate instituted with all the requisite formalities; but "the ladies all ran out of the choir and church, not to see her installed." It is a satisfaction to know that the new canoness outlived the opposition, and at length "engaged the love of the other lady canonesses, through great patience;" and after this happy consummation of her wishes, we may bid her farewell.

It may not be uninteresting to some of our readers if we conclude this episode of Blakhal's career with his account of an old pre-Reformation statue of our Lady, of which mention has often been made. He tells us that while he was at Brussels he was scant of money. "I had now but what I got for saying the first Mass every morning at Notre Dame, *de bonne successe*, a chapel of great devotion, so called from a statue of our Lady which was brought from Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland, to Ostend, by a merchant of Ostend, to whom it was given in Aberdeen. And that same day that the ship in which it was laden arrived at Ostend, the Infanta did win a battle against the Hollanders, the people thinking that our Lady, for the civil exception of her statue, did obtain that victory to the Princess, who did send for the statue to be brought to Brussels, where the Princess, with a solemn procession, did receive it at the port of the town, and place it in this chapel, where it is much honoured, and the chapel, dedicated to our Lady of *bonne successe*, which before was poor and desolate, now is rich and well frequented. The common belief of the vulgar people there is that this statue was thrown in the sea at Aberdeen, and carried upon the waves of the sea miraculously to Ostend. So easy a thing it is for ships to find good harbour when verities would be beaten out with cudgels."

Let us now proceed to the second episode of Blakhal's life. This brings us to the period of his missionary labours in Scotland. On the successful conclusion of his adventure in favour of Lady Isabella Hay, who from his own account does not seem

to have treated him with the gratitude his services deserved, the Father resided for four years as chaplain in the house of Monsieur Dorsay, a gentleman of some position apparently, for he is called a councillor, who had become a priest late in life. Monsieur Dorsay died at the end of this period, and left Father Blakhal a legacy of two hundred crowns, by the help of which the Father resolved to work his way home to Scotland. He left France in September, 1636, but did not reach Scotland till August, 1637, having proceeded first to London, and then travelled through England to Edinburgh, taking different Catholic houses on his way, such as those of the Widdingtons, the Ratcliffes, and the Selbys. He did not linger in Edinburgh but passed on without delay to his native Aberdeen. Before pursuing his personal history further, it will not be out of place to describe briefly the position of Catholicity at that time in Scotland. The rise of Protestantism in Scotland dated from 1560, when the Catholic Church was legally proscribed, and it has sometimes been stated that the acceptance of the new doctrines by the people was almost instantaneous. Thus it has been asserted that "the whole nation was converted by the lump, and within ten years after Popery was discharged in Scotland, there was not in all Scotland ten persons of quality to be found who did not profess the true reformed religion, and so it was among the commons in proportion. Lo! here a nation born in one day, yea, moulded into one congregation and sealed as a fountain with a solemn oath and covenant, this was singular."* Yes, singular if true, that a people like the Scotch, so tenacious of old customs and traditions, should all at once have presented a mere *tabula rasa* for the reception of the new doctrines. But in the nature of things it could not be true. Nations do not thus change all their moral and intellectual habits in a night. It is true that the Catholics were stunned first by the blow, and many of the clergy seem to have fled in consternation to England, where a great number of monks and friars were officiating as curates in the north, in 1563 and 1565.

Many of the laity, too, followed their example and left the country. Those who remained often concealed their real sentiments, and seemed for a time to conform to the new system, but when the first shock was over a reaction soon followed, and notwithstanding the severity of the persecution and the savag

* Kirkton's *Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland*, pp. 21, 22, quoted by the editor in his able Preface, from which these details are mostly derived.

of the penal laws, Catholics were able more or less to hold own in many parts of the country. "Even in 1590," Tytler, "the great struggle between the principles of the reformation and the ancient faith was lulled only, not subdued."* A paper drawn up by Lord Burghley, about the year, "brings forward, in clear contrast, the comparative strength of the Catholic and Protestant parties in Scotland. From it we learn that all the northern part of the kingdom, including the counties of Inverness, Caithness, Sutherland, and Orkney, with Moray, and the sheriffdoms of Buchan, of Angus, of Argyll, and of Nithsdale, were either wholly or for the greater part in the interest of the Roman Catholic party, commanded mostly by noblemen who secretly adhered to that faith, and were directed in their movements by Jesuits and priests, who were concealed in various parts of the country, especially in the north."† Again, in 1592, "thirteen of the nobility of Scotland were Roman Catholics, and in the northern counties a large portion of the people were attached to the same faith."‡

The progress of the reaction may be traced in the public documents of the kirk, which bear witness to the ever increasing apprehension and alarm of the ministers, as expressed in the records of their General Assemblies. From 1575 to 1616, one of the leading grounds of complaint and fear on the part of these ministers is the increase of Papacy, and the invasion of Jesuits and Seminary priests. "It is known from other sources," says the editor of Blakhal's *Narration*, in his Preface,§ "that while, from 1580 downwards, the assaults of the Jesuits were incessant and general throughout the kingdom, it was in the north more especially that their attempts produced the most powerful results. The influence of the Earls of Huntly, who reigned there for many monarchs of the north, while it for many years retarded the progress of the reformed religion within the extensive territories where their sway extended, long afterwards so protected the priests and Romish teachers, that this quarter of Scotland has been regarded as 'the chief scene of that vain struggle to restore the ancient religion which has been called the Anti-reformation.' Hopeless as this endeavour might seem, it met with considerable success among the gentry of the shire and the wealthier burgesses of the town. Even in the reign of Charles the First the ancient faith was held by the Marquis of Huntly and the chief men of his name, such as the Lord Aboyne, the Lairds

Ibid., vol. ix., p. 36. † Tytler, vol. ix., pp. 39, 40. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 80. § V. xix.

of Craig, Gight, Abergeldie, Jesmore, and Letterfourie ; by the Earl of Errol and his kinsmen of Delgaty and Fetterletter ; and by many other ancient and powerful houses, such as the Leslies, the Bissets, and the Blackhalls, in the Garioch ; the Irvings and Couttses in Mar ; the Cheynes, the Cons, and the Turings, in Buchan.' " *

On the accession of James the Sixth to the English throne some measure of indulgence seems to have been allowed to Catholics, especially the more powerful of them, but this period of very partial toleration was terminated by Charles the First in 1628, when that monarch addressed a proclamation to the bishops and ministers to mark down, and send to the Privy Council twice in the year, viz., in November and July, the list of all Roman Catholics who declined to attend the service of the Established Church. These were to be searched for and placed under safe custody. On conviction, they were to be excommunicated and their goods confiscated. Father William Leslie, sometime a missionary in Buchan, in a letter dated 1st Sept., 1630, states that the Roman Catholics who had appeared before the Council in the previous month of July had all been sentenced to banishment. Seven weeks were allowed for their departure, and one third of their rents was granted for the maintenance of their families, which would, however, be forfeited if they should return to this country, besides the penalty to be incurred of fine and imprisonment. The result of these persecuting measures, and of the strict search made for all Catholics who would not subscribe the covenant, was that the adherents of the old faith were much diminished in number—to such an extent, indeed, that it has been asserted that, shortly after this time, the total number of those who still remained true to their religion did not exceed fifty or sixty. No doubt this could only be true of those who braved all penalties, and persisted in the open profession of their faith in the face of this relentless persecution, and not of those who were concussed into external conformity to the stark system, in whose iron grasp they were held, while at heart they remained constant to their former belief, and who, after the Restoration, returned to the confession and practice of their faith in great numbers.†

The task of the clergy during these evil days was no easy one. Those who remained in the kingdom after the evil triumph of the Presbyterians and their unprincipled abettors were com-

* *Book of Bon Accord*, p. 229.

† Preface, p. xxiii.

pelled to assume the disguise of soldiers, sailors, physicians, and such like, and thus to perambulate the country in the discharge of their pastoral duties. The supply of secular clergy in the prevailing confusion was necessarily scanty, all the means for their education and training having been swallowed up by the great nobles, who threw such scraps of the spoil to the ministers as it pleased them in their condescension to bestow ; but the deficiency was to some extent made good by the aid of the regular clergy, who succeeded in penetrating into Scotland in considerable numbers. Jesuits, Benedictines, Franciscans, Lazarites, and Augustinians seem to have had their representatives in this perilous field of labour, and that the more as many of the refugee clergy found admission into one or other of these orders on their expulsion from their posts in their native land. Some of the Jesuits especially belonged to the first families in Scotland, and thus found shelter and protection under the roofs of their relatives. Indeed, by the same influence, they sometimes gained an entrance to the Court, and on one occasion James Gordon, son of the Earl of Huntly, and known by the name of Huntlaeus, gratified the controversial propensities of James the First by holding a disputation with him on matters of religion. As a consequence of this peculiarity in their position the Jesuits were frequently able to make permanent settlements, while the secular clergy seem often to have moved about from place to place without fixed abode. The Jesuit missions in the north were Braemar, Glengairn, Glentanar, Strathglass, and Buchan.

The above brief sketch may suffice to give a fair though inadequate idea of the state of things in which Blakhal found himself on his return to his native north. He did not remain long without occupation, for within a short time after his arrival he was received into the household of Lady Aboyne as her domestic chaplain. A melancholy interest attaches to this lady's history, from her connection with a mournful tragedy that stands out conspicuously from, and overshadows in its transcendent horrors, the many frightful tragedies of those wild times. Daughter of the Earl of Errol, and sister of Lady Isabella Hay, whose settlement at Mons we have witnessed, she became the wife of the youthful Earl of Aboyne, or, as he seems to have been sometimes called, Viscount Meldrum, the eldest son of the Marquis of Huntly. But the bright morning of her life was soon obscured, and she herself reduced to

widowhood, by the catastrophe alluded to above. As it affords a striking picture of the times, no apology is necessary for a brief recital of the circumstances connected with this event.

In the neighbourhood of the Castle of Strathbogie, where the "Cock of the North" held state, were the residences of two gentlemen both more or less connected with the house of Gordon. One was Gordon of Rothiemay, the other Crichton of Frendraught, married to a sister of the Earl of Sutherland, also a Gordon. A feud arose between the two in consequence of some dispute about the rights of fishing in the river Doveran, and in an encounter that took place between them on New Year's Day, 1630, Rothiemay was wounded so severely as to die three days afterwards. One result of this unhappy affair was that Frendraught fell under the displeasure of the Marquis of Huntly and the other Gordons. After some time a reconciliation was brought about by Sir Robert Gordon, who was at the head of a Commission that had been sent by the Council to quell the disturbance, and it was arranged that Frendraught should make amends to the Rothiemay family by the payment of a certain sum of money. "And so, all parties having shaken hands in the orchard of Strathbogie, they were heartily reconciled, says Sir Robert, in his *History of the Earldom of Sutherland*. Soon after Frendraught got into trouble with another neighbouring laird, Leslie of Pitcaple, and in an endeavour to recover some property that had been carried off by Meldrum, Pitcaple's brother in law, one of his friends wounded Pitcaple's son with a pistol shot.

In consternation at this untoward event, Frendraught had recourse to the Marquis of Huntly to use his influence in arranging the quarrel, and he was closely followed by Pitcaple, who came breathing vengeance against his foe. The Marquis found it necessary to detain Frendraught for the night, and sent him home the next day under the convoy of Lord Aboyne and young Rothiemay, who happened to be at the castle at the time, in order to protect him from any possible attack on the part of Pitcaple by the way. The party, increased by some other friends and attendants, reached Frendraught in safety, and being invited by the laird and his lady, in accordance with the custom of the times, to remain for the night, Lord Aboyne and his companions consented to do so. After a merry supper, the guests were conducted to their apartments in an old tower, that formed part of the castle of Frendraught. The first floor, over a vault, was occupied by Lord Aboyne and two servants, the

per floors by Rothiemay and the other gentlemen, with their attendants. About midnight, the tower took fire, "in ane clap," and was quickly wrapped in flames. Swift as the fire was, two of the gentlemen, and one of Lord Aboyne's servants, escaped; but Lord Aboyne himself might have done so, had he not, under an impulse of generosity, rushed upstairs to rouse Rothiemay. This friendly action cost him his life, for while attempting to rescue his companion, "the timber passage and ceiling of the chamber takes fire, so that none of them could get downstairs again." They rushed to the window looking towards the courtyard, calling out repeatedly—"Help, help, for our Lord's cause!" but the windows being stanchioned, succour was impossible, and the six persons inclosed in the tower perished in flames. Lord Aboyne was in the flower of his youth, being only twenty four years of age when he was thus cruelly cut off. Mr. Blakhal states that under the fierce trial of his last moments, the unfortunate young nobleman induced his friend Rothiemay to make open profession of the Catholic faith; and "they two being at a window, and whilst their legs were hanging, did sing together *Tu Domine*; which ended, they did tell the window that their legs were consumed, recommending their souls to God, and the nobleman his wife and child, first to God, and then to the King." A popular ballad of the day speaks of their being called on to leap from the window—

How can I leap, how can I win,
How can I leap to thee?
My head's fast in the wire window,
My feet burning from me.

He's ta'en the rings from off his hands,
And thrown them o'er the wall;
Saying—"Give them to my lady fair,
Where she sits in the hall."

The universal feeling of horror, and the deep grief of the friends of the deceased, caused by this terrible event, were not mixed with suspicions of foul play on the part of Frendraught and his wife. Lady Frendraught at once proceeded to Lord Huntly's house, to express her sorrow at what had happened, but though a cousin of Huntly's, she was refused admission, "and returned back to her house the same gate she came, comfortless." But, however much in keeping with the spirit and practice of the times such a savage act might have

been, there seem to have been no just grounds for the suspicions against Frendraught, who acted with the straightforwardness of an innocent man in availing himself of every means to meet and repel the charge. Notwithstanding this, the feeling remained rankling in the hearts of the Gordons, and in 1634, the lands of the unfortunate Frendraught were repeatedly harassed, the effect of which was to reduce the family to poverty, and in seventy years, says an old MS., written in 1720, it was "stripped of all and extinguished." During its decline it had to struggle, too, on the ground of religion, with the notorious Presbytery of Strathbogie. Lady Frendraught, the daughter in law of the lady above mentioned, was worried by a succession of petty persecutions, originating with that very enlightened body, and spreading over a space of nearly twenty years; and being still found an obdurate Papist, in spite of this prolonged course of gentle discipline, she was solemnly excommunicated in 1654. Happily at that time Cromwell, the Master of Scotland, had taken the sting out of such sentences.

After the sad event that we have recorded, the youthful widow of Lord Aboyne continued to reside, with her only child, a daughter named Henrietta, at Aboyne Castle, on the Dee, where she adorned her widowhood by a gentle life of charity and devotion, and finally went to her rest in 1642. Father Blakhal became Lady Aboyne's spiritual director in 1638, and his narrative contains much that is interesting and illustrative of the life of those times, both with reference to her ladyship and to the state of the country in general. He tells us that he had an apartment to himself, where he was bountifully supported as far as victuals were concerned. Four dishes of meat, with wine and ale in proportion, were sent him at every meal, the relics of each feast being the perquisite of his servant, and no doubt that functionary felt himself seriously aggrieved when the Father remonstrated with the lady about the extravagance of this mode of doing things, and was in consequence allowed by her to eat with her at her own table. He combined his duties of domestic chaplain with those of missionary to the Catholics in the neighbourhood, and perhaps few will now agree with him in his estimate of his course in that capacity. It was, he says, "not very great, but only from the house of Aboyne to Aberdeen, two and twenty miles, where I did confess and communicate all the Catholics that were there; and from Aberdeen to Buchan, a matter of nineteen or twenty miles,

here I had but five Catholic houses to go to ; Blaire, ten miles from Aberdeen ; and Shives, five or six miles from Blaire ; and Licht, as far from Shives ; and Artrachy, nine or ten miles from Licht ; and Cruden, six miles from Artrachy ; and the difference twixt these houses obliged me to stay a night in each of them, to say Mass, confess, communicate, and exhort the Catholics by way of a short preaching ; and from Buchan to Strathbogie, where I used to stay but three or four nights, the first in the village, they call it the Raus, in Robert Rinne's house, an hostelry, where the poor Catholics convened ; the second in Carneborrow, where Neulesly and his daughter did come to me, and sometimes I did go to Neulesly's house ; the third night to Craigge, six miles from Carneborrow, and Carneborrow is six miles from Strathbogie."

Though it was customary, the Father tells us, for a domestic chaplain in those days to keep very close to his chamber, for if he but opened the window, "the people would run to get sight of him as a monstrous thing," yet he, by going freely about, soon ceased to be an object of curiosity. Owing to this, and no doubt also to the strength of the Catholic party in the north, he does not seem to have met with any dangers or difficulties of a serious kind in the discharge of his missionary duties. His time was divided between these duties and his services to Lady Boyle as her spiritual adviser, to which he added the functions of chamberlain and captain of the castle, as he informs us, and in each of these capacities he seems to have acquitted himself as a true man and faithful friend. As captain especially he came in for a fair share of martial adventure, occasions for which were never far to seek in those unsettled and troublous times. One day, for instance, a party of the clan Cameron, sons of the Huntly family, made a descent upon Aboyne castle, presuming upon its defenceless condition, where there was no lord to resist them, but only a helpless widow. To the number of forty or fifty they came into the court of the castle, and were ready to penetrate into the house itself before the inmates were aware of their presence. Blakhal, finding there was no other man in the house besides himself and the porter, managed to get them out of the court, and kept them amused with fair speeches till the serving men came in, and then, as soon as he found himself at the head of a sufficient force, he boldly declared that the lady had no money for them, but that they would be contented with meat and drink she would willingly bestow that upon them.

They went away grumbling, and presently quartered themselves upon one of Lady Aboyne's tenants, named Finlay, who kept a tavern, and compelled him to kill mutton and poultry for their supper, and next morning, by way of paying their reckoning, plundered his house, and carried off whatever attracted their fancy. They then proceeded to Malcolm Dorward's house at the Mill of Bounty, thinking to obtain money, as Dorward was her ladyship's chamberlain. Blakhal, hearing of what was going on, at once put himself at the head of sixteen men, and set out to surprise the depredators. His operations, which showed first rate generalship, were crowned with complete success. Marching in single file, after the Highland fashion, and in perfect silence, they nearly reached the house before the Cameron sentinel perceived them—

Having discovered us, he did run to the house, and we after him, so near that he had not leisure to shut the gate after him. All the advantage that he had before us was to win the house, and shut the door behind him, which chanced well for both parties; for if we could have entered the house with him, we should have killed every one another, for we were in great fury to be revenged of them, and they could do no less than defend themselves, selling their lives at the dearest rate they could, as men in despair should do. They would have had a great advantage upon us, for they being in a dark house, would have seen us well, and we, coming in from the snow, would have been blind for some length of time, in the which they might have done us great skaith before we could have done them any, not seeing them. But God provided better for us.

How soon we were in the court, I said with a loud voice, "Every man to his post." Which was done in the twinkling of an eye. Then I went to the door, thinking to break it up with my foot; but it was a double door, and the lock very strong. Whilst I was at the door, one of them did come to bolt it, and I, hearing him at it, did shoot a pistol at him. He said afterwards, that the ball did pass through the hair of his head; whether he said true or not, I know not. I did go from the door to the windows, and back again, still encouraging and praying them to hold their eyes still upon our enemies, and to kill such as would lay their hands to a weapon; and to those at the door to have their guns ever ready to discharge at such as would please to come forth without my leave. And I still threatened to burn the house and them into it, if they would not render themselves at my discretion, which they were loath to do until they saw the lights of bits of straw, that I had kindled to throw upon the thatch of the house, although I did not intend to do it, nor burn our friends with our foes. But if Malcolm Dorward and his wife and servants, and his son, George Dorward, and John Cordonier, all whom the Highlanders had lying in bonds by them, had been out, I would have made no scruple to have burned the house *and all the Highlanders within it*, to give terror to others who would oppress ladies who had never wronged them.

They, seeing the light of the burning straw coming in at the windows, and the keepers of the windows bidding them render themselves before they be burned, they called for quarters. I told them they should get no other quarters but my discretion, unto which, if they would submit themselves faithfully, they would find the better quarters; if not, be it at their hazard! Thereupon I bid the captain come and speak to me all alone, with his gun under his arm disbanded, and the stock foremost. Then I went to the door, and bid the keepers thereof let out one man all alone, with his gun under his arm, and the stock foremost; but if any did press to follow him, that they should kill both him and them who pressed to follow him. He did come out as I ordered, and trembled as the leaf of a tree. I believe he thought we would kill him there. I did take his gun from him and discharged it, and laid it down upon the earth by the side of the house. Then, after I had threatened him, and reproached their ingratitude, who durst trouble my lady or her tenants, who was, and yet is, the best friend that their chief, Donald Cameron, hath in all the world. "For," said I, "he will tell you how I and another man of my lady's, went to him where he was hiding, with his cousin, Ewen Cameron, in my lady's land, and brought them in a croup to Aboyne, where they were kept secretly three weeks, until their enemies, the Covenanters, had left off the seeking of them; and you, unthankful beast as you are, have rendered displeasure to my lady for her goodness toward you." He pretended ignorance of that courtesy that she had done to his chief.

"Be not afraid, sir," said I; "you shall find my discretion better to you than any quarters that you could have gotten by capitulation; for I will impose nothing to you but that which you shall confess to be just." This encouraged him, for he was exceeding feared. Then I said, "Think you it is not just that you should pay that poor man, Alexander Inlay, what you spent in his house, and render what you plundered from him?" He said, "It is very just," and paid him what he asked; wit, four crowns in ready money; and promised to restore what other things they had plundered from him, as soon as his companions, who had the things, were come out. All which he performed. "Is it not just," said I, "that you render to Malcolm Dorward, in whose house you are here, and to his son, George Dorward, and to their friend, John Cordoner, all whatsoever you have taken from them?" "It is just," said he; "and I shall not go out of this court in which I stand, until I have satisfied everybody." "Is it not just," said I, "that you promise and swear that you shall go out of the land pertaining to my lady peaceably, untroubling any of her tenants hereafter?" "It is just," said he; and did swear to perform all these things. When he had sworn by his part of heaven to keep these articles, I made him swear by the soul of his father, that neither he, nor one whom he could order, should ever thereafter trouble or molest my lady, nor any of her tenants. Then I sent him in to his company in the house to see if they would stand to all he had promised and sworn. He said, "They have all sworn fidelity and obedience to me, and therefore they must stand to whatsoever I promise, and perform it." "Notwithstanding," said I, "send me them out as you did come; their guns under their arms, the stocks foremost; and send no more out but one at a time; and let no more out until he who is out return in again; and when you

have all come out severally, and made the same oath which you have made, you shall have leave to take up all your guns, but upon your oath that you shall not charge them again until you be out of the lands pertaining to my lady."

"They did all come out severally as I had commanded, and as they did come to me, I discharged their guns, to the number of six or eight and forty, which made the tenants convene to us from all parts where the shots were heard; so that before they had all come out, we were near as many as they, armed with swords, and staves, and guns. When they all had made their oaths to me, I ranked our people like two hedges, five paces distant from one another rank, and but one pace every man from another in that same rank, and turned the mouth of their guns and their faces one rank to another, so as the Highlanders might pass two and two together betwixt their ranks. They passed so from the door of the hall in which they were, to the place in which their guns were lying all empty. They trembled passing as if they were in a fever quartan. I asked their captain, when they had taken up their guns, what way they would hold to go out of my lady's land. He said they desired to go to Boise. I said we would convey them to the boat of Boise, a good mile from the place where we were. I did so, because I had promised never to come in my lady's sight if I did not put them out of her lands; and therefore, to come in her house, I would see them pass over the water of Dye, out of her lands, which went to the water side, and we stood by the water side, until the boat did take them over in three voyages; and when they were all over the water we returned home. Alexander Davidson returned from Bountie how soon they began to march away. He told to my lady the event of our siege, who was very joyful that no blood was shed on either side.

Their captain and I going together to the water side, he said to me, "Sir, you have been happy in surprising us, for if our watchman had advertized us before your entry into the court, but only so long as we might have taken our arms in our hands and gone to the court, we could have killed you all before you had come near us, we being from you, and you in an open field to us; or if we had but gone the first to the windows, we could have beaten you out of the court, or killed you all in it." "Good friend," said I, "you think you had to do with children; but know that I was a soldier before you could wipe your own nose, and could have ranged my men so by the side of the house wherein you was that you should not have seen them through the windows, and in that posture kept the door so well that none of you should have come out unkilld, and so kept you within until the country had convened against you. I confess, if you had been masters of the court, and we in the open fields, you might have done what you say; but we were not such fools as to lay ourselves wide open to you, being covered from us. If any house had been near us, we could have made a sconce of it to cover ourselves: if none were near us, we could retire in order, and you could not pursue us, unlaid yourselves as open to us as we were to you, and there we should have seen who did best."

In the parish of Bine, these same fellows did call away a prey of cattle, and killed some men who resisted them. Then they went to Craigytar, and although he was esteemed the most active man of all the name of Forbes, he plundered his tenants, and carried away a prey of

attle, for all that he could do against them. And this I say, to show that these Highlanders were active, stout fellows, and that, consequently, it was God, and not I with sixteen boys, that did put them out of the hands of that pious and devout lady, whom He did protect, and would not suffer to be oppressed. And to show that it was He Himself and none other, He made choice of weak and unfit instruments; to wit, a poor priest, who made no profession of arms, unless charity, as at this time, or his own just defence obliged him to it, and sixteen boys who had never been at such play before, to whom He gave on this occasion both resolution and courage, and to me better conduct than could have proceeded from my simple spirit without His particular inspiration; to Whom I render, as I should, with unfeigned submission, all the glory of that action.

We shall hope to return hereafter to this interesting narrative.

T. B. P.

Moritura.

I.

Moritura. O WIND, on whom the gracious South,
 Hath shed the fragrance of her mouth,
What pleasure dost thou bear for me?

Notus. Tonight my feverburdened heat
 Shall stop for aye thy pulse's beat:
Such pleasure do I bear for thee.

Moritura. South wind, thy sorrow were more glad,
 Whose pleasure is so passing sad.

II.

Moritura. O sturdy wind, that sweepst forth
 From icy portals of the North,
What succour wilt thou give to me?

Boreas. For thee tonight my frozen breath
 Is laden with the chill of death:
Such succour will I give to thee.

Moritura. North wind, thy blast is strong enow,
 Thy succour is but weak, I trow.

III.

Moritura. O wind, from out the balmy West,
Of all the winds, men love thee best ;
What blessing dost thou carry me ?

Zephyrus. The breezes on thy cheek that play,
Tonight shall steal thy life away ;
Such blessing carry I to thee.

Moritura. West wind, thy curse might well be rare,
Whose blessing is so hard to bear.

IV.

Moritura. Ill wind, whose cradle is the East,
Of all the winds, men love the least ;
Scant comfort couldst *thou* bring to me ?

Eurus. A sound that lives through ages dead,
From off a tree upon a height,
For comfort bring I unto thee ;
The echo of a Voice that said,
“ Believe that by My side this night,
In Paradise thy place shall be.”

Moritura. O wind from barren Calvary,
To gain thou turnest all my loss ;
When death is wafted from the Cross,
Then, breezes, take my life from me.

E. B. N.

Pauperism in England.

estimating the condition of a population, and in comparing epochs of its history, we must be on our guard lest, by the oversight, we confuse the physical order with the moral order of things, or attribute the maxims of the one to the facts of the other. They are essentially different. In the physical order there is no limit to the discoveries which may be made ; and multiply in an increasing ratio at every step which Science takes in its advance ; and unbounded wealth and physical well-being is the usual result. But in the moral order there cannot be any progress. No discoveries can be made in morals. The science of Ethics does not advance, but remains as perfect as the Decalogue and the Gospel have made it. The law of God is eternal. The only moral difference to which a population can be subject, is a difference in the conduct of the people or the practice of the moral law. In comparing two epochs of history, we have to inquire only whether the practices of the people, at the two periods, were more or less in accordance with the law of Christ. We shall then learn from history, what we have already learned from the prophets, that wherever the practice of God's law is more exact, the nation rises and prospers ; and wherever the law of God is forgotten, the nation falls into decadence.

The only social problem which the statesman has to study is not to invent new principles, but to lead the nation to a more exact practice of God's law. This is the proper work of the Ruler or Government. In material prosperity, in the increase of trade and commerce, in the physical progress of the nation, the difficulties of the ruler begin. For material progress is apt to engender pride, luxury, and sensuality ; and these vices induce the nation to forget the moral law. Thus it is that material progress has preceded the decadence of every nation ; and the straitened circumstances and moral practices have brought every great nation to its greatness.

That is our proposition. Let us consider it by means of an example. General examples of the histories of nations may be found in Bossuet's *Universal History*, or in Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*. We prefer to consider a particular example in the history of England—the condition of the poor.

What do we mean by the poor? We do not allude to the labouring class alone. Above the working men there is a very large class of poor population, consisting of clerks, shopmen, &c. Of this class very little is known, because they hide their poverty and bear its pinch in silence, in order that their neighbours may think them "respectable." For they know and feel that in England now, there is no such shame as poverty. Below the labouring class, again, there is pauperism. In this term we do not include those who used, in the Acts of the Henrys, to be styled "sturdy beggars;" that is to say, good for nothing vagrants, who prefer the ease of impudent begging, to the sweat of the brow in honest labour. By paupers, we designate the unwilling recipients of relief, who cannot succeed without it in keeping their heads above water.

We must make another division of the subject. Formerly all England lived in rural districts. Now it is the age of great cities. In bygone days the labouring class was the same in every part of the country; and the problem was one—if problem there ever was. Now the problem how to improve the condition of the poor, is of two species. The subject of one part is the poor in the agricultural districts; the subject of the other is the poor in the great cities. The poor (not paupers) are of two kinds; but the general question of pauperism is the same in all districts.

Pauperism, therefore, naturally has the first claim on our attention; the poor in great cities shall come next; then the agricultural poor; and lastly a comparison of their present state with the condition of the poor in the middle ages.

The number of paupers has swelled enormously. The question of pauperism has, therefore, been studied from every point of view; and yet no one has arrived at the cause, no one knows how to stop the evil. When individuals administer relief, the evil is found to increase; the eager recipients of alms speedily augment their numbers. When an association is formed for the purpose, the link between the rich and poor is soon broken; for the recipient can make no return, for the help

afforded him, by affectionate respect or personal service. Besides, the secretaries, and deputations, and office expenses, which are inseparably connected with associations, have in many cases been found to swallow up the greater part of the funds subscribed for the objects of the association. The action of an association, moreover, increases the pauperism, by inducing those to become paupers who could support themselves and their families by work. A system of national relief is not at all better. St. Pancras Guardians are harsh and cruel; and rural Guardians begrudge the relief given, and labour only to reduce the rates. Moreover, it does not touch the evil. The utmost it can do is to administer some sedative to the pain; and any relief thus administered must fail to cultivate the virtue of charity in the giver and to raise feelings of gratitude in the recipient. A national system of poor relief has, moreover, this drawback added to the number—that its administration must always be wild and somewhat fortuitous, because the individual wants and peculiarities of each claimant for assistance cannot possibly be known to the centre of the administration of relief, whilst the indolence of some functionaries, and the cruelty of others, engender in the poor a galling hatred of the system. The following extract from the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor Laws in 1817 is worthy of notice—

By diminishing this natural impulse by which men are instigated to industry and good conduct, by superseding the necessity of providing, in the season of health and vigour, for the wants of sickness and old age, and by making poverty and misery the foundations upon which relief is to be obtained, your Committee cannot but fear, from reference to the increased numbers of the poor, and increased and increasing amount of the sums raised for their relief, that this system is perpetually encouraging and increasing the amount of misery it was destined to alleviate, creating at the same time an unlimited demand on funds which it cannot augment; and as every system of relief founded on compulsory enactments must be divested of the character of benevolence, so it is without beneficial effects; as it proceeds from no impulse of charity, it creates no feeling of gratitude, and not infrequently engenders dispositions and habits calculated to separate rather than unite the interests of the higher and lower orders of the community. . . . The result appears to have been highly prejudicial to the moral habits, and consequent happiness, of a great body of people, who have been reduced to the degradation of a dependence upon parochial support; while the rest of the community, including the most industrious class, has been oppressed by a weight of contribution taken from those very means which would otherwise have been applied more beneficially to the supply of employment. And as the

funds which each person can expend in labour are limited, in proportion as the poor rate diminishes these funds, in the same proportion will the wages of labour be reduced, to the immediate and direct prejudice of the labouring classes ; the system thus producing the very necessity which it is created to relieve.

What, then, is the cause of pauperism ? If we only knew the cause, we could attack the evil at its root ; for, when the cause is removed, the effect will vanish. As the effect is evil, the cause must be evil also—a deep seated evil in our customs or institutions. Some persons get rid of this uncomfortable question by a preliminary objection : “The population has increased,” say they. This cannot be the cause ; for an increase of population is not an evil. Moreover, if any one asserts that it is the cause of pauperism, we may ask him to assign a cause for the increase of population. He will find from history that the cause lies in the moral sphere—in the loss of those strict ties and close bands which once existed between master and servant, between employer and workman. Mr. Froude has borne the following testimony—

The causes, indeed, were wholly wanting which lead to a rapid growth of numbers. Numbers now increase with the increase of employment and with the facilities which are provided by the modern system of labour for the establishment of independent households. At present, any able bodied unskilled labourer earns, as soon as he has arrived at man’s estate, as large an amount of wages as he will earn at any subsequent time ; and having no connection with his employer beyond the receiving the due amount of weekly money from him, and thinking himself as well able to marry as he is likely to be, he takes a wife, and is usually the father of a family before he is thirty. Before the Reformation, not only were early marriages determinately discouraged, but the opportunity for them did not exist. A labourer living in a cottage by himself was a rare exception to the rule, and the work of the field was performed generally, as it now is in the large farms in America and Australia, by servants who lived in the families of the squire or the farmer, and who, while in that position, commonly remained single, and married only when by prudence they had saved a sufficient sum to enable them to enter some other position (*History*, i., p. 4).

What, then, is the cause of pauperism ? It is not caused by smallness of trade. It is not always found where a kingdom is small, its resources scanty, and the whole nation living on slender means. It is precisely where the resources of a kingdom are great, where its commerce is extended, where its magnates live in opulence and luxury, that pauperism is most obvious to

the stranger. As trade grows, as commerce is extended and as wealth is accumulated, pauperism becomes a more and more serious evil. Great poverty is always found beside great wealth. You say that England is the richest country in the world? yet it has also the greatest number of paupers. A nation may be poor; yet if its possessions are more evenly divided, there will be no paupers. It is accumulation of wealth which makes poverty. This is a disease of the Body Politic; and pauperism is a symptom of the disease.

Look at the huge factory, with its roaring engines and million spindles, and untold wealth passing in and out. It casts its long shadow over humble cabins, dingy and dark, with thousands of begrimed and unkempt denizens, where poverty's sharp tooth and the nip of hunger inflict pangs which are endured in silence. The millionaire knows not what his people feel or think. Pass to the country, and look at the large green parks filled with deer, but not ministering to the sustenance of working men and their families, nor adding even to the national wealth. The poor man, as he passes, wonders how the owner must feel, and what thoughts engage his mind. He knows not. For there is no sympathy between them; the bonds and ties between rich and poor are gone: each party is isolated. The effect of this is the uneven spread of wealth; and the cause is a moral defect, which there was not in years gone by—a moral defect, which might be dealt with and tamed in a society penetrated and animated by thoroughly Christian principles, but with which nothing short of the predominant practical influence of religious charity can cope. Even in the Christian ages we find, moreover, that resort was had to sumptuary laws—a kind of measure which, to be of real avail, requires a strong Christian spirit in those to whom it is applied. When the sumptuary laws were abolished, a poor law was required. Sumptuary laws! they are sneered at in these days; for we cannot appreciate the thoughts of those men who passed, nor of those who accepted them. It is, moreover, a wonderful thing that laws to prevent the luxury of all classes, even the poorest, should be succeeded by laws whose end is to enable the largest class to live. These contradictions are the effects of repugnant, but hidden, principles governing the minds of the nation. The sumptuary laws forbade luxury, selfindulgence, accumulation of wealth, when the nation was tightly bound together by sacred relations of

life, and was one. The Poor Laws compel the affluent to feed the struggling poor, when the State, as Mr. Disraeli remarks in his *Sybil*, consists of "two nations," utterly alien and foreign to each other, and ignorant of each other's feelings, customs and modes of life. For the kingdom is divided; envies and hatreds arise within it. Let us seek the cause of this, in order that we may remove the evil.

We are told that "pauperism is found in all old States. That may be; but this fact does not tell us the cause of pauperism. It is seen in new States, as well as in old States. But it is not found among nations who refrain from habits of luxury and selfishness. We have alluded to the accumulation of wealth as a cause of poverty; but the luxury into which great riches lead wealthy men, does not increase the evil of pauperism. The luxury (or selfish indulgence) of the poor is, however, a cause of pauperism. Take an example of selfish indulgence, *viz.* the consumption of spirits and tobacco. In 1857, twenty three million five hundred and sixty one thousand seven hundred and forty three gallons of spirits, paying a duty of £10,437,168, were drunk in the United Kingdom; in 1866, twenty five million three hundred and eighty eight thousand six hundred barrels of beer were brewed; and in 1864, thirty eight million two hundred and thirty nine thousand five hundred and twenty one pounds of tobacco were consumed. This represents a fearful expenditure for selfish indulgence. The resulting pauperism is not likely to be cured by legislation. For the laws which restrained sensuality in the middle ages are now pointed at as marvels of political ignorance—because in these days they are not understood. Men's minds have changed; their habits are different, or, in other words, they are differently formed by the education which they have received from birth to the grave. They are influenced by very different principles and ends. What feelings does the following extract from Froude's *History*, raise in our minds?—

In the middle ages a lofty effort had been made to overpass the common limitations of government, to introduce punishment for sins as well as crimes, and to visit with temporal penalties the breach of the moral law. The punishment best adapted for such offences was some outward expression of the disapproval with which good men regard acts of sin: some open disgrace; some spiritual censure; some suspension of communion with the Church, accompanied by other consequences practically inconvenient, to be continued until the offender had made reparation, or had openly repented, or had given confirmed proof of

amendment. The administration of such a discipline fell, as a matter of course, to the clergy. The clergy were the guardians of morality; their characters were a claim to confidence, their duties gave them opportunities of observation which no other men could possess; while their priestly office gave solemn weight to their sentences. Thus arose throughout Europe a system of spiritual surveillance over the habits and conduct of every man, extending from the cottage to the castle, taking note of all wrong dealing, of all oppression of man by man, of all licentiousness and profligacy, and representing upon earth, in the principles by which it was guided, the laws of the great tribunal of Almighty God.

Such was the origin of the Church courts, perhaps the greatest institutions ever yet devised by man. But to aim at these high ideals is as perilous as it is noble; and weapons which may be safely trusted in the hands of saints become fatal implements of mischief when saints have ceased to wield them. For a time, we need not doubt, the practice corresponded to the intention. Had it not been so, the conception would have taken no root, and would have been extinguished at its birth. . . . Each private person was liable to be called in question for every action of his life; and an elaborate network of canon law, perpetually growing, enveloped the whole surface of society. . . . The misdemeanours of which the courts took cognizance* were "offences against chastity," "heresy" or "matter sounding thereunto," "witchcraft," "drunkenness," "scandal," "defamation," "impatient words," "broken promises," "untruth" (*History*, i., pp. 189—191).

Again: Pauperism is not found where persons of all classes are united in stricter bonds of love, where they recognize more the sacredness of the relations between men, than they do in these days. It is not found where there is what the French call solidarity in the State—that is, where these bonds and ties are strong; for it is these which make a nation one body, so that when one member suffers, all the others suffer with it. In former times, country gentlemen lived on their estates, and managed the affairs of their parish, in cooperation with the farmers; they judged evil doers, and helped the poor, and joined in games with the peasantry, and diffused their riches and influence around them. They were the patriarchs of the parish; and local government flourished. Part of the winter was spent in the county town, at no great distance from home. Now, London and the London season consume half the time and half the money of the wealthy, and to these must be added the autumnal tour on the Continent or the moor in Scotland. The rich, therefore, do not know the poor, nor the poor them; and local government is delegated to small families and tradesmen, who look on the poor as the natural enemies of their pockets. Thus the hardships of poverty are enhanced, while by the

* See Hale's *Criminal Causes from the Records of the Consistory Courts of London*.

absence of the squire, and by his household expenditure being transferred to other places, the evil is greatly increased. This comes from a relaxation of the moral relations and ties between men. A very large proportion of the actual hardness of administration of measures like the Poor Law, which hardness tends to help on the utter dislocation of society, is the result of the jealousy or the apathy which throws the practical working of the system into the hands of the most narrowminded class in the whole community, and the issue might have been very greatly different if the same system had been administered by men of higher position and wider sympathies.

Distress is also caused by the frauds of shopkeepers, by false weights, and by adulteration of goods. For this there is no adequate punishment; a fine cannot deter immoral tradesmen, as a continuation of the practice brings more gain than will serve to cover the fine. The crime of using false weights is committed, for example, in the sale of groceries (tea, coffee, sugar), coal, cheese, and beer to the poor. A penny piece (weighing one third of an ounce) is very often affixed under one scale; a poor man buys a quarter of a pound of tea, but receives only two ounces and two thirds of an ounce; he is defrauded to the extent of eight and a half per cent. If a thousand persons deal at that shop, the gain to the seller is enormous; the loss to the poor is coextensive. The same loss occurs also in other articles of consumption. Such frauds are the "custom of the trade." It is a fraud which touches the poor only. For if three pounds of tea are purchased, the loss of one third of an ounce is a small percentage. The crime, then, is worse than burglary; for it is a robbery of the poor. Of the crime of adulteration it is needless to say much; for the extent to which it is practised is well known. When Lord Eustace Cecil moved a resolution in the House of Commons, condemning this system, the President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Bright) refused his assent to the resolution, on the ground that adulteration was merely legitimate competition. How different was the feeling before the Reformation, when guilds were established to prevent adulteration and large profits (which were called overcharging), and to increase honesty in dealing! Now guilds appear only when they revel in a civic banquet, and the truck system has taken their place. Why?—

No laws are of any service which are above the working level of public morality; and the deeper they are carried down into life, the

larger become the opportunities of evasion. That the system succeeded for centuries is evident from the organization of the companies remaining so long in its vitality; but the efficiency of this organization for the maintenance of fair dealing could only exist so long as the companies themselves, their wardens and their other officials, were competent to judge what was right and what was wrong, and could be trusted, at the same time being interested parties, to give a disinterested judgment. . . . In the 7th and 8th of Elizabeth, there are indications of the truck system; and towards her later years, the multiplying statutes and growing complaints and difficulties, show plainly that the companies had lost their healthy vitality, and with other relics of feudalism, were fast taking themselves away. There were no longer tradesmen to be found in sufficient numbers who were possessed of the necessary probity; and it is impossible not to connect such a phenomenon with the deep melancholy which in those years settled down on Elizabeth herself (Froude's *History*, i., 57).

As pauperism is evidently a result, not of material laws or the physical nature of inert things, but of principles or maxims in the minds of men, by which their conduct is guided, a most important fact must be borne in mind while we are searching for the causes of it. Before the Reformation, there were indeed poor persons, but pauperism did not exist. It has presented itself, as a terrible scourge and most difficult problem, to Protestant statesmen alone. The evil was scarcely perceived before the reign of Elizabeth. The Statute book bears no traces of any efforts to deal with it. It is true that in 1535 (the time of the suppression of the smaller monasteries, and not five years before the abolition of the larger), an Act of Henry the Eighth* enjoined a voluntary collection for the poor in each parish. When Henry was determined on dispersing those whose life was spent in consoling, advising, visiting, and relieving the poor, he felt that some little measure would be necessary to soften the shock of the sudden change. He little dreamed of the overpowering difficulty to which he was giving birth; nor of the immensity of the labour devoted to the poor, and the magnitude of the sums expended for their benefit, which he was thus cutting off. At the time of the Conquest, one third of the rental of the kingdom was in the hands of the monasteries.† At the time of Henry the Eighth, the property administered by the Church was one fifth of the property of England. Those who grasped at irresponsible power, and therefore resisted the supremacy of the Church, asserted that those riches went to

* 27th Henry the Eighth, c. xxv.

† See 15th Richard the Second, c. vii., A.D. 1391.

pamper abbots and monks. The growth of pauperism since the Reformation has given them the lie. One third of it was, by the old law, appropriated to the poor. That is—one fifteenth of the property of England belonged to the poor! This was the doing of the Church; for the love of Christ, she administered this fund both gratuitously and wisely. It was this which was sacrilegiously seized by Henry the Eighth, and given to pamper his more powerful nobles. If "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord;" then he that taketh from the poor robbeth the Lord; and "the Lord knoweth how to requite," for "Vengeance belongeth to the Lord."

By the Act of the 27th of King Henry, three hundred and seventy six monasteries, of £200 a year and under, were suppressed, and their property seized by the King.* The people of England understood what was being done; for that Act led to the great northern rebellion during the next year. The Act 31st of Henry the Eighth, c. xiii., abolished the larger monasteries. From the destruction of six hundred and forty five monasteries, two thousand seven hundred and thirty four chantries, and numerous hospitals and other institutions, the King alone obtained £150,000 a year; besides an aggregate of moveable wealth valued at £400,000.† Hallam says that Burnet, the Protestant Bishop, estimated the annual value of the property thus seized at £1,316,070. "It is indeed impossible," adds Hallam, "to feel too much indignation at the spirit in which these proceedings were conducted." Even if that sum of money had no greater value than the money of our time, the wrong done to the poor would have been enormous. But what must we think of it when we remember, as Mr. Froude asserts, that one penny at that date represented what a shilling does now? The real amount confiscated was twelve times as great! That amount, rightfully belonging to the poor, would do more than pay for the whole expense of the poor law; it would relieve farmers of rates, and would entail none of the evils of the poor law. Why was this sum robbed? Why were the monasteries suppressed? Lord Coke enumerates the grounds†—

1. To enrich the King's exchequer.
2. To enable the King to form a standing army of forty thousand men.
3. To relieve the King's subjects from the payment of taxes for ever.

* Hallam.

† Hallam, i., 76.

‡ Inst. iv., 44, in Collier, i., c. 161.

4. To enable the King to create some more peers.

It was Cromwell who advised the King to give some of the spoil to his courtiers, "that, being thus bound by the sure ties of private interest, they may always oppose any return to the dominion of Rome."* The spoils were divided among the courtiers of Henry the Eighth, and no provision was reserved for the poor. The nobles were the greatest gainers, and appropriated the lion's share of the sacrilegious plunder. The poor were the greatest losers; for they were robbed of assistance in poverty and sickness, their means of worship and their spiritual direction. If the Duke of Bedford's share alone (£80,000 a year) were restored, how many poor would it enable to earn a livelihood? how many working men would it employ? It would do much more than support all the poor upon his vast estates. And if the accruing interest of three hundred years were added, that sum would for ever support all the paupers of England. Of these great national robberies, Spelman wrote—

Like the dust flung up by Moses, they have become curses, both upon the families and estates of the owners, so that, in twenty years, more of our nobility and their children have been attainted and died under the sword of justice, than did from the Conquest to the dissolution, being about five hundred years.

Robbery and wrong brought a curse upon Achan; it is followed by a curse upon every perpetrator, until he make restitution. Our Catholic forefathers gave their property to found monasteries, chantries, and hospitals for the good of the people; the "Reformers" seized the property which belonged to the Church, and which supported the poor, in order to enrich themselves, and elevate to the peerage the most unscrupulous of the adherents of an adulterous King. Well might Alison write—

The great sin of the Reformation was the confiscation of so large a proportion of the property of the Church for the aggrandizement of temporal ambition, and the enriching of the nobility who had taken part in the struggle. When that great convulsion broke out, nearly a third of the whole landed estates in the countries which it embraced, was in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. What a noble fund was this for the moral and religious instruction of the people, for the promulgation of truth, the healing of sickness, the assuaging of suffering. Had it been kept together, and set apart for such sacred purposes, what incalculable and never-ending blessings it would have conferred upon society. Expanding and increasing with the growth of population, the augmentation of wealth, the swell of pauperism, it would have kept the

* Hallam.

instruction and fortunes of the poor abreast of the progress and fortunes of society; and prevented, in a great measure, that fatal effect, so well known in Great Britain in subsequent times, of the national Church falling behind the wants of the inhabitants, and a mass of civilized heathenism arising in the very heart of a Christian land. Almost all the social evils under which Great Britain is now labouring, may be traced to this fatal, and most iniquitous spoliation, under the mask of religion, of the patrimony of the poor, on the occasion of the Reformation.

The effect of these robberies of the poor has been that England has ever since been haunted by the hideous spectre of pauperism, which no poor law will ever lay, unless the nation makes reparation for the crime. King Edward the Sixth* found it necessary to empower bishops to proceed in the courts of law against those (and they were many) who refused to contribute voluntarily towards the support of the poor. A compulsory rate for the poor had to be established in 1572.† This was the first of the compulsory poor laws; palliations for the disease, but not pretending to remove the cause.

Since that time poor rates have increased to a lamentable extent, in spite of the assistance of vast endowments, and the vaunted efforts of numerous charitable institutions; and in spite of the fields of labour which have been opened, and the inducements which have been offered for emigration and colonization, and in spite of the enormously increasing sums which have been paid away in labour for constructing railways and docks, and for building ships and machinery. The amount expended in the relief of the poor in England and Wales in 1650 (the earliest year on record) was £189,000; in 1721, it was £1,000,000; in 1811, it was £6,656,105; in 1818, it was £7,870,801. The population in England and Wales in 1693, was five million five hundred thousand, while the annual value of real property was £13,000,000. In 1818, the population was eleven million five hundred and seventy four thousand nine hundred and fifty five, while the annual value of real property was £55,531,027. In 1863, the number of paupers was one million seventy nine thousand three hundred and eighty two, the amount expended for relief was £6,527,063, the population was twenty million eight hundred and eighty one thousand, and the value of real property was £131,341,499. In 1869, the amount expended for relief was £7,673,100.

This represents the assistance given to paupers alone. But there is another fund devoted to the support of the labouring

* 1st Edward the Sixth, c. 3.

† 14th Elizabeth, c. 5.

or, and the profits of the rich. We mean the amount spent on wages. Let us take one industry alone as an example: cotton spinning. In 1771 only five million pounds of raw cotton were imported into the United Kingdom. In 1866 there were imported one billion three hundred and seventy seven million one hundred and twenty nine thousand nine hundred and thirty six pounds. The importation of this immense amount, the transportation of it to the mills, the weaving, the dyeing, and the exportation of it, of course supported thousands of poor labourers who would otherwise have burdened the rates. The same may be said of each of the other numerous trades and industries. They have all been vastly augmented, and we have to support increasing numbers of poor labourers. And pauperism has been overtaking the trades. If an American were to destroy our credit, or cripple our trade, what would be the result? In suppressing the monasteries, you were a curse to the poor; and your vaunted trade, even if it remains diminished, will be utterly unable, by all its efforts, to stay the plague and supply the place of the mere material efforts of the Church!

This remark leads us from pauperism to a consideration of the condition of the labouring class in towns. The term "Great Britain" now denotes two hostile arrays—the propertied class and the working class. Three hundred years ago masters and men shared and fared and fed together. Now capitalists know not the thoughts, and feel not the feelings of their workmen; while the workmen are as ignorant of the feelings and mental state of the propertied class. There is a gulf between them. They are two nations. Again: three hundred years ago England lived in counties, abhorring towns, and seeking relaxation in rural amusements and pastimes. Now England rushes from its rural retreats to the towns; some to the excitements and frivolous gaieties of wealth, some to the political agitations and sorrows of poverty. Merry England has gone over to carelessness or bitter envyings.

Even during the last fifty years, how great has been the change! The population has ceased to be distributed over the country, but has become congregated in masses. As late as the year 1800, only London and five other towns had a population of more than fifty thousand. Now more than thirty towns are larger than this. In former days the working man did his handiwork, or muscular labour in the open air. Now

steam engines supply the place of many labourers, and the working men are crowded into factories, and exert their heads and their skill. Then the rule was that the greater the work the sweeter the rest ; now factory labour drives the labourer to relaxation to the public house.

Not only is the work different ; but also the very air is different. Great cities mean bad air, and poor accommodation in unhealthy and overcrowded houses. In villages the annual death rate average is thirteen in a thousand ; in Manchester, the annual death rate is thirty three, and even more ; while in sixty streets of Salford (in which the whole population was twenty five thousand) the annual death rate is fifty one (it ranged between thirty six and ninety one). Yet the death rate of the whole of Salford was only twenty six ; which means that less than twenty six in every thousand of the wealthy died in every year, while more than twenty six of the labouring poor died in every year. The cause is the bad air which they breathe, and the wretched houses which they live in. According to Dr. Hunter's estimate, there are in Glasgow thirty five thousand tenements at a weekly rental of less than eighteen pence. A whole family lives in a wretched room, not worth eighteen pence a week ! In the Eighth Annual Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, Dr. Hunter writes—

There are about twenty large colonies in London, whose miserable condition exceeds almost anything I have seen elsewhere in England, and is almost entirely the result of their bad house accommodation. . . . The overcrowded and dilapidated condition of the houses in these colonies is much worse than it was twenty years ago.

This arises, doubtless, from the greediness of the owners, and the inability to pay on the part of the poor ; but it is mainly due to the tendency of the population and of capital to agglomerate in large masses.

This tendency still continues. Large establishments swallow up small establishments, large factories crush small factories, and large capitalists draw all the capital into their own net. Working men, who were distributed around many factories, have then to congregate and crowd around one factory. So, on the other hand, large landowners buy up every plot of ground ; they "add field to field, and house to house, until there is no room ;" and the population of the rural districts becomes more sparse. Competition is war ; and in this competition, as in every other, the weaker party goes to the wall. It is by competition that the

Large eat up the small ; so that wealth is the cause of poverty, and property tends to accumulate in few hands, spreading poverty over the majority.

The labouring poor, who have thus become crowded together, are many millions in number. What they earn today, they have to eat tomorrow. They remember that they have made England's wealth ; they are not unconscious of their condition, nor ignorant of their power. Bacon has said that there is no greater cause of sedition than the belly. Their discontent has already made capital uneasy ; and to pacify them we reduced the suffrage and increased their power. Yet their disappointment increases year by year. For only a few rise to float on a sea of wealth ; while the many are sinking down, year by year, to the lower level of pauperism and want. The hard, unfeeling Juggernaut still rolls thundering along on its roaring engine wheels, and while a few scramble up the idol and ride here in triumph, the many are laid low in bankruptcy, and are remorselessly crushed by their idol. The few who have risen look complacently at the ruin of their rivals. They care not to help them. No man labours to smoothe the path which he has already passed—*eo immitior quia toleraverat*. But those who have fallen, feel bitter envy, and wait, with gnashing teeth, for the day of vengeance. This happens in what was once "Merry England."

The people have become, and are daily becoming, more concentrated. Each factory demands many hundreds of "hands," who come to live near their work. They collect around the huge ugly building, and shopkeepers crowd to the same place. The children grow up to the trade of their fathers. Wages fall through competition ; profits increase, and new factories arise, to be crushed in time by a larger competitor. Thus the working populations of manufacturing towns have increased two hundred and fifty per cent. during the last thirty years. Trade centralizes both capital and workmen. The following table gives a few examples in support of this assertion*—

	Population in 1831.	Population in 1866.
Nottingham	50,220	85,200
Derby	23,627	44,388

* Taken from the Population Tables. The Census Returns for 1871 have not yet been published.

	Population in 1801.	Population in 1851.
Bradford . . .	29,704	181,964
Halifax . . .	52,027	120,958
Huddersfield . . .	47,078	123,060
Leeds . . .	30,669	101,343
Rochdale . . .	26,577	72,515
Manchester . . .	81,291	228,433
Birmingham . . .	60,822	173,951
Sheffield . . .	39,049	103,626
London . . .	958,863	2,391,338
Great Britain . . .	10,578,956	20,959,477

The increase will be better seen from the following table of the ratios per cent. between the populations of 1851 and of 1801—

Increase in Great Britain . . .	191'4 per cent.
„ London . . .	246'3 „
„ Seaports . . .	295'5 „
Towns engaged in woollen manufactures . . .	299'6 per cent.
„ silk „ . . .	304'0 „
„ hardware „ . . .	316'2 „
„ cotton „ . . .	382'4 „
„ ironworking „ . . .	390'0 „
„ other „ . . .	324'2 „
Other towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants . . .	310'4 „

Let us consider the political effects of the centralization of the people. A million persons scattered over a country have little power of combination—they can have few thoughts in common. But a million persons congregated in a town think gregariously and combine efficiently, and their power is a hundredfold what it was. The rain which falls on the fields for twenty four hours may not lay the standing corn, but half that rain, when gathered in a watercourse, will burst a bridge and bare down the stoutest opposition. This million of men all have the same human affections and passions, the same feelings, the same desire for happiness. The means of attaining it which seem good to one will be approved by all as efficient. These men used once to compete and struggle and war against each other, and lower wages, and ruin and impoverish each other. They congregate in the same town, and find that they have the same ends and common interests, and that they can seek those ends by the same means. What wonder if, having been drawn together by capital, they combine under the pressure of capital? Why should they bicker and quarrel, while the great Juggernaut

rolls over them? Doubtless the hostile array of capitalists like to witness their contentions. The employers think it wrong for the workmen to combine, because it interferes with trade and prevents the accumulation of capital. Precisely it does so. Yet combination is better than a selfseeking isolation, and stronger than a crowd of competing individuals. Moreover, the masters combine. "Yes, in self defence." Then you acknowledge that union is power. If so, why should not all the nation combine, and make the nation powerful? "A plague on both your houses;" let us make the nation one. We shall endeavour presently to show how this may be done, merely by treading on the old paths.

We now pass to the labouring poor in the agricultural districts. The argument that "the poor in towns are worse off than in former times, because that the population has increased," has clearly no place in this consideration. For as the agricultural poor have to a great extent been drawn off to the towns, the population in the rural districts is more sparse than in the days of the Tudors. And if it is the increase of population in the towns which has caused the deterioration of the urban poor, then the decrease of the population in the rural districts should cause the amelioration of the condition of the agricultural poor.

The Commission on the employment of women and children in agriculture was issued in 1867. The Commissioners appointed Assistant Commissioners to travel through the country and gather information, and four Reports have since been presented to the Legislature. From these Reports we shall give a few quotations to illustrate the condition of the agricultural labourers. With regard to Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex, and Gloucester, the Commissioners report—

The agricultural labourer's wages are never up to the mark that can allow of his sacrificing the earnings of his child to higher considerations. . . . If the steady, first rate labourer in good employ cannot, at the rate of wages in many counties, dispense with earnings of his younger children without hardship to himself and them, what is the case with the second class of labourers? (First Report, xi.).

With regard to Leicester, Nottingham, and Lincoln—

The parents . . . set before themselves a very low standard of education for their children, not much regarding the moral duty of providing them with a good one, and take their children away from school the moment their services become valuable to them. The children also seem to get beyond the control of their parents as soon as they earn enough to support themselves (First Report, xv.).

With regard to Northamptonshire—

The deficiency (of education) arises from no want of schools, but, as a general rule, first from the indifference on the part both of the parents and the employers, and secondly from the unwillingness of the parents to forego the earnings of their children (First Report, xxvi.).

Then, summing up the evidence which they had obtained from all parts of Great Britain, the Commissioners add that in all districts the fact is distinctly impressed that

The earnings of a considerable portion of the labourers in agriculture are so small that they are reluctant to deprive themselves of what can be added to the family income by the labour of their children from the earliest age at which their labour is available, and that, as a consequence, the children are not allowed to remain a sufficient time at school to enable them to derive the necessary benefit from their school attendance. It is manifestly, therefore, a matter of pressing importance that full and earnest consideration should be given to the means by which, consistently with sound principles, the pecuniary resources of the agricultural labourer may be improved.

With regard to house accommodation, we must quote a few statements from the same Reports, premising, however, the assertion of Dr. Hunter's,* namely, that the population of England in 1861 was 5·34 per cent. greater than in 1851, while the house accommodation was 4·5 per cent. less. In writing of the agricultural labourer's houses in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex, and Gloucester, the Commissioners adopt an expression of one of the Assistant Commissioners (the present Bishop of Manchester)—

It is a hideous picture, and the picture is drawn from the life. . . . It is impossible to exaggerate the ill effects of the present state of things in every aspect, physical, social, economical, moral, intellectual (First Report).

With regard to Wales—

The proportion of those localities where the cottages are very defective in accommodation, and insufficient in number for the wants of the rural population, is evidently very great throughout Wales.

The state of the cottages throughout Pembrokeshire and Caermarthenshire is most disgraceful. . . . Cottages are too frequently built without any regard to the health, comfort, morality, or convenience of the occupants; generally badly ventilated, and as badly lighted, damp and unhealthy walls and floors, the former often of earth. . . . Overcrowding is the universal consequence, and gross immorality the result.

* Seventh Report of Medical Officer of the Privy Council.

Of Merionethshire it is said, that the remarks made on the deplorable want of proper cottages in Cardiganshire apply with full force to that county (Third Report, p. 12).

Summing up the evidence with regard to Wales, the Commissioners assert that

The results of the generally insufficient accommodation in the cottages are overcrowding and the consequent want of privacy; while the system of farmers domiciling the male servants in outhouses, barns, haylofts, &c., is produced also by want of cottages in sufficient numbers for the population. To the overcrowding and to the prevalent habit of thus domiciling the male servants on farms as above described, entirely removed from the control of the master, are traced the immorality so generally imputed to the labouring classes in Wales.

We must give two more extracts, which apply not to Wales only, but to the whole country—

Where the demand for the workman's labour is less; where he is not in regular employ; where his dwelling is crowded and comfortless; where he has none of the encouragements to thrift and sobriety held out by the hope of being able to keep a cow, and to raise a good supply of vegetables from a plot of land, or to keep a pig, and from these sources to obtain a more varied, a more agreeable, and a more nourishing diet for himself and his family, his own physical and moral qualities will be depressed, and this depression will be manifested in his indifference to, or neglect of, the education and moral training of his children (Third Report, p. 18).

Again—

The general conclusion which follows from this review of the condition of the agricultural labourer is, that he has lost opportunities and means of bettering his condition *which belonged to his class in former times*, and that his actual pecuniary resources are, in very many cases, so low that, unless in all such cases his condition can be improved, it would be unjust altogether to deprive him and his family of the power of adding to his weekly stock of earnings by such small sums as can be contributed by some portion at least of the labour of his children, from the earliest age at which that labour is profitable to him.

The Commissioners have, with regret, compared the present condition of the agricultural labourer with his state at a time (to use the words of Froude) before "the paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; and old things had passed away, and the faith and life of ten centuries had dissolved like a dream." The whole political philosophy and the whole social life of the middle ages were different, and was formed on utterly different principles from those which modern civilization under-

stands. In those days they took Divine revelation for their guide in all things ; and they restrained their minds from errors and vagaries, by strictly observing the rules of dialectics. We, on the other hand, despise logic, regard no guide, revolt against all authority, and let all our social institutions rest on the conclusions of our understandings, or the changing phantoms of public opinion. How can we comprehend the thoughts and deeds of the middle ages? The treatment of the poor then and now is a good sample of the difference of the thoughts of men. In former times, the Church not only administered her own vast incomes for the good of the people, but she acted also as the almoner and distributor of the charities which others gave. To the monks of those days the real wants of each poor person were known. By them the impulses of charity were fostered in the rich, and the feelings of gratitude and reverence in the poor. Free of all expense the administration of relief was performed ; for it was to them a labour of love. There was no indolence, and no waste ; and the return asked of the poor to show their gratitude, was attendance at daily worship, the endeavour to lead a better life, and the performance of good works.

Witness the solicitude which the Church exhibited for the welfare of the poor. The Council of Leon, for example, in A.D. 1010, enacted that

Whoever has a cottage in the field of another man, and does not possess a horse or a donkey, let him annually render to the owner of the field ten wheaten loaves and half a measure of wine and one haunch of meat, and then he is free to work for any one he likes ; the owner may not sell the cottage, nor exact compulsory labour, &c.

If a poor labourer were oppressed, or suffered any injustice at the hands of an official of the Court, or of a great feudal lord, he had not, as in these days, to suffer in silence or spend his all in a lawsuit, where he would be sure to be cast. He would go to the priest, and the priest would exert his influence, as spiritual adviser, with the feudal lord ; and if redress were not obtained, he could speak to the ecclesiastical superior, and the complaint would mount through the hierarchy, until right was done.

Whoever had cause of complaint against the Emperor, or against the King who was his more immediate ruler, had the right to cite the oppressor before the tribunal of the Holy See. The Emperor, on the other hand, and the other Princes, had, on the very same ground, the right to claim that justice be done at Rome against their recalcitrant vassals.*

* Möller, *Manual of the History of the Middle Ages*.

We have pointed out various causes which, in these days, tend to aggravate poverty. Let us see how they were dealt with in the middle ages. The thoughts and principles of those days were reduced to written rules just after the cataclysm which substituted other thoughts and other principles. Some of these rules we shall quote from the *Catechism of the Council of Trent*. With regard to adulterations and false weights—

Those who, for genuine and sound merchandize, sell spurious and **unsound**, or who deceive the buyers by weight, measure, number, or **rule**, are guilty of a theft still more criminal and unjust (iii., viii., 9).

Another fruitful source of poverty is money lending and the **credit** system, whereby more is charged for an article, in its **price**, on the understanding that payment will not be demanded **for** some time. How would this practice have been regarded in the middle ages?

To this class (those who commit rapine) also belong usurers, the **most** cruel and relentless of extortioners, who, by usuries, plunder and **destroy** the miserable people. Now, whatever is received above the **principal**, be it money or anything else that may be purchased or **estimated** by money, is usury; for it is written thus in Ezekiel—"He **hath** not lent upon usury, nor taken an increase;" and in St. Luke, our **Lord** says—"Lend, hoping for nothing thereby" (iii., viii., 11).

Much of the apparent hardheartedness with which the poor **are** treated, is traced to the maxim of political economy which **leads** employers to regard labour as "a commodity." Proude **remarks** that such a notion was utterly alien to the mind of the middle ages—

There was this essential difference, that labour was not looked upon **as** a market commodity; the Government (whether wisely or not, I do **not** presume to determine) attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes of society by the rule, not of economy, but of equity. Statesmen did not care for the accumulation of capital; they desired to see the physical well-being of all classes of the commonwealth maintained at the highest degree which the producing power of the country admitted (*History*, i., p. 28).

How could labour ever be regarded as a commodity, at a time when every one was strictly enjoined to labour?—

The faithful are to be exhorted not to waste their lives in indolence and sloth; but rather, mindful of the Apostle's words, and in accordance with his injunction—Do each his own business, and work with his own hands (iii., iv., 20).

With regard to the amount of wages, men were taught that to give less than the just wages to workmen, or to keep back a part of the wages, on any pretence, is the sin of rapine.* Lastly, the relief of the poor was then inculcated as a duty universally incumbent on all the faithful.

This commandment (viii.) also implies pity towards the poor and necessitous, and the relief of their difficulties and distresses from our means and by our good offices. . . . For the faithful are to be inflamed with a desire and with alacrity to succour those who depend for subsistence on the compassion of others. They are also to be taught the great necessity of almsdeeds, namely, that with our means, and by our cooperation, we be liberal to the poor; and this by that very true argument that, on the final Day of Judgment, God will abhor and consign to everlasting fire those who shall have omitted or neglected the offices of charity; but will invite in the language of praise, and introduce into their heavenly country, those who shall have acted kindly towards the poor (iii., viii., 16).

Charity was, indeed, the characteristic of the middle ages, as it still is that of all Catholic lands. This Mr. Froude remarked in the following words—

Charity has ever been the especial virtue of Catholic States; and the aged and the impotent were always held to be the legitimate objects of it (Froude's *History*, i., 76).

Here, indeed, is the essential difference between the anti-Reformation and the post-Reformation epochs: a difference not to be conveyed by words; for the words themselves have now lost their meaning, and been degraded. The ideas which then filled and governed men's minds have now well nigh faded away. They can be awakened, not by words, but only by projecting ourselves into the middle ages, and by patient meditation, and by a continued effort of the imagination in endeavouring to realize the thoughts that could prompt those actions which now appear to us so dark and inexplicable. This we cannot accomplish as long as we sneer at the middle ages—and despise the great intellects which flourished then. As long as we think ourselves to be wise, and regard the scholastics as ignorant and benighted, we shall never appreciate their thoughts. If we call those times the "Dark Ages," dark indeed will they be to us. "Charity," for example! What is charity to us? It is the gift of a penny to a beggar, that he may cease to trouble us with his importunacy. What was charity to the middle ages? The sacrifice of self for the love of Christ.

* iii., viii., 10.

The people, not universally, but generally, were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice—by a true conviction that they were bound to think first of England, and only next of themselves; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this, we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors (Froude's *History*, i., 37).

"Not universally, but generally," indeed, did England then practice those principles which were first taught with success, and are still inculcated with labour, by the Catholic Church of Christ. Would that England had then been, not almost, but altogether Christian, and Henry the Eighth would have heard the Church and ceased from adultery, and his courtiers would have refrained from accepting the sacrilegious spoils of the Church. And if England were Christian now, where would be that godless legislation which is gradually putting religion further off, and is cutting away authority from the throne, and banishing patriotism from the breasts of the people. They do not "think first of England, and only next of themselves;" they think first of themselves. How can this be changed? By a return to the thoughts of former days; by acknowledging the Supremacy of the Church and her Head over all kingdoms and nations and peoples: by recognizing the eternal supremacy of Christ's law. For self will then take the last place, and the "true spirit of sacrifice" will prevail.

The condition of old England was great prosperity, and acknowledged power. She was, moreover, as Mr. Froude has rightly termed her—"Merry England." She was then an example of Dr. Johnson's maxim: "That nation will be powerful where every man performs his duty; and every man performs his duty who considers himself under the law of Christ." Yet the prosperity of England is hardly stated in history. It was too common and matter of fact to be recorded by the annalist. For the history of the antiquarian, like the contemporary history of the journalist, consists only of abnormal facts and the records of crime. A record that things continued in their usual course, is not the staple of history nor of newspapers. The annalist and the journalist record wars and seditions, bankruptcies and miseries, crimes and executions, diseases and deaths. It is the breach, and not the observance, of God's law; it is misery, and not happiness, which men sit down to record.

Yet there is much indirect evidence of the calm happiness of England during the middle ages. Of every little grievance

the most used then to be made ; yet we do not find records of any suffering in the lower classes. This Mr. Froude remarks.

If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances, we should not have failed to have heard of them, when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press them forward. Complaint was loud enough when complaint was just (*History*, i., 35)-

There is also much direct evidence against the contrary. Look at the sumptuary laws; look at the Act of the 24th of Henry the Eighth, which says that beef, mutton, veal, and pork, were the ordinary food of "the poorer sort."

These sumptuary laws are as great a puzzle to us, as political economy or a poor law would have been to the legislators who made England great. They are not appreciated now ; but they are, at least, a proof of the well-being of the people in those times ; and they are also a proof that one of the main aims of legislation was then to prevent the growth of wealth and luxury. A few examples would be useful. In 1336, A.D., we find an Act* which says—

Whereas heretofore, through the excessive and over many sorts of costly meats which the people of this realm have used more than elsewhere, many mischiefs have happened to the people of this realm. . . . Therefore no man shall cause himself to be served in his house, or elsewhere, at dinner, meal, or supper, or at any other time, with more than two messes ; and each mess of two sorts of victuals at the utmost, be it of fish or flesh, with the common sorts of potage, &c.

By the same King, artizans were forbidden from wearing cloth at more than thirty shillings per yard, and field labourers from wearing cloth worth more than twenty shillings a yard. In accordance with an Act of the 37th of Edward the Third (1363, A.D.), servants were allowed only once a day to eat of flesh or fish ; and the rest of their food was prescribed to be of milk, butter, cheese, &c. By an Act of the 4th of Henry the Seventh,† a man was forbidden to take more than two farms, or a single farm of a greater yearly value than ten marks. It was also against the law to lay down too much land in pasture, on the ground that pasture did not employ so many labourers as tillage. Nowadays we should say that, if tillage brings in an equal or greater profit at a less outlay for labour, it is in accordance with the laws of political economy to convert tilth into pasture. At those times they said that such an act

* 10th Edward the Third, c. 3.

† C. 16 ; and see c. 19.

It did not proceed from, nor could it be defended by, any science, but that it could come only from man's natural covetousness; and that such acts had therefore to be restrained by the ruler. The Act of the 25th of Henry the Eighth, c. 13, concerning sheep and pasture, is an excellent exposition of such a policy. Similar to the legal enactment which restricted weavers to two looms only, with the object of preventing the manufacture of cloth from falling into the hands of large capitalists. The Act of Henry the Seventh, to which we have alluded,* was called forth by the condition of the Isle of Wight, which, it says—

Is lately decayed of people by reason that many towns and villages have been beaten down, and the fields ditched and made pastures for harts and cattle; and also many dwelling places, farms, and fermholds, which of late time been used to be taken in one man's hold and hands, but of old time were wont to be in several persons' hold and hands, and many several households kept in them, and thereby much people multiplied, and the same isle thereby well inhabited; the which now, on the occasion aforesaid, is desolate and not inhabited, but occupied by beasts and cattle, so that if hasty remedy be not provided, that isle cannot be kept and defended, but will be open and ready to the hands of the King's enemies; which God forbid! . . . Wherefore it is ordained and enacted that no manner of person, of what estate or degree or condition soever, shall take any several farms more than one, whereof the yearly value shall not exceed the sum of ten marks, &c.

Mr. Froude thus accounts for that kind of legislation—

The city merchants were becoming landowners, and some of them attempted to apply their rules of trade to the management of landed estates. While wages ruled so high, it answered better as a speculation to convert arable land into pasture; but the law immediately stepped in to prevent a proceeding which it regarded as petty treason to the commonwealth.

The sumptuary laws are accounted for by the fact that "wages ruled so high"! Did wages rule so high from before the time

Edward the Third until the 25th of Henry the Eighth? And when the sumptuary laws were abolished, and Protestantism and poor law, and political economy and pauperism, came in, was it because wages ruled low ever after the Reformation? And why did the law step in to prevent that which answered better? Why were good speculations then regarded as "petty treason to the commonwealth"? This is the puzzle which has to be accounted for. Mr. Froude himself gives a far better explanation when he tells us† that the whole course of legisla-

* 4th Henry the Seventh, c. 16. A.D. 1487. † *History*, i., pp. 28—87, *passim*.

tion from A.D. 1100 until the Reformation, had equity for its principle; that it was a continued endeavour, in contradiction to the modern principles of political economy, to protect employers against their workmen, and labourers against their masters; or, rather, to unite all classes, and harmonize them together, by strengthening the bonds between man and man, and the ties and relations of social life: thus rendering the State one solid mass, most terrible to "the King's enemies;" and maintaining the physical well-being of all classes at the highest possible degree.*

Yet even this does not fully account for the puzzle. Nor shall we understand that class of legislation until we bethink ourselves of the rules of the Church, which she embodied in her catechisms, and whereby she condemned "the insufferable luxury of noblemen," and their "desire to maintain the grandeur of their families," and the endeavour of all classes "for the attainment of greater ease and elegance in their mode of life;"† also her equal condemnation of

Over elegance of dress in the poor; and hence the admonition of Ecclesiasticus—"Turn away thy face from a woman dressed up." As, then, women are too studious of ornament, it will not be unreasonable if the parish priest use some diligence in occasionally admonishing and rebuking them (iii., vii., q. 11).

Again—

By the word "daily bread" also is suggested the idea of frugality and parsimony of which we have just spoken; for we pray not for variety or delicacy of meat, but for that which may satisfy the necessary demands of nature; so that they should here blush, who, loathing with fastidiousness ordinary meat and drink, look for the rarest viands and the choicest wines. Nor by this word "daily" are they less censured, to whom Isaias holds out these awful threats—"Woe unto you that join house to house, and lay field to field, even to the end of the place; shall you alone dwell in the midst of the earth?" For the cupidity of such men is insatiable, of whom Solomon has written—"A covetous man shall not be satisfied with money." To whom also applies that saying of the Apostle—"They who would become rich, fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil" (iv., xiii., q. 13).

This catechism of the Church (or, indeed, any of the catechisms or teachings of the Catholic Church) supplies us with a key to the mysteries of these "dark" ages; mysteries which no other

* See the remark on this passage of Froude's *History* by the Commission on the Employment of women and children in Agriculture.

† *Cat. of Trent*, iii., viii., q. 22.

key has yet served to open. The eloquent historian, who laboured in his study to project himself into those times, while he abhorred the Catholic Church and her teaching, yet was unwittingly led by his intellect and imagination to acknowledge her charm in the history of those times, and to see her effects in the phenomena which he strives to explain—

In the brief review of the system under which England was governed, we have seen a state of things in which the principles of political economy were, consciously or unconsciously, contradicted; when an attempt, more or less successful, was made to bring the production and distribution of wealth under the moral rule of right and wrong; and where those laws of supply and demand, which we are now taught to regard as immutable ordinances of nature, were absorbed or superseded by a higher code. . . . Of liberty, in the modern sense of the word, of the supposed right of every man "to do what he will with his own," or with himself, there was no idea. To the question, if ever it was asked, May I not do what I will with my own? there was the brief answer, No man may do what is wrong, either with that which is his own, or with that which is another's. Workmen were not allowed to take advantage of the scantiness of the labour market to exact extravagant wages. Capitalists were not allowed to drive the labourers from their holdings, and destroy their healthy independence. The antagonism of interests was absorbed into a relation of which equity was something more than the theoretic principle, and employers and employed were alike amenable to a law which both were compelled to obey. The working man of modern times has brought the extension of his "liberty" at the price of his material comfort. The higher classes have gained in luxury what they have lost in power (Froude's *History*, i., 87).

Such were the principles which governed the legislation of those days, so different from political economy, which is well nigh the only principle that governs the legislation of these days.

We have still to compare the effects. To describe those effects would perhaps be of little avail. We must quote the words of undoubted authorities to prove them. The Commissioners furnish us with the first authority which we shall use.* They quote from Professor James Thorold Rogers' *History of Agricultural Prices in England from A.D. 1259 until 1793*—

In the fourteenth century the land was greatly subdivided, and most of the inhabitants of villages or manors held plots of land, which were sufficient in many cases for maintenance, and in nearly all cases for independence in treating with their employers. Most of the regular

* First Report, xliv.

farm servants—the carter, the ploughman, the cowherd, the shepherd and hogkeeper—were owners of land, and there is a high degree of probability that the occasional labourer was also among the occupiers of the manor. . . . The mediæval peasant had his cottage and curtilage at a very low rent, and in secure possession, even when, unlike the general mass of his fellows, he was not possessed of land held in his own right, held at a labour or a money rent; and he had rights of pasturage over the common lands of the manor for the sheep, pigs, or perhaps cow which he owned.

The Commissioners add—

This state of things placed the labourer in husbandry, in the latter half of the fourteenth century, in a condition described as “one of rude abundance.”

As to the agricultural labourer's wages, Mr. Froude says—

Allowing a deduction of one day in a fortnight for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of something near to twenty shillings a week—the wages at present paid in English colonies—and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. Except in rare instances, the agricultural labourer held land in connection with his house, while in most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it.

Mr. Hallam is another witness to the prosperity of the labourer in the middle ages—

I should find it difficult to resist the conclusion that, however the labourer has derived benefit from the cheapness of manufactured commodities, and from many inventions of common utility, he is much inferior in ability to support a family to his ancestors three or four centuries ago.

Harrison, in his *Description of England** wrote—

The artificers and husbandmen make most account of such meat as they may soonest come by and have it quickliest ready. Their food consisteth principally in beef, and such meat as the butcher selleth, that is to say, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, whereof the one sort (artificers) findeth great store in the markets adjoining, besides souse, brawn, bacon, fruit, pies of fruit, fowls of sundry sorts, &c. . . . In feasting, the latter sort—I mean the husbandmen—do exceed after their manner, especially at bridals and such odd meetings, where it is incredible to tell what meat is consumed and spent.

* Quoted by Froude, i., 19.

A State paper of A.D. 1515* testifies—

What comyn folke in all this world may compare with the comyns of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare, and all prosperity? What comyn folke is so mighty, so strong in the felde, as the comyns of England? . . . This great physical force they owe to the profuse abundance in which they lived, or to the soldier's training in which every man of them was bred from childhood.

There is another witness, who lived about the time of the destruction of the monasteries, and who related the condition of England after the ravages committed in the wars of the Roses, and before all the scientific improvements, and railways, and spinning jennies, and telegraphs, and means of extending commerce and increasing wealth, which are now our boast, had increased the wealth of England. Chief Justice Fortescue said—

Hereby it cometh to pass that the men of this land are rich, having abundance of gold and silver, and of everything necessary for the maintenance of life. They drink no water, unless it be that some for devotion, and upon a zeal for penance, do abstain from other drink. They eat plentifully of all kinds of flesh and fish. They wear fine woollen cloth in their apparel. They have also abundance of bed coverings in their houses, and of all other woollen stuff; they have great store of household goods, &c. &c.

Let us, then, not again hear the objection that "population was not so great." Why was production so amply sufficient for the poor in those days, when there were fewer men to labour, and no machines to increase the production? There were not, in those times, your millionaires, and there were not your hundreds of thousands of paupers. But there was charity, and there was selfsacrifice, and there was brotherly kindness; and luxury was restrained and the accumulation of capital was hindered; and the poor man was protected; and there were monks to administer the alms, and to visit the poor, and to help and to advise; and there were nuns to nurse the sick, and to rear the young, and to teach children; and all men, from old to young, professed to seek first the kingdom of heaven and His justice.

The habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal. There are two expressions, corresponding one to the other, which we frequently meet with in old writings, and which are used as a kind of index, marking whether the condition of things was or was not what it ought to be. We read of "*merry England*." When England was not merry

* *State Papers of Henry the Eighth*, vol. ii., p. 10, quoted by Froude, i., 20.

things were not going well with it. We hear of the "*glory of hospitality*," England's preeminent boast, by the rules of which all from the table of the twenty shilling freeholder to the table of the baron's hall and abbey refectory, were open at the dinner hour to all comers, without stint or reserve or question asked. To every man according to his degree, who chose to ask for it, there was free food and free lodging—bread, beef, and beer for his dinner. . . . The "*glory of hospitality*" lasted far down into Elizabeth's time, and then, as Camden says, "came in great bravery of building, to the marvellous beauty of the realm," but to the decay of what he valued more (*Florentine History*, vol. i., pp. 42—44).

Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two epochs.
See what a grace was seated on this time,
Where God Himself did seem to set His seal.
Look you now ; here is the present time,
With a face begrim'd like Vulcan,
A look as fit for murder and for rape—
A dull, dead, hanging look, and hell bred eye.

There was merry England ; here is a country full of angry and soured townsmen. There all men lived in rude abundance ; here we have the burden of pauperism weighing us down. There the wages of the labouring class "*ruled high ;*" here are low wages and heartburnings, and demands for higher wages and longer time of labour. There the employers had learned, from youth up, to treat their workmen with justice, nay, with consideration—nay, rather, with charity ; now factory owners require so many "*hands,*" to be extensions of the steam engine. There was selfsacrifice ; here is selfseeking. There all lived in abundance ; here some know not what to do with their superfluous millions, while multitudes know not what to do that they may get bread to eat and clothing to wear. These are the two pictures which we have to compare. Why was *that* "*England ?*" Why have we *here* our modern pauperism ? Because men's minds were then formed on the teachings of the Church, and they lived in obedience to her Supremacy ; men now are formed by secular education and political economy, and live and labour to become rich. Then, in those "*old*" ages, were the bright days of godliness, contentment, and piety ; now our national decadence has been progressing for more than a hundred and thirty seven years. Yet we are not singular in our place in regard to many other nations is the same, or for other nations also have been progressing, through the triumph of revolutionary and atheistical doctrines, still

rapidly on the downward path. Well might the Holy Father say, in his Bull of invitation to the Vatican Council—

Etiam intentissimo studio curandum est, ut Deo bene juvante, omnia ab Ecclesia et civili societate amoveantur mala ; ut, miseri errantes ad rectum veritatis, justitiæ, salutisque tramitem reducantur ; ut, vitiis erroribusque eliminatis, augusta nostra Religio ejusque salutifera doctrina ubique terrarum reviviscat, et quotidie magis propagetur et dominetur, atque ita pietas, honestas, probitas, justitia, charitas omnesque Christianæ virtutes cum maxima humanæ societatis utilitate vigeant et efflorescant.

R. M.

The Yarra-Yarra Unvisited.

WRITTEN IN AN AUSTRALIAN ALBUM ON ITS HOME TOUR.

NE'ER have I rambled on its marge,
Ne'er angled 'mid its willows ;
I ne'er have sailed in skiff or barge
Upon its languid billows.
Yet will I sing—as Callanan
Once sang of Gougane Barra—
Yet will I sing as best I can
The lazy winding Yarra.

Ah ! many a day of weary toil
And much privation well borne
Have served to tame the rampant soil
And raise this rising Melbourne.
Some forty years ago, as wild,
As lonely as Sahara—
Now rife with life and Trade's keen strife,
Just at the mouth of Yarra.

It creeps between high wooded sides,
And ere it reach the city,
Past holy Abbotsford it glides—
To which it owes this ditty.
For in Australian album, why
Waste praise on Connemara ?
Thy heart's in Abbotsford, and I
Will praise its Yarra-Yarra.

The friend whose friendship gave me thine,
With kindness past all telling,
Pursues me since the "auld lang syne,"
When first with him I fell in.

Ah ! while we watched the summer tide
 Lap thy gray rocks, Kinvara,
 We recked not that o'er oceans wide
 He'd fly to Yarra-Yarra !

He tells me that the sky above
 Is bluer far and brighter
 Than that which spans the Isle we love ;
 The air is warmer, lighter.
 Gay flowers along the margin float,
 And many an *avis rara*
 Of brilliant plume, but tuneless throat,*
 Skims o'er the sparkling Yarra.

When shall I breathe that purer air ?
 Quite lately I have had some
 Fair chance of being summoned there.
 If summoned, *ecce adsum !*
 The motto of our Bedford race
 Is this : *Che sara sara.*
 (The accent slightly I misplace,
 'To coax a rhyme for Yarra).

More musical than new Adare
 Its olden name Athdara,
 And Tennyson's meek Lady Clare
 Grows statelier as Clara.
 Had not my Muse such gems to spare
 For gemming thy tiara,
 She would not waste a double share
 On this one stanza, Yarra !

There is not unity of theme,
 I grant it, in these stanzas,
 The subjects as far sundered seem
 As Kensington and Kansas.
 'Twere better if in graceful round
 My thoughts could move—but arrah !
 What can a poet do, who's bound
 To close each verse with Yarra ?

* The friend referred to contradicts this common statement about the tunelessness of Australian birds. The following passage from a recent speech of Mr. Gavan Duffy, the present Premier of Victoria, is, perhaps, more interesting than apposite : "There are here all the conditions of a happy and prosperous country, if we agree to enjoy its blessings in peace and good fellowship. The sun in his circuit does not look on a land where individual and public liberty are more secure ; where industry has a more sure reward ; where a wider career is open to capacity and integrity ; or where more genial skies spread health and pleasure. We have all the elements of a great nation in the seed. I may apply to all Australia the graphic language of one of my friends : 'We have more Saxons on this continent than King Arthur had when he founded the realm of England ; we have more Celts than King Brian had when he drove the Danes into the surges at Clontarf ; we have more Normans than followed William the Conqueror to Hastings ; and to fuse these into nation, it only needs the honest adoption of the sentiment that we are all one Australian people.'"

And notice here, our rhythmic chords
Are strict in orthodoxy,
Nor do they force two little words
For one to act as proxy.
An article to harshly treat
(As in this line) would mar a
Most conscientious rhyming feat
Achieved to honour Yarra.

But now, at last, we must give o'er
With our Wordsworthian* sapphic,
Though sundry rhymes remain in store
Historic, typographic,
Like those we've hitherto impressed,
As Lara and Bokhara,
Carrara, Marat, and the rest ;
But how link these with Yarra ?

My trickling thread of metre wells
As if 'twould well for ever :
So mountain streamlet swells and swells
Into a stream, a river.
But now my harp as mute must grow
As that which hangs at Tara.
Farewell, dear Maid from Bendigo !
Farewell, O Yarra-Yarra !

W. L.

* See Wordsworth's *Yarrow Unvisited, Visited, and Revisited*.

Reviews of Famous Books.

V.—MARCO POLO'S TRAVELS.

I.

ONE of the famous naval battles which, in the mediæval contests between the ever quarrelsome and pugnacious Italian republics, shed so much glory upon the fleet of Genoa and the great captains of the house of Doria, was the fight off Curzola in 1298, in which, as we are still told by an inscription on the tomb of the victorious admiral in the church of San Matteo, in his native city, seventy six Genoese galleys contended with ninety six Venetians, of which they captured eighty four, bringing home eighteen in triumph, after burning the rest. Curzola is one of the many islands on the Dalmatian coast, further north than Corfu, and lies not far from Lissa, the name of which became famous in the late war of 1860 in connection with the solitary achievement of the fleet of the patchwork kingdom of Italy, which succeeded in getting itself soundly beaten by an inferior Austrian force near that island. At the time of the battle of Curzola, Venice had long been in the main successful and predominant, especially in the Levant, and her captains and mariners had become proud, contemptuous, and over secure. She had been humbled a few years before (1294) by the issue of the battle in the bay of Ayas, in the Gulf of Scanderoon, where also the Genoese had gained a great victory, capturing all but three of their adversaries' galleys, and taking the Commodore himself prisoner. Indeed, it seems to have been frequently the case in these sea fights that the victory, when there was a victory, was almost absolutely complete. On the occasion of which we are speaking, the Venetians are said by some accounts to have felt so secure of their own success as to have been anxious, during the interval which passed between their arrival in sight of the hostile fleet and the actual engagement, which was delayed by nightfall, lest their enemies should give them the slip by flight. The battle, which was fought on

Sunday, September 7th, 1298, inclined at first in favour of the Venetians, but they pressed on indiscreetly and in confusion, and so gave the Genoese, who kept better order, an opportunity of retrieving the fortune of the day, which was at last decided by the arrival of a squadron of Genoese vessels which had been separated from the rest by a storm, and which fell upon the flank of the Venetian line. The losses of the Genoese were heavy, and their brave admiral, Lamba Doria, had to witness the death of his own son, Octavian, before the fight was over. But the victory was very decisive. More than seven thousand prisoners were taken. The Venetian admiral, Dandolo, killed himself in despair by dashing his head against a bench. The prisoners were taken to Genoa, and seem to have been treated rigorously, though as to this there is a discrepancy of testimony. But it was probably not common in those days to treat prisoners of war in any gentle manner. In the course of the next year a treaty of peace was signed between the two Republics, which imposed no hard conditions upon Venice, and the prisoners were released in exchange for others taken from the Genoese.

Our interest in the battle of Curzola, and in the imprisonment of so many noble Venetians at Genoa in consequence of the victory of Doria, is caused by the fact that in the command of one of the Venetian galleys, and among the prisoners taken in the action, was a certain noble Messer Marco Polo, whose name has become far more widely known than that of Lamba Doria himself. Messer Marco was the youngest of three noble gentlemen of Venice, whose return to their homes, after an absence of a great many years, had made a considerable sensation in Venice, two or three years before the time of which we speak. An old writer tells us that—

Through the long duration and the hardships of their journeys, and through the many worries and anxieties which they had undergone, they were quite changed in aspect, and had got a certain undeniable smack of the Tartar, both in air and accent, having, indeed, all but forgotten their Venetian tongue. Their clothes too were coarse and shabby, and of a Tartar cut. They proceeded, on their arrival, to their house in the confine of St. John Chrysostom, where you may see it to this day. The house, which was in those days a very lofty and handsome palazzo, is now known by the name of the Corte del Millioni, for a reason that I will tell you presently. Going thither, they found it occupied by some of their relatives, and they had the greatest difficulty in making the latter understand who they should be. For these good people, seeing them to be in countenance so unlike what they used to be, and in dress so shabby, flatly refused to believe that they were the gentlemen

of the Ca' Polo, whom they had been looking upon for ever so many years as among the dead. So these three gentlemen—this is a story that I have often heard when I was a youngster from the illustrious Messer Gasparo Malpiero, a gentleman of very great age, and a Senator of eminent virtue and integrity, whose house was on the Canal of Santa Marina, exactly at the corner over the mouth of the Rio St. Giovanni Crisostomo, and just midway among the buildings of the aforesaid Corte del Millioni, and he said that he had heard the story from his own father and grandfather, and from other old men among the neighbours—the three gentlemen, I say, devised a scheme by which they should at once bring about their recognition by their relatives, and secure the honourable notice of the whole city. And this was it :—

“They invited a number of their kindred to an entertainment which they took care to have prepared with great state and splendour in that house of theirs ; and when the hour arrived for sitting down at table, they came forth of the chamber all three clothed in crimson satin fashioned in long robes reaching to the ground, such as people in those days wore within doors. And the water for the hands had been served and the guests were set, they took off their robes, and put on other of crimson damask, whilst the first suits were by their orders cut up and divided amongst the servants. Then, after partaking of some of the dishes, they went out again, and came back in suits of crimson velvet, and when they had again taken their seats, the second suits were divided as before. When dinner was over, they did the like with the robes of velvet, after they had put on dresses of the ordinary fashion worn by the rest of the company. These proceedings caused much wonder and amazement among the guests. But when the cloth had been drawn, and all the servants had been ordered to retire from the dining hall, Messer Marco, as the youngest of the three, rose from table, and going into another chamber, brought forth the three shabby dresses of coarse stuff which they had worn when they first arrived. Straightway they took sharp knives, and began to rip up some of the seams and welts, and to take out of them jewels of the greatest value in vast quantities, such as rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact. For when they took leave of the Great Can they had changed all the wealth that he had bestowed upon them into the mass of rubies, emeralds, and other jewels, being well aware of the impossibility of carrying with them so great an amount of gold over a journey of such extreme length and difficulty. Now this exhibition of such a huge treasure of jewels and precious stones, all tumbled out upon the table, threw the guests into fresh amazement, insomuch that they seemed quite bewildered and dumbfounded. And now they recognized that in spite of all former doubts, these were in truth those honoured and worthy gentlemen of the Ca' Polo that they claimed to be, and so paid them all the greatest honour and reverence.”*

* Ramusio, quoted by Col. Yule, *Travels of Marco Polo*, t. i., Introd., pp. xxxvi.—xxxvii. Colonel Yule (*ib.*, p. liv.) quotes another anecdote of the return of these gentlemen, which gives a different account of their reception by their relatives. It is from another old writer, Marco Barbaro—“From ear to ear the story

The three Venetian gentlemen mentioned in this extract were two brothers, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo, and Marco, the son of the first and nephew of the second. It will be more convenient for our readers if we defer even the slightest notice of the long journeys from which they had returned, so much to the amazement of their friends and kindred, until we have first given account of what passed in the course of the imprisonment of Marco at Genoa, to which we owe our acquaintance with Messer Marco himself, and with the book with which we are concerned in this paper. The old writer from whom we have already quoted goes on to tell us how Marco became a sort of lion at Genoa, on account of the fame of his travels and of his rare qualities, and how he was visited by the first gentlemen in the city, who were never tired of hearing of his wonderful adventures. Marco, however, got at last rather weary of repeating the same story over and over again, and this, according to Ramusio, led him to think of composing his book. "Assisted by a Genoese gentleman who was a great friend of his, and who took great delight in hearing about the various regions of the world, and used on that account to spend many hours daily in the prison with him, he wrote this present book (to please him) in the Latin tongue." Ramusio adds an amusing skit upon the Genoese, one of those sly sarcasms which may still be heard in Italy, and which reflect the intense neighbourly jealousy and dislike which separate the natives of the different States of the peninsula from one another. "To this day," he says, "the Genoese for the most part write what they have to write in that language, *for there is no possibility of expressing their natural dialect with the pen.* Thus, then, it came to pass that this book was first put forth by Messer Marco in Latin, but as many copies were taken, *and as it was rendered*

has passed till it reached mine, that when the three kinsmen arrived at their home, they were dressed in the most shabby and sordid manner, insomuch that the wife of one of them gave away to a beggar that came to the door one of those garments of his, all torn, patched, and dirty as it was. The next day he asked his wife for that mantle of his, in order to put away the jewels that were sewn up in it; but she told him she had given it away to a poor man whom she did not know. Now, the stratagem he employed to recover it was this. He went to the Bridge of Rialto, and stood there turning a wheel to no apparent purpose, but as if he were a madman, and to all those who crowded round to see what prank was this, and asked him why he did it, he answered, 'He'll come, if God pleases.' Now after two or three days he recognized his old coat on the back of one of those who came to stare at his mad proceeding, and got it back again. Then, indeed, he was judged to be quite the reverse of a madman!"

into our vulgar tongue, all Italy became filled with it, so much was this story desired, and ever after."*

The only perfectly trustworthy part of this statement of Ramusio seems to be the general fact which he asserts, that we owe the composition of the famous book of travels with which we are dealing to the imprisonment of its author. Messer Marco would not have thought it necessary to use the Latin language on account of the barbarous character of the Genoese dialect, as it is probable that his own Venetian dialect, if he had not lost it, would at least have been intelligible to Genoese readers. Ramusio probably thought that the original text was Latin, and supplied the explanation which he has given out of the resources of his patriotic antipathy to Genoa, much as Dr. Johnson drew on similar funds for his famous definition of oats. The fact seems to be, strange as it will appear at first sight, that the original text of this celebrated book was in French, from which the work probably passed into Latin, through an Italian version—

The French language [says Colonel Yule] had at that time almost as wide, perhaps, relatively, a wider diffusion than it has now. It was still spoken at the Court of England, and still used by many English writers. . . . At certain of the Oxford Colleges, as late as 1328, it was an order that the students should converse *colloquio latino vel saltem gallico*. Late in the same century Gower had not ceased to use French. . . . Indeed, down to nearly 1385, boys in the English grammar schools were taught to construe their Latin lessons into French. . . . French had been the prevalent tongue of the Crusaders, and was that of the numerous Frank Courts which they established in the East, including Jerusalem and the States of the Syrian coast, Cyprus, Constantinople during the reign of the Courtenays, and the principalities of the Morea. . . . Quasi-French, at least, was still spoken half a century later by the numerous Christians settled at Aleppo, as John Marignoli testifies, and if we may trust Sir John Maundeville, the Soldan of Egypt himself, and four of his chief lords, "spak Frensche righte wel." Ghazan Kaan, the accomplished Mongol sovereign of Persia, to whom our traveller conveyed a bride from Cambaluc, is said by the historian Rashiduddin to have known something of the Frank tongue, probably French (Intro., p. cxii.).

This is enough to make it very probable that Marco may have been familiar with the French of the day, though we should have liked a little more external evidence as to the use of the language in Genoa and Lombardy. However, the internal evidence of the text itself is conclusive. The best Italian manu-

* Colonel Yule, Intro., p. xxxviii.

cript, which was printed by Baldello at Florence in 1827, bears on its face a claim, which seems legitimate, to a date within seven years of the first dictation of the travels. But, ancient as the Italian text is, it is clear, from the internal evidence of mistakes which are evidently the result of an imperfect knowledge of French in the writer, that it is the text of a translation into that language. The same sort of evidence infallibly proves that the so called Casket Letters of Mary Queen of Scots were originally written in Scotch, and not in French, and that therefore the French copies, which were identified as in Mary's handwriting, according to Mr. Froude, at the examination at Westminster, could not by any possibility have been genuine.* Colonel Yule gives several instances of the blunders into which the translator into Italian has fallen, which are quite enough for conviction, and which, in fact, convinced Baldello, whose opinion has been adopted by learned men since his time. Moreover, the old French text (published by the Geographical Society of Paris in 1824) contains strong external indications that it is an original text, and not a translation. It is very bad French, however.

"Its style [says M. Paulin Paris, quoted by Colonel Yule] is about as like that of good French authors of the age, as in our day the natural accent of a German, an Englishman, or an Italian, is like that of a citizen of Paris or Blois." The author [continues Colonel Yule] is at war with all the practices of French grammar: subject and object, numbers, moods, and tenses, are in consummate confusion. Italian words are constantly introduced, either quite in the crude or rudely

* We may be allowed to quote from the first paper in the first number of our Review (MONTH, July, 1864, p. 13). "The letters that were 'examined' in the Scotch Privy Council and in the Scotch Parliament were in Scotch, unsealed and unsigned. . . . If, therefore, any of Mr. Froude's experts were called in then, they must have testified to the handwriting of Mary in Scotch. At Westminster the scene is changed, and the letters are French, and the handwriting is Mary's still. This is the first great difficulty about the copies which were produced at Westminster. The second is, that although we possess the letters now in French, Scotch, and Latin, it is quite clear and undisputed that the Scotch is the original of the three. This was proved by Goodall, but it was also confessed by the French editor. Now, the publication took place by order of Elizabeth and Cecil; they had copies in French of the 'French originals' at Westminster. If our present French version is that which they had, the question is at once decided, for it is evidently a version from the Scotch through the Latin, the maker of which has fallen into several ludicrous blunders, by misreading or misunderstanding what he was translating. There is only one hypothesis by which any loophole can be left for the theory of 'French originals.' It is by supposing that, notwithstanding their existence, and the existence of copies in the hands of the enemies of Mary, they nevertheless chose to publish a *new* French translation from the Latin, having first translated the Latin from the Scotch."

Gallicized. And words also, we may add, sometimes slip in which appear to be purely Oriental, just as is apt to happen with Anglo-Indians in these days. All this is perfectly consistent with the supposition that we have in this manuscript a copy at least of the original words as written down by Rusticiano, a Tuscan, from the dictation of Marco, an Orientalized Venetian, in French, a language foreign to both (p. cx.).

These remarks are worthy of notice, even at this stage of our paper, because they will prepare the reader for the great want of literary polish which characterizes Marco Polo's work, which on that account alone is too far below the *History* of Herodotus, to which it has sometimes been compared, to have any chance in the comparison. The mention of Rusticiano brings us to what we may call the true connecting link between Marco Polo and his readers. Rusticiano, or, as it appears, more probably, Rustichello, of Pisa, was a literary man of the time, at least a writer who had occupied himself a good deal in compiling and recasting in French the chivalrous romances which were then in great request. Our Edward the First, then Prince Edward, is said to have met with him in Sicily, and at all events to have taken him with him to the Holy Land some years before the captivity of Marco Polo, and Rustichello employed himself in copying or condensing some famous romances which this Prince possessed and placed at his disposal. It is known that, at the time of the battle of Curzola, there were a great many Pisan prisoners at Genoa. The great battle of Meloria, off Leghorn, had been fought in 1284, and in this battle the Genoese had been as decisively victorious as afterwards at Curzola over the Venetians. Forty Pisan galleys were taken, and six thousand prisoners made. These, at all events, were not kindly treated. So large a proportion of the men of Pisa were captives that their wives and relatives are said to have gone in large numbers to Genoa on foot to seek them, and they were told in cold cruelty that so many had died one day, so many another, and that their bodies had been cast into the sea. A peace was signed in 1288, but it was abortive, and the prisoners remained unreleased. It is probable that Rustichello was among them, and he thus would be found by Marco Polo, so many years later, when the fortune of war brought the latter into the power of the Genoese. "Now being *thereafter*," says the preamble to the whole work, "an inmate of the prison [en le chathre] at Genoa, he caused Messer

Rusticiano, of Pisa, who was in the same prison likewise, to reduce the whole to writing; and this befel in the year 1298 from birth of Jesus."

II.

Having seen how Messer Marco Polo came to dictate his book in the prison at Genoa, we must proceed to state how he came to have so much to tell. It was then nearly thirty years since he had first turned his footsteps to that far East which he was to make a region of so much interest to Europeans, and almost forty since his father and uncle had left Constantinople on the expedition which had preceded that in which he had been their companion. The taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders in the last years of the reign of Innocent the Third (1204) had led to the foundation of the shortlived Latin Empire of the East, and the predominance which Venice obtained by her share in the enterprize had led to a great development of her commerce in Asia and Asia Minor, and turned the venture-some spirit of her citizens very strongly in that direction. It is just at the end of the Latin occupation, in 1260, "when Baldwin the Second was reigning at Constantinople," as the first chapter of the Prologue to the book tells us, that is, just one year before he was expelled by Michael Palæologus, that the two brothers, Niccolo and Maffeo Polo, crossed the Euxine on a mercantile venture to the Crimea. From the Crimea the two brothers turned northwards along the Wolga, where they were kindly received by Barka Khan, grandson of Chingiz, who ruled one of the great illdefined monarchies into which the Empire of Chingiz was dissolving itself, situated in South Russia, the headquarters of which were at a city called Sarai, built by his brother and predecessor, Bátú. The proper title of this potentate was the Khan of Kipchak, and the Tartars under his dominions are called by Polo the "Tartars of the Ponent." While the Polos were at the Court of Barka, war broke out between him and Hulaku, the Khan, or Lord of the "Tartars of the Levant," as the Mongols who established themselves in Persia are called by our author. This war, which ended in the defeat of Barka, made travelling unsafe, at least in the direction which would have taken the Polos towards their home; so, after having been a year at Sarai, they pushed onwards, first to Ukek, a town which seems to have been on the Wolga, near Saratov, and was on the frontiers of Barka's territory, from which they crossed the Wolga (which in the Prologue is called the

Tigris), and after a long journey over a desert, reached Bokhara. There they fell in with envoys from Hulaku, "on their way to the Court of the Great Kaan—the Lord of all the Tartars in the world. And when the Envoys beheld the Two Brothers, they were amazed, for they had never before seen Latins in that part of the world. And they said to the Brothers, 'Gentlemen, if ye will take our counsel, ye will find great honour and profit shall come thereof.' So they replied that they would be right glad to learn how. 'In truth,' said the Envoys, 'the Great Kaan hath never seen any Latins, and he hath a great desire to do so. Wherefore, if ye will keep us company to his Court, ye may depend upon it that he will be right glad to see you, and will treat you with great honour and liberality; whilst in our company ye shall travel with perfect security, and need fear to be molested by nobody.'"^{*}

The brothers made up their minds to go with Hulaku's envoys, and had no cause to regret the confidence which they placed in their representations. They journeyed a whole year, north and northeastwards, and found the Great Khan Kublai at his Court on the confines of China. He received them with great hospitality, and was delighted at their arrival. The Princes of the House of Chingiz were many of them very politic and liberal, and it is not at all surprizing to find that after a time Kublai determined to send an embassy to the Pope, consisting of the two brothers and one of his own "Barons." They were to ask the Pope to send

As many as an hundred persons of our Christian faith, intelligent men, acquainted with the Seven Arts, well qualified to enter into controversy, and able clearly to prove by force of argument to idolaters and other kinds of folk that the Law of Christ was best, and that all other religions were false and naughty, and that if they would prove this, he and all under him would become Christians, and the Church's liegemen. Finally, adds our writer, he charged his Envoys to bring to him some Oil of the Lamp which burns on the Sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem (Prol., ch. 7).

The envoys were furnished with a "tablet of gold," a token valid throughout the whole of the Mongol dominions to secure them full supplies of everything needful for their journey. In the course of this journey, which lasted three years, the Tartar "Baron" fell sick, and the brothers went on without him, reaching in 1269, or at the end of 1268, Layas, the place now

^{*} Prol., ch. 3. It is to be noted that Colonel Yule always uses the spelling *Kuan* in translating the text of Marco Polo, following the ordinary spelling, *Khan*, in the notes.

called Ayas, in the Gulf of Scanderoon, which was then a port of considerable importance for Eastern travellers and merchants.

The brothers proceeded from Layas to Acre, where they found as Papal Legate no less a person than the saintly Teobaldo Visconti, afterwards Gregory the Tenth. Teobaldo was greatly interested in their story, but told them that as the Pope (Clement the Fourth) was lately dead, they must wait for the election of his successor before they could transact the business on which they were sent by Kublai Khan. Meanwhile the brothers seem to have thought they might as well go home to Venice. The Cardinals gave them plenty of time to arrange any affairs which they may have had to set in order, as this was the famous Conclave at Viterbo which lasted three years, in the course of which there was once a talk that the contending factions might agree to elect St. Philip Benizzi, who thereupon concealed himself in the mountains on the Tuscan frontier, near Radicofani. Niccolo Polo seems to have been the only one of the two brothers who had left a wife behind him in Venice. On arriving at home he found that she was dead, and that his son Marco was fifteen years of age. So, when, after waiting two years at Venice in the hope that a Papal election might at last take place, Niccolo and Maffeo Polo made up their minds that it was time for them to return and give an account of themselves to the Great Khan Kublai, they determined to take Messer Marco with them. It certainly throws a pleasant light both upon their character and upon the relation in which they stood to Kublai, that they should never have hesitated about going back to him, and where his father and uncle seemed so secure of a favourable reception, it is no wonder that the youth of seventeen should have been perfectly willing to accompany them. The three Polos, then, sailed once more for Acre, and got the Legate's leave to go to Jerusalem to get the oil from the Holy Sepulchre which Kublai had desired them to bring him.

Teobaldo must have been sore at heart to see so poor a return made on the part of the Church to the advances of the Great Khan, the Lord of the Mongol invaders whose hordes had a few years before been turned back with so much difficulty at Lignitz, in Silesia; but he had no power to do more than to write a letter testifying that the Venetian gentlemen had been unable to accomplish Kublai's commission, because there was at the time no Pope. The long interregnum must have grieved

him to the heart, as it grieved the hearts of all true children of the Church; and the interval had been full of misfortune to those interests to which, as Legate in the Holy Land, Teobaldo's own thoughts must have been anxiously devoted, for it had witnessed the last futile attempt at a Crusade under the hero St. Louis, who had invested Tunis in the summer of 1270, only to die. The existence of any remains of Christian power in the East were now to terminate within a score of years or so, and Teobaldo must have foreseen that the catastrophe could not long be delayed, unless, indeed, some new and formidable power could be enlisted on the side of the Cross. His was a great and noble soul, and it must have been a sad business for him to send back the envoys of Kublai as he was obliged to send them. But they could scarcely have turned their back on Acre on their way to Layas, as Ayas was then called, before he received news which placed in his own hands a far larger amount of power than he had ever dreamt of wielding. He was himself the new Pope! St. Bonaventure—saintly names meet us at every turn in the story of this century—is said to have prevailed on the dissentient factions at Viterbo to unite their suffrage upon him. He took, as we have said, the name of Gregory the Tenth.

As soon as he heard of his election, Gregory sent at once to stop the journey of the Polos, ordering them to return at once to Acre, where he was waiting before his voyage to Italy, for which our Edward the First, then Prince Edward, who had taken the Cross at the same time with St. Louis, and had landed in Palestine, fitted him out. We cannot doubt the eagerness of the new Pope to do all that could be done for the conversion of Kublai and his people, and it is probable that the scanty mission which he was able to despatch at once from Palestine would have been increased largely in numbers if he had been at Rome in the centre of Christian life. This mission consisted of two learned Dominican friars, Fra Niccolo of Vicenza and Fra Guglielmo of Tripoli. They were charged with letters and presents to the Great Khan, and received large spiritual faculties for the purposes of their mission.* Then the envoys were sent

* The text of Marco Polo, as printed by Col. Yule, contains a passage which he incloses in brackets, in which it is stated that the friars had "authority to ordain priests and bishops, and to give every kind of absolution, as if given by himself (the Pope) in proper person." It is possible that Gregory may have consecrated one or both of the friars bishops; but Marco Polo can hardly be expected to be a perfectly accurate authority on the details of the ecclesiastical powers of these friars, especially as they did not remain long in his company.

n their way once more with their new companions, and the pope's blessing to encourage and protect them. However, on reaching Ayas again, they found "Hermenia"—the Cilician Armenia, a part of what we call Asia Minor—in confusion, Bendocquedar," or Bundukdar, the "Soldan of Babylon," *i.e.*, of Cairo in Egypt, had invaded the country, and there was great fear for any travellers. "And when the Preaching Friars," says our author, "saw this, they were greatly frightened, and said that go they never would. So they made over to Messer Nicolas and Messer Maffeo all their credentials and documents, and took their leave, departing in company with the Master of the Temple."* Whether they expected the three Venetians to do the work of Apostles and theologians, and whether they made over to them their faculties for "every kind of absolution," we are not told; but this was the end of the "hundred intelligent persons of our Christian faith," for whom poor Kublai Khan had made request.

The Polos, however, persevered, and after three years and half of journeying, once more reached the Court of the Great Khan, who, on hearing of their approach, sent some of his people a distance of forty days' travel to meet and welcome them. They were received with great rejoicings, and Messer Marco was taken into high favour by Kublai, and "sped wondrously in learning the customs of the Tartars, as well as their language, their manner of writing, and their practice of war: in fact, he came in brief space to know several languages, and form sundry written characters." The book tells us that he remarked that when the Khan sent officers to distant parts, he was displeased when they did not tell him, on their return, a great deal about the countries which they had seen, and this suggested to him to gratify what was probably a strong natural taste of his own, and collect all manner of collateral information about places to which he, in his own turn, was sent—for he seems to have been enlisted in the regular service of the Khan. He tells us that the Khan was highly delighted with this, and that in consequence Kublai often employed him, especially "on the most weighty and most distant of his missions." As he remained seventeen years in the service of Kublai, he had time to make himself very well acquainted with most parts even of that enormous Mongol empire, and the famous book of which we are now speaking is an evidence alike of his industry and his

* *Prol.*, ch. 12.

astonishing memory. The curiosity of Kublai has produced us our European Herodotus, at least one who may vie with the delightful old Halicarnassian in the extent of his knowledge and in his general truthfulness, though, unfortunately, he cannot compare with the "father of history" as to the perfect beauty of his style. Kublai got so fond of the Venetians, that, as they could not possibly have returned to Europe without his leave, we might very well have never had our book. The Polos had become extremely rich in jewels and gold, but they, at least Messer Niccolo and Messer Maffeo, began to feel the hand of age upon them. There was not much chance of due provision for a good Christian death for them after the defection of the Dominican friars in "Hermenia." Then, if they were ever to take the journey, they must undertake it while they were in health and strength, for it was terribly long and dangerous. Moreover, their protector, the Khan himself, was getting old, and when there was a change of sovereign, foreigners were not always quite safe at the Tartar Court. Still, it seems as if our Venetians would never have got away from Kublai, but that the wife of the Mongol Khan of Persia, Arghun, happened to die, and she expressed a wish that her successor in her husband's affections should come from her own family in Mongolia. Arghun sent three ambassadors to Kublai's Court to ask for a young lady of the same family, and a beautiful girl of seventeen, Kukajin (or Cochajin), was selected for the honour. Meanwhile, says the story—

Messer Marco chanced to return from India, whither he had gone as the Lord's ambassador, and made his report of all the different things that he had seen in his travels, and of the sundry seas over which he had voyaged. And the three Barons, having seen that Messer Niccolo, Messer Maffeo, and Messer Marco, were not only Latins, but men of marvellous good sense withal, took thought among themselves to get the three to travel with them, their intention being to return to their country by sea, on account of the great fatigue of that long land journey for a lady. And the ambassadors were the more desirous to have their company, as being aware that those three had great knowledge and experience of the Indian seas and the countries by which they would have to pass, and especially Messer Marco. So they went to the Great Kaan, and begged as a favour that he would send the three Latins with them, as it was their desire to return home by sea (Prol., ch. 17).

The issue of this application was that the three Venetians obtained leave to depart with the lady and her escort. The Khan ordered thirteen ships to be fitted out, some of which

seem to have been very large. He gave the Venetians "two golden Tablets of authority," which secured supplies for them and all their company throughout his dominions, and messages to the King of France, the King of England, the King of Spain, and the other Kings of Christendom. Their voyage was very long, as they took three months to reach Sumatra from Zayton, or Chinchuan, in China. They remained four months in the island, and spent eighteen more in navigating the Indian seas before reaching Persia. Two of the three envoys for Persia died on the way, as well as a large number of the suite. Arghun, who had sent for the lady, was dead, and his brother had succeeded him: the son of this brother, Ghazan by name, was substituted for his uncle as the husband of the long awaited bride, who wept as she parted from the faithful and kindly Venetians, whom she had come to look upon as fathers. The Polos went on from the camp of Prince Ghazan to Tabriz and thence to Venice, which they seem to have reached in 1295 or 1296.

III.

We have now seen how it was that Messer Marco Polo came to acquire the information about the very large portion of the great Continent of Asia which are described in his book. His accounts of each country or city are usually succinct, and the reader thus misses the gentle constraint of connected interest to lead him on from chapter to chapter, till he finds that he has devoured a large number of pages without having been conscious of the approach of weariness. Moreover, Messer Marco is remarkably impersonal, and we learn very little directly about himself or his companions from the pages of his book. We know of no better way of giving our readers an idea of its contents than by first enumerating the provinces and places as to which he furnishes information more or less detailed, and then giving some specimens. The contents, then, of the book itself, as it stands in its original form, fall into two very simple divisions: the Prologue, the substance of which we have already presented as shortly as possible to our readers, in which an account is given of the travels of the Polos and their final return to Europe; and then the work itself, which is divided into chapters of very unequal length, describing the countries visited by Marco, and giving a vast number of curious facts as to manners and customs. It is only natural that we should find a great deal about the Khan himself, his wars and enterprizes,

as well as about the fortunes of his Empire. The chapters were not originally headed, though they appear with their headings in the famous Italian version of Ramusio, which seems also to contain additions to the earliest form of the text which could hardly have come from any one but Marco himself. It is now usual to adopt a division of the chapters into four books, which break up the story according to various great subjects.

The first book contains an account of the "regions visited or heard of on the journey from the Lesser Armenia to the Court of the Great Kaan at Chandu," or Xandu, Xanadu—that is, at Kaipengfu, in China. This book contains sixty one chapters. It would take us far too long to follow Marco Polo from one stage to another of the "itinerary" along which he leads his readers, from Western Asia to North Persia, and by the regions bordering on the Upper Oxus to Karakorum and Chandu. Almost every chapter has some point of interest to geographers or historians, and it is quite surprizing as well as pleasing to find how often modern research has confirmed the statements of Marco, and how frequently he is illustrated by what is known of Mongol history from other sources. For there is a good deal of history in this as in the other books, and it is probable that the historical or legendary portions of the whole work are those which are usually most attractive to that most important personage, "the general reader." The geographical statements of Polo have long been favourite subjects for the members of learned societies to whet their appetites upon, and the result of the interest which these statements have created has been, as we have said, generally very favourable indeed to his character for veracity and accuracy of memory, though it must be taken into account that, like all travellers, he has had to accept a good deal on hearsay evidence, and is apt to fall into common mistakes about the names of places or of persons, especially the former—we mean such mistakes as that by which strangers give as the name of the whole country or of a nation that of the first town or district or tribe with which they happen to fall in. The comments of geographers—we mean, of course, historical and scientific geographers such as Colonel Yule—have now reached so large a development, that the original matter of the old Venetian occupies far less space in many parts of the two magnificent volumes now before us than the additional and illustrative matter. As we are writing far less for scientific readers than for the public in general, we shall omit any special

remarks on the many striking confirmations of Polo's local statements with which Colonel Yule's pages abound, and seek our quotations in what some may consider the more simply amusing part of the work. This first book, for instance, is well furnished with Eastern versions of certain well known legends or historical facts. It contains, for instance, an account of the Three Wise Kings of the Epiphany, of Prester John, and of the Old Man of the Mountain. The two last personages being by no means mythical, though legends have of course encrusted themselves on the truth in these cases as well as in that of the first Gentile adorers of our Blessed Lord. Here is a story about the Calif of Baudas (Bagdad), and his persecution of the Christians in his dominions—

It was in the year of Christ [1225] that there was a Calif at Baudas who bore a great hatred to Christians, and was taken up day and night with the thought how he might either bring those that were in his kingdom over to his own faith, or might procure them all to be slain. And he used daily to take counsel about this with the devotees and priests of his faith, for they all bore the Christians like malice. And, indeed, it is a fact, that the whole body of Saracens throughout the world are always most malignantly disposed towards the whole body of Christians.

Now it happened that the Calif, with those shrewd priests of his, got hold of that passage in our Gospel which says, that if a Christian had faith as a grain of mustard seed, and should bid a mountain be removed, it would be removed. And such indeed is the truth. But when they had got hold of this text they were delighted, for it seemed to them the very thing whereby either to force all the Christians to change their faith, or to bring destruction upon them all. The Calif therefore called together all the Christians in his territories, who were extremely numerous. And when they had come before him, he showed them the Gospel, and made them read the text which I have mentioned. And when they had read it he asked them if that was the truth? The Christians answered that it assuredly was so. "Well," said the Calif, "since you say that it is the truth, I will give you a choice. Among such a number of you there must needs surely be this small amount of faith; so you must either move that mountain there,"—and he pointed to a mountain in the neighbourhood—"or you shall die an ill death; unless you choose to eschew death by all becoming Saracens and adopting our Holy Law. To this end I give you a respite of ten days; if the thing be not done by that time, you shall die or become Saracens." And when he had said this he dismissed them to consider what was to be done in this strait wherein they were.

The Christians on hearing what the Calif had said, were in great dismay, but they lifted all their hopes to God their Creator, that he would help them in this bitter strait. All the wisest of the Christians took counsel together, and among them were a number of bishops and priests, but they had no resource except to turn to Him from Whom all

good things do come, beseeching Him to protect them from the cruel hands of the Calif.

So they were all gathered together in prayer, both men and women for eight days and eight nights. And whilst they were thus engaged in prayer it was revealed in a vision by a Holy Angel of Heaven to a certain bishop who was a very good Christian, that he should desire a certain Christian cobbler, who had but one eye, to pray to God; and that God in His goodness would grant such prayer because of the cobbler's holy life.

Now I must tell you what manner of man this cobbler was. He was one who led a life of great uprightness and chastity, and who fasted and kept from all sin, and went daily to church to hear Mass, and gave daily a portion of his gains to God.

He had destroyed his eye one day because he had been tempted to evil thoughts through it, remembering what was "said in the Holy Evangel."

Now when this vision had visited the Bishop several times, he related the whole matter to the Christians, and they agreed with one consent to call the Cobbler before them. And when he had come they told him it was their wish that he should pray, and that God had promised to accomplish the matter by his means. On hearing their request he made many excuses, declaring that he was not at all so good a man as they represented. But they persisted in their request with so much sweetness, that at last he said he would not tarry, but do what they desired.

And when the appointed day was come, all the Christians got up early, men and women, small and great, more than 100,000 persons, and went to church, and heard the Holy Mass. And after Mass had been sung, they all went forth together in a great procession to the plain in front of the mountain, carrying the precious cross before them, loudly singing and greatly weeping as they went. And when they arrived at the spot, there they found the Calif with all his Saracen host armed to slay them if they would not change their faith; for the Saracens believed not in the least that God would grant such favour to the Christians. These latter stood indeed in great fear and doubt, but nevertheless they rested their hope on their God Jesus Christ.

So the Cobbler received the Bishop's benison, and then threw himself on his knees before the Holy Cross, and stretched out his hands towards Heaven, and made this prayer—"Blessed LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, I pray Thee by Thy goodness that Thou wilt grant this grace unto Thy people insomuch that they perish not, nor Thy faith be cast down, nor abused nor flouted. Not that I am in the least worthy to prefer such request unto Thee; but for Thy great power and mercy I beseech Thee to hear this prayer from me Thy servant full of sin."

And when he had ended this his prayer to God the Sovereign Father and Giver of all grace, and whilst the Calif and all the Saracens, and other people there, were looking on, the mountain rose out of its place and moved to the spot which the Calif had pointed out!

And when the Calif and all his Saracens beheld, they stood amazed at the wonderful miracle that God had wrought for the Christians, insomuch that a great number of the Saracens became Christians. And even the Calif caused himself to be baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen ; and became a Christian, but in secret. Howbeit, when he died they found a little cross hung round his neck ; and therefore the Saracens would not bury him with the other Califs, but put him in a place apart. The Christians exulted greatly at this most holy miracle, and returned to their homes full of joy, giving thanks to their Creator for that which He had done.

The Persian tradition as to the Three Kings is as follows—

In Persia is the city of Saba, from which the Three Magi set out when they went to worship Jesus Christ ; and in this city they are buried, in three very large and beautiful monuments, side by side. And above them there is a square building, carefully kept. The bodies are still entire, with the hair and beard remaining. One of these was called Jaspar, the second Melchior, and the third Balthazar. Messer Marco Polo asked a great many questions of the people of that city as to those Three Magi, but never one could he find that knew aught of the matter, except that these were three kings who were buried there in days of old. However, at a place three days' journey distant he heard of what I am going to tell you. He found a village there which goes by the name of Cala Ataperistan, which is as much as to say, "The Castle of the Fire Worshippers." And the name is rightly applied, for the people there do worship fire, and I will tell you why.

They relate that in old times three kings of that country went away to worship a Prophet that was born, and they carried with them three manner of offerings, Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh, in order to ascertain whether that Prophet were God, or an earthly King, or a Physician. For, said they, if he take the Gold, then he is an earthly King ; if he take the Incense he is God ; if he take the Myrrh he is a Physician.

So it came to pass when they had come to the place where the child was born, the youngest of the Three Kings went in first, and found the Child apparently just of his own age ; so he went forth again marvelling greatly. The middle one entered next, and like the first he found the Child seemingly of his own age ; so he also went forth again and marvelled greatly. Lastly, the eldest went in, and as it had befallen the other two, so it befel him. And he went forth very pensive. And when the three had rejoined one another, each told what he had seen ; and then they all marvelled the more. So they agreed to go in all three together, and on doing so they beheld the Child with the appearance of its actual age, to wit, some thirteen days. Then they adored, and presented their Gold and Incense and Myrrh. And the Child took all the three offerings, and then gave them a small closed box ; whereupon the Kings departed to return into their own land.

And when they had ridden many days they said they would see what the Child had given them. So they opened the little box, and inside it they found a stone. On seeing this they began to wonder what this might be that the Child had given them, and what was the

import thereof. Now the signification was this : when they presented their offerings, the Child had accepted all three, and when they saw that they had said within themselves that He was the True God, and the True King, and the True Physician. And what the gift of the stone implied was that this Faith which had begun in them should abide firm as a rock. For He well knew what was in their thoughts. Howbeit, they had no understanding at all of this signification of the gift of the stone ; so they cast it into a well. Then straightway a fire from Heaven descended into that well wherein the stone had been cast.

And when the Three Kings beheld this marvel they were sore amazed, and it greatly repented them that they had cast away the stone ; for well they then perceived that it had a great and holy meaning. So they took of that fire, and carried it into their own country, and placed it in a rich and beautiful church. And there the people keep it continually burning, and worship it as a God, and all the sacrifices they offer are kindled with that fire. And if ever the fire becomes extinct they go to other cities round about where the same faith is held, and obtain of that fire from them, and carry it to the church. And this is the reason why the people of this country worship fire. They will often go ten days' journey to get of that fire.

Marco's account of Prester John, which is given further on in the same book, is that he was a great Prince, called in the country Unc Can, to whom the Tartars used to pay tribute. He found them multiply so much, that he became afraid of them, and so hit on a plan of distributing them in different countries, upon which they revolted and migrated to a distant territory. The history finds them at the time that Chingiz Kaan became their King (1187). He became a mighty potentate, and in 1200 sent an embassy to "Prester John" to ask for his daughter in marriage. Prester John was highly offended, and sent the envoys back with great indignation and contumely, whereupon Chingiz mustered his army and marched to Tanduc, "a vast and beautiful plain which belonged to Prester John,"—who marched with a large host to meet him. Then there is a divination scene, which Polo thus relates—

So when the two great hosts were pitched on the plains of Tanduc as you have heard, Chinghis Kaan one day summoned before him his astrologers, both Christians and Saracens, and desired them to let him know which of the two hosts would gain the battle, his own or Prester John's. The Saracens tried to ascertain, but were unable to give a true answer ; the Christians, however, did give a true answer, and showed manifestly beforehand how the event should be. For they got a cane and split it lengthwise, and laid one half on this side and one half on that, allowing no one to touch the pieces. And one piece of cane they called *Chinghis Kaan*, and the other piece they called *Prester John*. And then they said to Chinghis—"Now mark ! and you will see the

event of the battle, and who shall have the best of it; for whose cane soever shall get above the other, to him shall victory be." He replied that he would fain see it, and bade them begin. Then the Christian astrologers read a Psalm out of the Psalter, and went through other incantations. And lo! whilst all were beholding, the cane that bore the name of Chinghis Kaan, without being touched by anybody, advanced to the other that bore the name of Prester John, and got on the top of it. When the Prince saw that, he was greatly delighted, and seeing how in this matter he found the Christians to tell the truth, he always treated them with great respect, and held them for men of truth for ever after.

The battle ended in the defeat and death of "Prester John." The whole story, as far as Chingiz is concerned, resembles real facts in his career. As to Prester John, we may as well give our readers the benefit of a part of Col. Yule's note as to this mysterious personage.

The idea that a Christian potentate of enormous wealth and power, and bearing this title, ruled over vast tracts in the far East, was universal in Europe from the middle of the 12th to the end of the 13th century, after which time the Asiatic story seems gradually to have died away, whilst the Royal Presbyter was assigned to a locus in Abyssinia; the equivocal application of the term *India* to the East of Asia and the East of Africa facilitating this transfer. Indeed, I have a suspicion, contrary to the view now generally taken, that the term may from the first have belonged to the Abyssinian Prince, though circumstances led to its being applied in another quarter for a time.

Be that as it may, the inordinate report of Prester John's magnificence became especially diffused from about the year 1165, when a letter full of the most extravagant details was circulated, which purported to have been addressed by this potentate to the Greek Emperor Manuel, the Roman Emperor Frederick, the Pope, and other Christian sovereigns. By the circulation of this letter, glaring fiction as it is, the idea of this Christian Conqueror was planted deep in the mind of Europe, and twined itself round every rumour of revolution in further Asia. Even when the din of the conquests of Chinghiz began to be audible in the West, he was invested with the character of a Christian King, and more or less confounded with the mysterious Prester John.

The first notice of a conquering Asiatic potentate so styled, had been brought to Europe by the Syrian Bishop of Gabala (*Fibal*, south of Laodicea in Northern Syria), who came in 1145, to lay various grievances before Pope Eugene the Third. He reported that not long before a certain John, inhabiting the extreme East, king and Nestorian priest, and claiming descent from the Three Wise Kings, had made war on the *Samiard* Kings of the Medes and Persians, and had taken Ecbatana their capital. He was then proceeding to the deliverance of Jerusalem, but was stopped by the Tigris which he could not cross, and compelled by disease in his host to retire.

M. d'Avezac first showed to whom this account must apply, and the subject has more recently been set forth with great completeness

and learning by Dr. Gustavus Oppert. The conqueror in question was the Founder of Kara Khitai, which existed as a great Empire in Asia during the last two thirds of the 12th century. This chief was a prince of the Khitan dynasty of Liao, who escaped with a body of followers from Northern China, on the overthrow of that dynasty by the *Kim* or *Niuché*, about 1125. He is called by the Chinese historians *Yeliu Tashi*; by *Abulghazi*, *Nuzi Taigri Ili*; and by *Rashiduddin*, *Nushi* (or *Fushi*) *Taifu*. Being well received by the *Uigurs* and other tribes west of the Desert who had been subject to the Khitan Empire, he gathered an army and commenced a course of conquest which eventually extended over Eastern and Western Turkestan, including *Khwarizm*, which became tributary to him. He took the title of *Gurkhan*, said to mean Universal or Suzerain Khan, and fixed at *Bala Sagun*, north of the *Thian Shan*, the capital of his Empire, which became known as *Kará* (Black) *Khitai*. In 1141 he came to the aid of the King of *Chwarizm* against *Sanjar* the Seljukian sovereign of Persia (whence the *Samiard* of the Syrian Bishop), who had just taken *Samarkand*, and defeated that prince with great slaughter. Though the *Gurkhan* himself is not described to have extended his conquests into Persia, the King of *Khwarizm* followed up the victory by an invasion of that country, in which he plundered the treasury and cities of *Sanjar*.

This *Karacathayan* prince is undoubtedly the first conqueror (in Asia at all events) to whom the name of *Prester John* was applied, though how that name arose remains obscure. Oppert supposes that *Gurkhan* or *Kurkhan*, softened in W. Turkish pronunciation into *Yurkan*, was confounded with *Yochanan* or *Johannes*; but he finds no evidence of the conqueror's profession of Christianity except the fact, notable certainly, that the daughter of the last of his brief dynasty is recorded to have been a Christian. Indeed, *D'Ohsson* says that the first *Gurkhan* was a Buddhist, though on what authority is not clear. There seems a probability at least that it was an error in the original ascription of Christianity to the *Karacathayan* prince, which caused the confusions as to the identity of *Prester John* which appear in the next century, of which we shall presently speak. Leaving this doubtful point, it has been plausibly suggested that the title of *Presbyter Johannes* was connected with the legends of the immortality of John the Apostle (*ὁ πρεσβύτερος*, as he calls himself in the 2nd and 3rd epistles), and the belief referred to by some of the Fathers that he would be the Forerunner of our Lord's second coming as John the Baptist had been of His first.

When the Mongol conquests threw Asia open to Frank travellers in the middle of the 13th century, their minds were full of *Prester John*; they sought in vain for an adequate representative, but it was not in the nature of things but they should find *some* representative. In fact, they found *several*. Apparently no real tradition existed among the Eastern Christians of any such personage, but the persistent demand produced a supply, and the honour of identification with *Prester John*, after hovering over one head and another, settled finally upon that of the King of the *Keraits*, whom we find to play the part in our text.

Thus in *Plano Carpini's* single mention of *Prester John* as the King of the Christians of India the Greater, who defeats the *Tartars* by an elaborate stratagem, Oppert recognizes *Sultan Jeláluddin of Khwarizm*,

and his temporary success over the Mongols in Afghanistan. In the Armenian Prince Sempad's account, on the other hand, this Christian King of India is *aided* by the Tartars to defeat and harass the neighbouring Saracens, his enemies, and becomes the Mongol's vassal. In the statement of Rubruquis, though distinct reference is made to the conquering Gurkhan (under the name of Coir Cham of Caracaty), the title of *King John* is assigned to the Naiman Prince (*Kushluk*), who had married the daughter of the last lineal sovereign of Karakhitai, and usurped his power, whilst with a strange complication of confusion, Unc Prince of the Crit and Merkit (Kerait and Merkit, two great tribes of Mongolia), and Lord of Caracorum, is made the brother and successor of this Naiman Prince.

When Marco Polo has fairly brought his readers into the presence of the Grand Khan, he enlarges greatly upon his character, power, condition, the state he keeps, his government, palace, sports, and the like. This subject predominates in the earlier part of the second book. Our next extract relates to the Great Khan's paper currency.

The Emperor's Mint, then, is in this same City of Cambaluc, and the way it is wrought is such that you might say he hath the secret of Alchemy in perfection, and you would be right! For he makes his money after this fashion.

He makes them take of the bark of a certain tree, in fact, of the Mulberry Tree, the leaves of which are the food of the silkworms—these trees being so numerous that whole districts are full of them. What they take is a certain white bast or skin, which lies between the wood of the tree and the thick outer bark, and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper, but black. When these sheets have been prepared, they are cut up into pieces of different sizes. The smallest of these sizes is worth a half tornesel; the next, a little larger, one tornesel; one, a little larger still, is worth half a silver groat of Venice; another, a whole groat; others yet, two groats, five groats, and ten groats. There is also a kind worth one Bezant of gold, and others of three Bezants, and so up to ten. All these pieces of paper are issued with as much solemnity and authority as if they were of pure gold or silver; and on every piece a variety of officials, whose duty it is, have to write their names, and to put their seals. And when all is prepared duly, the chief officer deputed by the Kaan smears the Seal entrusted to him with vermilion, and impresses it on the paper, so that the form of the Seal remains stamped upon it in red; the Money is then authentic. Any one forging it would be punished with death. And the Kaan causes every year to be made such a vast quantity of this money, which costs him nothing, that it must equal in amount all the treasure in the world.

With these pieces of paper, made as I have described, he causes all payments on his own account to be made; and he makes them to pass current universally over all his kingdoms, and provinces, and territories, and whithersoever his power and sovereignty extends. And nobody, however important he may think himself, dares to refuse them on pain

of death. And, indeed, everybody takes them readily, for wheresoever a person may go throughout the Great Kaan's dominions, he shall find these pieces of paper current, and shall be able to transact all sales and purchases of goods by means of them just as well as if they were coins of pure gold. And all the while they are so light than ten bezant's worth does not weigh one golden bezant.

Furthermore, all merchants arriving from India or other countries, and bringing with them gold, or silver, or gems, and pearls, are prohibited from selling to any one but the Emperor. He has twelve experts chosen for this business, men of shrewdness and experience in such affairs; these appraise the articles, and the Emperor then pays a liberal price for them in these pieces of paper. The merchants accept his price readily, for in the first place they would not get so good an one from anybody else, and secondly they are paid without any delay. And with this paper money they can buy what they like anywhere over the Empire, whilst it is also vastly lighter to carry about on their journeys. And it is a truth, that the merchants will several times in the year bring wares to the amount of 400,000 bezants, and the Grand Sire pays for all in that paper. So he buys such a quantity of those precious things every year that his treasure is endless, whilst all the while the money he pays away costs him nothing at all. Moreover, several times in the year proclamation is made through the city that any one who may have gold, or silver, or gems, or pearls, by taking them to the Mint shall get a handsome price for them. And the owners are glad to do this, because they would find no other purchaser give so large a price. Thus, the quantity they bring in is marvellous, though those who do not choose to do so may let it alone. Still, in this way, nearly all the valuables in the country come into the Kaan's possession.

When any of those pieces of paper are spoilt—not that they are so very flimsy neither—the owner carries them to the Mint, and by paying 3 per cent. on the value he gets new pieces in exchange. And if any Baron, or any one else soever, hath need of gold, or silver, or gems, or pearls, in order to make plate, or girdles, or the like, he goes to the Mint, and buys as much as he list, paying in this paper money.

The rest of the second book is divided in Colonel Yule's edition into two parts, the first of which contains Marco's account of the provinces and countries west and southwest of Cathay, that is, North China, in the course of which we stumble upon curious chapters about Thibet, Siam, Burmah, Cochinchina, and even Bengal, though it seems uncertain that Messer Marco ever visited the lastnamed province, and, indeed, he often seems to speak from hearsay. The second division of which we speak deals with the eastern provinces of China and Manzi, that is, South China. With regard to this, M. Pauthier, the French editor of Polo, is greatly used by Colonel Yule, and his deep acquaintance with Chinese authorities has enabled him to identify a large proportion of the places mentioned by Marco. Here we meet with towns more or less familiar to us, as

Nganking, Hangchau, Changchau, and others. The third book crosses the sea to Japan, which Polo calls Chipangu—Kublai Khan having made an unsuccessful attempt to subdue that country. Marco then mentions Chamba (Cochin China), Java, Bintang, Sumatra (which he calls the Lesser Java), the Nicobar and Andaman Islands, Ceylon, Malabar (Ma'abar), Meliapor (Mailapùr), a great many provinces of India, Socotra, Madagascar, Zanzibar, Abyssinia, Aden, and Ormuz (Hormos). The fourth book is different in character from those which precede it, as it relates in the main to wars and battles between different Tartar princes, and is, to say the truth, much less interesting than the rest of the work. It would appear that Rusticiano dressed up the narrative in what was the then fashionable style for the relation of military anecdotes, and Col. Yule has been fain to omit the full text of many of the chapters, giving only extracts and a summary of their substance. Near the end of the book we have an account of Siberia (the Land of Darkness) and "Rosia."

We extract from the second book an account of the siege of a city, Saianfu (Siangyang-fu), in Manzi, as to which Messer Marco has been suspected of romancing—at least as far as relates to the part played there by himself and the other Polos. But even as to this Colonel Yule alleges some considerable amount of evidence to show that he may be accurate, though appearances are against him on account of chronological difficulties, and because it is not easy to suppose that the warlike machines mentioned in the story were unknown to the Tartars before this time.

Now you must know that this city held out against the Great Kaan for three years after the rest of Manzi had surrendered. The Great Kaan's troops made incessant attempts to take it, but they could not succeed because of the great and deep waters that were round about it, so that they could approach from one side only, which was the north. And I tell you they never would have taken it, but for a circumstance I am going to relate.

You must know that when the Great Kaan's host had lain three years before the city without being able to take it, they were greatly chafed thereat. Then Messer Nicolo Polo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco said: "We could find you a way of forcing the city to surrender speedily;" whereupon those of the army replied, that they would be right glad to know how that should be. All this talk took place in the presence of the Great Kaan. For messengers had been despatched from the camp to tell him that there was no taking the city by blockade, for it continually received supplies of victual from those

sides which they were unable to invest ; and the Great Kaan had sent back word that take it they must, and find a way how. Then spoke up the two brothers and Messer Marco the son, and said : "Great Prince, we have with us among our followers men who are able to construct mangonels which shall cast such great stones that the garrison will never be able to stand them, but will surrender incontinently, as soon as the mangonels or trebuchets shall have shot into the town."

The Kaan bade them with all his heart have such mangonels made as speedily as possible. Now Messer Nicolo and his brother and his son immediately caused timber to be brought, as much as they desired, and fit for the work in hand. And they had two men among their followers, a German and a Nestorian Christian, who were masters of that business, and these they directed to construct two or three mangonels capable of casting stones of 300 lbs. weight. Accordingly they made three fine mangonels, each of which cast stones of 300 lbs. weight and more. And when they were complete and ready for use, the Emperor and the others were greatly pleased to see them, and caused several stones to be shot in their presence ; whereat they marvelled greatly and greatly praised the work. And the Kaan ordered that the engines should be carried to his army which was at the leaguer of Saianfu.

And when the engines were got to the camp they were forthwith set up, to the great admiration of the Tartars. And what shall I tell you? When the engines were set up and put in gear, a stone was shot from each of them into the town. These took effect among the buildings, crashing and smashing through everything with huge din and commotion. And when the townspeople witnessed this new and strange visitation they were so astonished and dismayed that they wist not what to do or say. They took counsel together, but no counsel could be suggested how to escape from these engines, for the thing seemed to them to be done by sorcery. They declared that they were all dead men if they yielded not, so they determined to surrender on such conditions as they could get. Wherefore they straightway sent word to the commander of the army that they were ready to surrender on the same terms as the other cities of the province had done, and to become the subjects of the Great Kaan ; and to this the captain of the host consented.

So the men of the city surrendered, and were received to terms ; and this all came about through the exertions of Messer Nicolo, and Messer Maffeo, and Messer Marco ; and it was no small matter. For this city and province is one of the best that the Great Kaan possesses, and brings him in great revenues.

Col. Yule adds some very interesting details as to the mediæval engines of war, which seem to have thrown shot quite as large as the largest of our own time.

None of these [engines] depended for their motive force on *torsion* like the chief engines used in classic times. However numerous the names applied to them, with reference to minor variations in construction or differences in power, they may all be reduced to two

classes, viz., *great slings* and *great crossbows*. And this is equally true of all the three great branches of mediæval civilization—European, Saracenic, and Chinese. To the first class belonged the *Trebuchet* and *Mangonel*; to the second the *Winch-Arblast* (*Arbalète à Tour*), *Springald*, &c.

Whatever the ancient *Balista* may have been, the word in mediæval Latin seems always to mean some kind of crossbow. The heavier crossbows were wound up by various aids, such as winches, ratchets, &c. They discharged stone shot, leaden bullets, and short square arrows called *quarrels*, and these with such force we are told as to pierce a six inch post. But they were worked so slowly in the field that they were no match for the longbow, which shot five or six times to their once. The great machines of this kind were made of wood, of steel, and very frequently of horn; and the bow was sometimes more than 30 feet in length. Dufour calculates that such a machine could shoot an arrow of half a kilogram in weight to a distance of about 860 yards.

The *Trebuchet* consisted of a long tapering shaft or beam, pivoted at a short distance from the butt end on a pair of strong pyramidal trestles. At the other end of the shaft a sling was applied, one cord of which was firmly attached by a ring, whilst the other hung in a loop over an iron hook which formed the extremity of the shaft. The power employed to discharge the sling was either the strength of a number of men, applied to ropes which were attached to the short end of the shaft or lever, or the weight of a heavy counterpoise hung from the same, and suddenly released.

Supposing the latter force to be employed, the long end of the shaft was drawn down by a windlass; the sling was laid forward in a wooden trough provided for it, and charged with the shot. The counterpoise was of course now aloft, and was so maintained by a detent provided with a trigger. On pulling this the counterpoise falls and the shaft flies upwards drawing the sling. When a certain point is reached the loop end of the sling releases itself from the hook and the sling flies abroad, whilst the shot is projected in its parabolic flight. To secure the most favourable result the shot should have acquired its maximum velocity, and should escape, at an angle of about 45° . The attainment of this required certain proportions between the different dimensions of the machine and the weight of the shot, for which doubtless traditional rules of thumb existed among the mediæval engineers.

The ordinary shot consisted of stones carefully rounded. But for these were substituted on occasion rough stones with fuses attached, pieces of redhot iron, pots of fused metal, or casks full of Greek fire or of foul matter to corrupt the air of the besieged place. Thus carrion was shot into Negropont from such engines by Mahomed the Second. The Cardinal Octavian besieging Modena in 1249, slings a dead ass into the town. Froissart several times mentions such measures, as at the siege of Thin l'Evêque on the Scheldt in 1340, when "the besiegers by their engines flung dead horses and other carrion into the castle to poison the garrison by their smell." In at least one instance the same author tells how a living man, an unlucky messenger from the Castle of Auberoche, was caught by the besiegers, thrust into the sling with the letters that he bore hung round his neck, and shot into Auberoche, where he fell dead among his horrified comrades. And Lipsius quotes

from a Spanish Chronicle the story of a virtuous youth Pelagius, who by order of the Tyrant Abderramin was shot across the Guadalquivir, but lighted unharmed upon the rocks beyond. Ramon de Muntaner relates how King James of Aragon besieging Majorca in 1228, vowed vengeance against the Saracen King because he shot Christian prisoners into the besiegers' camp with his trebuchets (pp. 223, 224). We have mentioned one kind of corruption propagated by these engines; the historian Wassáf tells of another. When the garrison of Delhi refused to open the gates to Alá'uddin Khilji after the murder of his uncle Firuz (1296), he loaded his mangonels with bags of gold and shot them into the fort, a measure which put an end to the opposition.

Some old drawings represent the shaft as discharging the shot from a kind of spoon at its extremity, without the aid of a sling (e.g. fig. 13), but it may be doubted if this was actually used, for the sling was essential to the efficiency of the engine. The experiments and calculations of Dufour show that without the sling, other things remaining the same, the range of the shot would be reduced by more than a half.

In some of these engines the counterpoise, consisting of a timber case filled with stones, sand, or the like, was permanently fixed to the butt end of the shaft. This seems to have been the *Trebuchet* proper. In others the counterpoise hung free on a pivot from the yard; whilst a third kind (as in fig. 17) combined both arrangements. The first kind shot most steadily and truly; the second with more force.

Those machines in which the force of men pulling cords took the place of the counterpoise could not discharge such weighty shots, but they could be worked more rapidly, and no doubt could be made of lighter scantling. Mr. Hewitt points out the curious resemblance between this kind of Trebuchet and the apparatus used on the Thames to raise the cargo from the hold of a collier.

The Emperor Napoleon deduces from certain passages in mediæval writers that the *Mangonel* was similar to the Trebuchet, but of lighter structure and power. But often certainly the term Mangonel seems to be used generically for all machines of this class. Marino Sanuto uses no word but *Machina*, which he appears to employ as the Latin equivalent of *Mangonel*, whilst the machine which he describes appears to be a Trebuchet with moveable counterpoise. The history of the word appears to be the following. The Greek word *μύγγανον*, "a piece of witchcraft," came to signify a juggler's trick, an unexpected contrivance (in modern slang "*a jim*"), and so specially a military engine. It seems to have reached this specific meaning by the time of Hero the Younger, who is believed to have written in the first half of the 7th century. From the form *μυγγανικόν* the Orientals got *Manganík* and *Manjánik*, whilst the Franks adopted *Mangona* and *Mangonella*. Hence the verbs *manganare* and *amanganare*, to batter and crush with such engines, and eventually our verb "to mangle." Again, when the use of gunpowder rendered these warlike engines obsolete, perhaps their ponderous counterweights were utilized in the peaceful arts of the laundry, and hence gave us our substantive "the Mangle" (It. *Mangano*)!

The Emperor Napoleon when Prince President caused some interesting experiments in the matter of mediæval artillery to be carried out at Vincennes, and a full-sized trebuchet was constructed there. With a shaft of 33 ft. 9 in. in length, having a permanent counterweight of

3,300 lbs. and a pivoted counterweight of 6,600 lbs. more, the utmost effect attained was the discharge of an iron 24-kilo. shot to a range of 191 yds., whilst a 12½-in. shell, filled with earth, ranged to 131 yds. The machine suffered greatly at each discharge, and it was impracticable to increase the counterpoise to 8,000 kilos. or 17,600 lbs. as the Prince desired. It was evident that the machine was not of sufficiently massive structure. But the officers in charge satisfied themselves that, with practice in such constructions and the use of very massive timber, even the exceptional feats recorded of mediæval engineers might be realized.

Such a case is that cited by Quatremère from an Oriental author of the discharge of stones weighing 400 *mans*, certainly not less than 800 lbs. and possibly much more; or that of the Men of Bern, who are reported, when besieging Nidau in 1388, to have employed trebuchets which shot daily into the town upwards of 200 blocks weighing 12 cwt. apiece. Stella relates that the Genoese armament sent against Cyprus in 1373, among other great machines had one called *Troja* (*Truia*?), which cast stones of 12 to 18 hundredweight; and when the Venetians were besieging the revolted city of Zara in 1346, their Engineer, Master Francesco delle Barche, shot into the city stones of 3,000 lbs. weight. In this case the unlucky Engineer was "hoist with his own petard;" for while he stood adjusting one of his engines, it went off, and shot him into the town.

IV.

But it is time for us to part from good Messer Marco, though we are sensible that our extracts have not been sufficient in number to give an adequate idea of the contents of his marvellous book. For the reason which we have already given, we can never expect to see it become very widely known; perhaps it is too sober, too truthful, as well as too concise and sparing of detail to catch the fancy of the general public. There was a time when Marco was looked upon as a romancer, but that time has passed, and he is considered by all good authorities as being remarkably trustworthy and accurate, though there remain a goodly number of difficulties in his pages to tax the energies of future geographers to explain them. His influence on geography and on literature generally may be somewhat exaggerated by certain writers: by some he is credited with having created the appetite of Columbus for discoveries like his own, and so to have led indirectly to the revelation of America to the Old World. The truth seems to be that Marco was by no means alone in making the far East known to the men of his time. That distant East was indeed a subject of interest to the Church for centuries before he lived and travelled, and the traces which we find in history of the very great extent of the Nestorian missions before the rise of the Mongol power bear witness to a very large

extension of the frontiers of Christianity in ages which to us are now comparatively dark. There can be no doubt that metropolitan sees existed in Samarkand, Herat, and even in China, in the eighth century; this is proved, as to China at least, by several incontestable pieces of evidence, among which perhaps the foremost place is occupied by the celebrated monument of Singanfou, which was dug up by chance in the first half of the seventeenth century. In the tenth century Christianity had fallen very low; but when European travellers began to flock eastwards after the rise of the Tartan power, they found a large number of Nestorian Christians in China and Mongolia. Not long after the retirement of the Tartars from their career of Western conquest, when, after the battle of Lignitz (1241), Europe seemed to lie almost at their mercy, we find the idea rising up in Christendom that the formidable invaders might be converted into friends by their acceptance of the Gospel, and might then be used as allies against the Mahometan power. Innocent the Fourth sent John of Plano Carpini, a Franciscan friar, and some companions to the Great Khan in 1245; the friars reached Karakorum, but were haughtily dismissed, and returned to Europe. Another friar, William Rubruquis, a Fleming, was sent some years later by St. Louis to the Tartar chiefs, and he, too, reached Karakorum. Rubruquis, says Col. Yule, in another work, *Cathay, and the way thither*, vol. i., Introd., p. xcvi.,

In the narration of his journey to the Court of Karakorum (1253, 1254), we have frequent mention of the Nestorians and their ecclesiastics, and speaks specifically of the Nestorians of Cathay as having a bishop in Segin on Singanfu. He gives an unfavourable account of the literature and morals of their clergy, which deserves more weight than such statements regarding those looked on as schismatics generally do; for the narrative of Rubruquis gives one the impression of being written by a thoroughly honest and intelligent person. In the time of Marco Polo, we find Nestorian Christians numerous not only at Samarkand, but at Yarkand, whilst there are such also in Chichintalas (identified by Pauthier with the modern Urumtsi, north of the Thian Shan) in Sucheu and Kancheu, and over all the kingdom of Tangut, in Tenduc and the cities east of it, as well as in Manchuria and the countries bordering on Corea. Polo's contemporary, Hayton, also testifies to the number of great and noble Tartars in the Uigar country who held firm to the faith of Christ. . . . (Polo) also speaks of them (Christians) specifically in the remote province of Yunan, and at Chinkiangfu, where they had two churches, built in the travellers own day by Mar Sergius, a Christian officer, who was governor then. Their number and influence in China at the end of the thirteenth century may also be gathered from the

letter of John of Monte Corvino, . . . and in the first part of the following century from the report of the Archbishop of Soltania, who describes them as more than thirty thousand in number, and passing rich people. Probably there was a considerable increase in their numbers about this time, for Odoric, about 1324, found three Nestorian churches in the city of Yangcheu, where Marco would probably have mentioned them if they had existed in his time.

The same writer tells us (p. cxxx.) that during the last thirty years of the thirteenth century and the first few years of the fourteenth, the Mongol sovereigns had frequent communications with European Princes, the great object of which was to obtain alliance against the Sultans of Egypt. He adds also a number of details which prove that commerce was as active as the Church and as Christian sovereigns in intercourse with the Tartars; but that missions and merchants alike disappear from the field soon after the middle of the fourteenth century. The Mongol dynasty in China fell; the Mahometan power once more became predominant in Central Asia, and at the same time the Popes were in exile at Avignon, and the exile of Avignon was succeeded by the great schism. The fourteenth century inherited many hopes as well as many woes from the thirteenth, but it was itself a century of disaster, and distantly prepared the way for the catastrophe of the sixteenth. At another time, and under different circumstances in Europe and elsewhere, Marco Polo's book, and the accounts of the East given by other travellers, might have lighted up a great flame of Christian zeal, and that flame of zeal might have spread and worked until the Church had won so much ground in Asia as to turn it into a stronghold of Christian civilization, from whence it would never have been difficult to conquer to the Cross the as yet unknown world of America. Then, indeed, Christendom might have fulfilled the old aspiration of the Persians, and stretched its empire till it knew no boundaries but those of the heavens which enfold the earth.*

But, if so glorious a consummation is ever to come, so it was not then to be; and now, after so many centuries, Central Asia remains like Central Africa, an enormous field calling for Christian labourers, but which seems at present to be all but uncultivated. A great impulse was given to missionary enterprize by the Portuguese discoveries in the

* γῆν τὴν Περσίδα ἀποδέξομεν τῷ Διὶ αἰθέρι ὁμυρέουσιν οὐ γὰρ δὴ χώραν γε οὐδεμίαν κατόψεται ὁ ἥλιος ὁμυρέουσιν τῇ ἡμετέρῃ (Herod. vii. 8).

East, and after St. Francis Xavier had led the way, hundreds of Christian priests pressed forward to tread in his footsteps and penetrate to the lands which he had been unable to reach. They had to labour from the eastern side of Asia, for the Greek schism and the power of Islam still barred and still bar the way from the west. Then again, there came a time of decadence in Europe itself, in which scarcely anything political has happened for more than a century which has not in some measure tended to check the expansive impulse of Christianity in the world. The Bourbons, a century ago, filled half the thrones of Europe, and they conspired to wrest from the Church a surrender of one of those great religious bodies which furnish her with her best instruments for the conversion of the heathen. The Society of Jesus fell—to rise again, with the fatal gap of more than forty years of extinction to throw it back on its second adolescence; and what throne of Europe is now occupied by a Bourbon? At the same time a chilling blast swept over the missionary fields of Catholicism throughout the world, and later on came blow after blow, the great Revolution and all its as yet unexhausted consequences, to paralyze still further the evangelizing resources of the Church. At the present moment, with a band of pickpockets lording it at Rome herself, whilst the Holy Father is a prisoner in the Vatican, it may not seem natural to form any lofty and daring wishes as to the conquests of the Church. But brighter days succeed, by a law of her existence, to her periods of depression, and we shall not abandon the hope that the darkness which now hangs over the cradle of the human race may soon be rolled away, that the “perfidious nation,” of which the Church speaks in her hymn, may soon be driven from the boundaries of the faithful, and that Eastern Christianity may wake up to new life and strength, and, once more united to the one fold, may have that power, fertility, and permanence accorded to its efforts which they lacked as long as they were made without the Apostolical blessing upon them. Then we may yet indeed see band upon band of Christian missionaries turning their steps eastwards along the track marked out by the old Venetian traveller, until the dominion of Catholic unity extends over all the countries which he has so faithfully described, from the Euxine and the Gulf of Scanderoon to the furthest limits of Cathay.

H. J. C.

A Russian of the last Generation.

OUR readers have lately had submitted to them a brief and summary sketch of the present circumstances of the Russian Church, and of the prospects of religion in the mighty empire which seems destined before long to come forward more prominently than heretofore as a determining influence in the fortunes of the civilized world. The character of the Russian people must necessarily interest all those who look with hope or anxiety on the prospects to which we have referred, and we may expect ere long to find their popular customs and literature, so far as it exists, become better known to Western readers than is now the case. On this head, we have nothing very definite to promise in the following pages. But we conceive that we owe a debt of gratitude to Count A. de Ségur, for having given us so lucid and interesting a sketch of one who may be called a "typical" Russian of the older school as that which is contained in this biography of his grandfather, Count Rostopchine. "Sixty years since," the name of Rostopchine was very familiar in many circles, as that of the Governor of Moscow who had the patriotic and desperate courage to plan and prepare the great conflagration of the ancient Muscovite capital, which had so fatal an influence on the fortunes of Napoleon. Count Rostopchine, at a later period, thought it well to disclaim the deed, but his disclaimer has not gone for much in the opinions of historians, or of the public. What is important at present is, that whether he burnt Moscow or not, he was just the man to do it. What he is said to have done as Governor of the "holy city" is exactly in keeping with the character evinced by the rest of his career, and it is in this sense that we shall proceed to study his life.

Theodore Rostopchine belonged to that race in Russia who kept up the characteristics of their Tartar origin, and who only accepted from necessity, and against the grain, the shallow attempts at civilization forced upon them by Peter the Great. His father, Count Rostopchine, was a man of little cultivation

but considerable talent, and possessing great strength of character. His mother died in giving birth to her second son. Thus Theodore was deprived almost in infancy of the softening influence of a mother's care, and we shall not be surprised to find in him all the roughness of his native race; that unbending determination which he inherited was, however, allied to many noble qualities. Indeed, his biography is chiefly interesting from the fact that he is so complete a specimen of the national character. Theodore was probably born during a brief sojourn of his parents at Moscow in 1765, but he passed his childhood in their own territory of Livna. He began his military career very early, and was appointed successively ensign in 1782, "sublieutenant" in 1785, lieutenant in 1787, and captain in 1789. At about twenty years of age he obtained permission from his father to travel for the completion of his education, and he spent a year in Prussia, partly at Berlin and partly at Gottingen. From the notes that he made at this period it is evident that he led a studious life, giving up only his evenings to the pleasures of society.

Upon his return to St. Petersburg, Rostopchine took up his military life with fresh ardour, and was burning with a desire for active service, which was soon granted. He acted as a volunteer at the siege of Oczakow, and for one year he served immediately under Souvarow, whose favour he gained by his readiness of speech. Upon his first introduction, after a few sentences, the General gravely asked him how many fish were contained in the Neva, and the young officer answered by the first number that came into his head, without a moment's hesitation. This presence of mind won for him the affection and protection of Souvarow, which he was able to repay fully in later years, when he used his influence with the Emperor Paul in his favour. After this campaign Theodore Rostopchine returned to St. Petersburg, where, besides his military duties and the serious study with which he occupied his time, he also entered into the pleasures of society, in which he was well fitted to shine by his brilliancy and originality. But he could not disguise his contempt for the corruption which reigned in the higher classes, and by the severity of his strictures he gained for himself more enemies than afterwards by the glory which he won, or even by the burning of Moscow.

In 1792 Rostopchine left the army, and was placed at the Court of the Empress Catharine. Here he began his connection with the Emperor Paul, then hereditary Grand Duke, and we

ofs of the manliness and justice of his character in his
towards Paul. Paul was kept in the background and
treated by the Empress. He lived a very retired life at
na, and the twelve courtiers appointed to attend him by
ere ready enough to imitate their betters by treating him
glect and insult. Rostopchine was willing to supply those
ns which were omitted by the rest, but when two weeks
and no one came to relieve him from his post, his
tion burst forth at such negligence towards the Prince.
sulted in quarrels and recriminations which reached the
Catharine, and Rostopchine was banished for a year from
rt. But he had gained the affection of the Grand Duke,
friendship then formed lasted during life, and did honour
both, for the favourite was unsparing in his candour,
ie master generally accepted it in good part.
ing the year of exile which now followed, Rostopchine
Prussia a second time. He evidently did not increase
ction for that country, and the notes that he has kept of
urn there are not wanting in force and satire; a few
will serve to illustrate the character of the man, as well
of the people he was depicting—

frontier. The town of Tsillintsig is small, ugly, and contains
remarkable; its most beautiful buildings are, as in all the small
Germany, the town hall, the cathedral, and post house. Here
e Prussian States, the German language, and the reign of
patience. Ah, unhappy Russian traveller, weep and forget the
coachmen. Forget that horses can trot or gallop. You know
rings that barbarians inflict upon Christians, but the latter can
med from their slavery, while as for yourself, alas! nothing can

poste. It is managed by post masters who, for the most part,
ed officers, boasters, and chatterboxes. They have in their
bout sixteen large, heavy looking horses, with thick legs. First
master inspects the traveller's carriage with the view of
; an additional horse, which he always manages to do when he
orters at hand, or when he happens to be a little more tipsy
al. This rests with him, for the traveller is completely in his
Then the horses are fed, while the postillions also refresh
es. The post master smokes his pipe, shakes out the ashes,
and smokes it again, relating his own history, his heroic deeds,
er of wounds, the esteem in which the King holds him, and so
all this lasts till the time for starting. . . . At first I was
t, but now my feelings are quite touched by the consideration
immovable post is called the *extra poste*—that is, the express!
wonderful that it should be so in Prussia when we remember
gmatic temperament of the people. In the schools of philosophy

in ancient Greece, it required years to inculcate patience, but in these modern times the Prussian *poste* can form philosophers in a few miles. This *poste* is an unbearable torture, and the post masters are pitiless tyrants. Neither prayers, nor persuasion, nor tears, can move them; they will, through a cloud of smoke, emit the one word *gleich* (directly), and this *gleich*, which is their reply to everything, lasts an hour and a half. Some people have been goaded to fury, and struck them, but then, and still more slowly, they were conveyed by this *poste* to courts of justice, and condemned to heavy penalties. Others have given vent to abuse, but then the post master will fetch a rusty sword, and threaten to seek reparation for his wounded honour. I generally cast my malediction upon them, and went for a walk, or I would sit in the carriage and read, which was the only means by which I could stifle my anger and my regrets at having started for a foreign country.

Gleich is the word with which both post master and postillion endeavour to soothe the traveller's impatience. This *gleich* of the Prussian *poste* is, in comparison with the Russian *cey-tchass*, the French *à l'instant*, the Italian *subito*, and the English *directly*, like unto eternity in comparison with a moment.

After this journey in Prussia, Rostopchine returned to the Court of Russia, and about 1795 he married Catharine Protassow, daughter of Count Protassow, Civil Governor of Kalouga. She, with her four sisters, had been brought up by her aunt, the Countess Anna Stephanowna Protassow, maid of honour and favourite of the Empress Catharine. The young Countess Rostopchine was pretty, lively, and very well informed. She had acquired from her aunt the distinguished manners of the Court, but she was preserved from its corrupt influence by her taste for serious study, and by the high tone of her mind. She was eighteen, and Rostopchine thirty years of age, at the time of their marriage. Their first child, Sergius, was born a year later, and he was followed by seven others, three of whom died early in life. Soon after the marriage of Rostopchine, his position was quite changed by the death of the Empress Catharine, in 1796. Paul became Emperor under the title of Paul the First, and Rostopchine was at once one of the principal persons in the Empire. As is usual in such cases, he found the whole Court ready to bow down before him. Rostopchine has left to posterity an account of the Empress Catharine's death full of detail and good feeling. It is too long for insertion here, but some extracts we may give. We take up the account where the Empress is dying from an attack of apoplexy, and the Grand Duke Paul is hurrying to her side.

Having passed the palace of Tchesma, the Grand Duke got out of the carriage for a moment, and I called his attention to the beauty of

the night. It was clear and tranquil, and it was only three degrees below the freezing point. The moon was now and then concealed by clouds, and sometimes afforded us her full light; it seemed as though all the elements were hushed into a solemn calm in presence of the great event which was about to take place. I glanced at the Grand Duke at the moment when his eyes were turned towards the unclouded moon, and I perceived that his face was bathed in tears. Strongly impressed by the emotions to which this day had given rise, and devoted heart and soul to him who was about to take possession of the Russian throne, as well as to my native country, I realized fully the grave consequences of those influences which might first obtain power over a despotic sovereign who was full of vigour, health, and impetuosity, and who had lost the power of selfcontrol; forgetting, therefore, the distance of our position, I seized his hand, and said, "Sire, what a moment is this for you," to which, pressing mine in return, he replied, "Patience, my friend, I have lived forty two years, and God has sustained me, doubtless He will also give me the strength and wisdom necessary for the position of life to which He has called me. I hope all things from His goodness." He reentered his carriage, and at halfpast eight o'clock reached St. Petersburg, where few people knew the events that were occurring. The palace was filled with persons of various conditions assembled either by duty, fear, or curiosity, and who watched with disgust the close of a long reign and the commencement of another. . . . The Grand Duke, after entering his own apartments, went to those where his mother was lying, and in passing through those chambers, thronged with people who were watching for his access to the throne, he was affable and courteous to them all, while they received him, not as the heir, but rather as their sovereign. Having conversed with the doctors, and received from them particulars of the case, he retired with the Grand Duchess into a side chamber, and sent for those with whom he desired to speak or to whom he wished to give orders.

Among the different scenes sketched by Rostopchine in his account of Catharine's last hours, is an incident eminently characteristic of a Court, and it was not likely to pass unnoticed by one of his sardonic temperament. Zoubow had been in favour with the Empress, and it was probably not known that Paul had promised him his protection. Rostopchine writes—

Having entered one of the public rooms, I saw Prince Zoubow seated in a corner. The crowd of courtiers held aloof from him as though he had the plague, and though he was dying with thirst he could get no one to fetch him even a glass of water. I sent a lackey for one and presented it to him myself, but those around, who refused him this attention would, the previous night, have built a splendid castle in the air upon the smallest notice received from him, jostling one another to get near that favourite, in this very room which was now converted into a crowded desert, so far as he was concerned.

In spite of the friendship which bound Rostopchine to the new Emperor, and the tokens of affection which Paul the First

showered upon him, his position was not an easy one, and afforded him ample opportunity for showing the straightforward honesty of his nature. He did not scruple to risk the favour of his sovereign when the interest of that sovereign or of his country required it. Paul began his reign by acts of very wise legislation, but this was soon marred by outrageous follies and caprices. At one time, out of hatred for France, he would proscribe all French fashions, giving orders himself as to what should be worn. At another time he would decree that all men and women should alight from their carriages and bow down before him, and such like absurdities. On one occasion, showing some logic in his folly, he took it into his head to say mass, in his capacity as supreme Head of the orthodox Church. "Since I am their Head," he said, "I have a right to do as they do." In spite of all that could be said he gave orders for magnificent vestments, had a chapel fitted up suitable to what he considered his pontifical rank, and would have accomplished this ridiculous sacrilege, only a Russian bishop bethought him of the objection that, according to St. Paul, a widower who had married again could not be received into Holy Orders. This argument disarmed him, and so changeable was his nature that, the project once put off, he thought no more about it. The Emperor was violent and yet weak, proud, habitually mistrustful, anxious to do well and yet often doing much evil, of great intelligence and yet acting like a fool, as incapable alike of controlling his subjects as he was his passions, and often causing all those who surrounded him to tremble. Thus he unconsciously hastened towards the catastrophe which was to terminate abruptly his life as well as his reign. Rostopchine seemed the only man who could guide him and who ventured to speak the truth. He had to use much discretion and tact, now managing him in one way, now in another, and Paul often got furious and ordered him into exile, recalling him, however, very shortly, for he seemed unable to live without him.

Though generally using much address and even flattery in his management of the Emperor, Rostopchine spoke boldly enough when his master's or his country's interest required it. The following anecdote will prove this, Paul returned from parade one day greatly irritated, because he considered the cloth used for the soldier's uniform to be of very bad quality, and he ordered Rostopchine to write at once and desire that the cloth should be procured every year from England. Rostopchine

replied that such a command would be tantamount to closing the national manufacture and ruining the Russian merchants, but, as Paul insisted, he wrote the letter and gave it to the Emperor to sign, but after his signature he added—"Do nothing of the kind ; he is crazy." When Paul observed that he was adding something on his own account, he quietly handed him the epistle. Paul was walking up and down the room ; he turned pale, strided up and down a few more seconds, then threw the letter into the fire and embraced Rostopchine, saying, "You are right, and I thank you. Would to heaven that all my servants were like you." On another occasion the Emperor was irritated for some reason against his wife, the Empress Mary, and ordered Rostopchine to prepare an edict consigning her to the Convent of Solovetsk, and declaring her two youngest sons to be illegitimate. At first Rostopchine tried to bring him to reason, but finding he was too angry to listen to his persuasions, he allowed a few hours to pass, and then addressed to him the following letter—

Sire,—Your orders are being put into execution, and I am now busy preparing the fatal document. Tomorrow morning I shall have the misfortune of presenting it to you. May God grant that you may not have the misfortune to sign it, and thus to write in history a page which will cover with shame the whole of your reign. Heaven has granted you all that was necessary for your own happiness and for the good of others, but you create a hell for yourself and condemn yourself to dwell therein. I am too bold, and expose myself to ruin, but in my disgrace I shall console myself by the thought that I am worthy of your favours and of my own honour.

A few minutes afterwards he received a despatch from the Emperor containing his own letter and these words, written by Paul with his own hand—

You are a terrible man, but you are right, let nothing more be said on the subject. Let us sing, and forget all trace of it.
Adieu, Signor Rostopchine.

Except for a few brief estrangements caused by the candour of Rostopchine, he always retained the confidence of Paul, and the letters patent conferring on him the title of Count, give a surprising enumeration of the honours and public appointments which were showered upon him. He rendered many great services to his country, and among other instances of his policy may be named his influence in frustrating the schemes of

Dumouriez, who visited St. Petersburg with the hope of drawing Paul the First into a fresh alliance against France. Rostopchine, though hating the atrocities of the French Revolution, retained a regard for France as a nation, and became dazzled by the success of Napoleon. He led Paul to look upon him as the restorer of peace and order, and passed rapidly from suspicion and hatred to hopefulness and admiration; but though it was easy to influence the mind of the Emperor, it was impossible to restrain his impetuosity. Paul took up violently the cause of Napoleon, and turned ruthlessly upon his former allies. He had afforded generous hospitality to Louis the Eighteenth at Mitau, but now he ordered him and his suite to quit Russian soil within forty eight hours. His conduct with regard to England was equally rash, so that he plunged into hostilities very injurious to the welfare of Russia, for the cessation of intercourse with England seriously affected the commercial interests of the country. The dissatisfaction this caused probably hastened the tragic termination of his life. All around him were already groaning under his violence and caprice, and even his own family were not safe from the suspicious temper which darkened his life, and led him to commit insane acts of tyranny.

The plot which was destined to end his wild career was inaugurated by Count Pahlen, who was high in office, and enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, but was ambitious and patriotic, and became alarmed at a policy which threatened ruin both to his country and himself. He concerted with Count Panine, who also had a responsible post in the Ministry, and they decided on putting an end to the power of Paul, though it is not certain that Panine knew of the plot for assassination. As far as the Grand Duke Alexander was concerned, it is clear that he believed the scheme consisted only in an enforced abdication, and thus his passive consent was obtained. One step more had to be taken, namely, to banish from the Court the only two men whose attachment to the Emperor might act as a safeguard to him. This was only too easy with a man of his stormy nature. General Arachtchéief was removed from St. Petersburg, and Paul was by some means irritated against Rostopchine, who had to depart upon one of those periods of exile, which, though frequent, were generally so short in their duration.

There is no occasion here to enter into the painful details of the assassination of Paul, which are a matter of history. The

Grand Duke Alexander learnt too late that he had unconsciously been a party to the murder of his father, but he could not openly resent a crime to the planning of which he had in a measure been privy. Although it was given out that Paul the First had died from a sudden attack of apoplexy, there was no doubt in the public mind as to the true nature of the event, and the horror which it excited proves that civilization had made some progress during the previous half century. Rostopchine mourned sincerely the death of his benefactor, and declared openly that except for his absence it could not have occurred. This was evidently the opinion also of his master, for when his suspicions, which were ever on the alert, took definite form, his confidence in his old friend and favourite returned. There is a certain pathos in the few words which Paul sent to Rostopchine only a few days before his assassination—

I want you, return quickly.—PAUL.

The missive reached him too late, for when Rostopchine arrived at St. Petersburg, it was to hear of his master's sudden death, and to return home in sorrow—this time a voluntary exile.

The Emperor Alexander offered Rostopchine a post of honour, but he declined it, and retired to his estate at Voronovo. He had high ideas of the duties incumbent on a Russian noble on his own estates, for his opinions were autocratic, and perhaps the care which he bestowed upon the administration of justice prevented his realizing the abuses which too often accrue from the unlimited power. The horrors of the French Revolution had made a deep impression upon him, and he confounded the false cry of liberty with the claims of constitutional government.

During his retirement, Rostopchine's letters give continual proof of his kindly nature. One which he wrote upon the death of Kraft, his family physician, is full of gratitude for the professional care received during his residence at the *château*, and expressive also of grief, as at the loss of a valued friend. Many specimens are left to us of his intercourse with Prince Tsitsianow, one of his dearest friends, and a few extracts will convince us that, spite of the roughness of his nature, and the barbarous character often attributed to him, he possessed a warm and tender heart and much nobility of character.

Prince Tsitsianow had been appointed General of the Caucasian Army and Governor of Georgia: he took Ganja, and filled his position with considerable honour, but he perished

in 1809, the victim of a treacherous plot; on one occasion, Rostopchine writes—

I would that my hand were withered for having signed the union between Georgia and Russia when I was Minister of Foreign Affairs, for that union now makes me tremble for your life.

When, at the beginning of 1804, Rostopchine heard that his friend had taken the important town of Ganja, he congratulated him thus—

Glory to God, and glory also to you! Not because you have, without artillery, taken the Asiatic Gibraltar; neither because you have added the laurels of Ganja to those of Ostchakow and Ismaël; but because your entreaties, and that voice which is the echo of a great soul and noble heart, have penetrated the minds of your soldiers, and you have turned ferocious tigers into human beings! I am convinced, that upon the battle field you looked forward with joy to giving up the service, and that in your heart you exclaimed, like Frederick the Great, “My God, when will You put an end to my torment?” Now we may consider how your application will be received; whether you will be granted an honourable dismissal, or whether, by compensation, they will induce you to remain at your post. Your letter is like yourself, and I see by the date that it was written before the attack. So much the better for you, to give up your appointments after so grand an exploit, that you leave to your successor not the anxiety of taking a fortress, but only the trouble of guarding it. I admire your way of relating events; one recognizes in it the pen which gave an account of the taking of Grodno, which was so much talked about, and described as exemplary and unexampled. I think, too, it is a happy expression, that “the mercy of the sovereign penetrated the hearts of the soldiers, in spite of irritation.” If you had been present when I read your letter and your account of events, you would have been convinced how thoroughly I know and understand you. My tears would have flowed upon you; but I trust that life will still grant us many opportunities for mutual sympathy, and of shedding such tears together.

Later on he writes—

It is a great sorrow to me, dear friend, that you should be too much engaged to write to me oftener. I am constantly tormenting myself about you, and when I have no immediate reason for anxiety I ask myself when I shall see you, and whether it will be a long time hence. However, it is the will of God, to which all thoughtful beings must submit. May God watch over you; having blessed your soul, He will save your body, and restore you to your friends who are longing impatiently for you.

The glance afforded us by these quotations into the tenderness of Rostopchine's heart will lead us to imagine what such a *man* must have been with a beloved wife and children, in whom, to use his own words, he found all the elements of happiness.

His pen gives us many traits of paternal fondness. Here is an account of his children. Sergius, his firstborn, comes first in his notice—

Sergius makes wonderful progress in geography and history, particularly with regard to Russia, which, thanks to his mother, he knows as a Russian should do. He has a taste for drawing, is clever in arithmetic, and speaks French, English, and German as fluently as he does Russian. He is passionately fond of reading, but is not allowed to indulge it too much, because of his delicate health, which also renders him a little timid. In face he is the portrait of his mother, except for the colour of his eyes. He is obstinate, like myself, when force is used with him, but he is amenable to reason and has an excellent heart. Natascha has a very pretty face, sparkling with wit, and she often gives proof of intelligence beyond her age. She is very attractive, and, like her mother, fond of constant occupation. Sophalette, having rude health, plays the part of buffoon; she is most intelligent, and delights in inventing little histories beyond the comprehension of the listeners. On one occasion, having made a mistake in copying from a book, she thought she would correct the book itself, but the ink made a blot and her guilt was discovered. When her mother once told her she could not read her writing she replied—"But why should you wish to read what I write, when you possess so many books?" Natascha touched our hearts deeply. Every time we gave her medicine or arranged her pillows she would kiss our hands, saying—"I am better, go and take some rest." One more incident regarding Sophie. She heard little Alovville praising my wife's writing, and saying—"When I am grown up I shall write as well as that." Sophie became red with anger, and exclaimed—"That is good! You, a little girl, to talk of writing like mama, who is a clever lady!" I must tell you that my daughters resemble me in being passionate. Natascha knows how to control herself, but the youngest gives way to fits of anger, notwithstanding the sermons she gets. One day she dropped some stitches in a stocking she was knitting, which made her go into a fit of despair and cry out—"Now I cannot live any longer; I must and will die." Her sister having told her it was very wicked to talk like that, she replied, through her tears—"God will forgive me, I am so miserable."

One more expression from the pen of Rostopchine may complete the picture of domestic affection which we would draw of him in his six years of retirement from public business—

I have grown so into the habit of being surrounded by my wife and children, that when business obliges me to be absent for a few days I cannot take leave without a feeling of despair.

Further on, alluding to such a parting, he writes—

My departure was sorrowful. Those who know my wife will understand this; but I was free from anxiety about my children. They were with their mother, who is their mentor, their guardian, their example, and their protector in God's sight.

Although in his tranquil home life Rostopchine felt no regrets, and had no ambitious longings for public honours, his ardent love for his country kept alive his interest in the politics of the day, and allowing his judgment to be influenced by the result of false liberty in France, he felt a profound mistrust for the liberal tendencies shown by the Emperor Alexander, and was anxious that Russia should retain her autocratic form of government without being imbued with the political bias either of France or England. He indulged in a dream of wise and Christian government without any change in the existing system, not perceiving that in a country where the laws depended upon the personal will of the sovereign there could be no guarantee for such just legislation as he would have desired. The establishment of the French Empire does not seem to have startled him, and he writes upon the subject—

I have just heard that a messenger has arrived at St. Petersburg with the intelligence that Bonaparte has accepted the title of Emperor of the French and King of Italy. . . . Thus he has brought France back to her original form of government, after first accustoming her to his despotic power. It amuses me to observe that men will never own they have been fools, and that it was hardly worth while to put to death two millions of people, to behead all the authorities, to upset everything, and to commit a thousand horrible sacrileges in order to convert a simple captain into an Emperor and a King.

The murder of the Duc d'Enghien shocked him, and he soon perceived the encroaching policy of Napoleon, but he was anxious to avoid a war which he considered would be disastrous to Russia. At this time his correspondence is expressive of most melancholy prognostications, but a nature like his could not remain long inactive. He had purchased a *château* at Moscow, where he spent some portion of every year, and the high position which he had held during the reign of Paul the First had naturally led to his being drawn into public affairs. His writings first led to this result, for he had many gifts that qualified him for authorship, though only two specimens are preserved to us; one brochure, entitled the *Soliloquy of Sila Andrevitsch Bagatzen*, made a great sensation, and probably led to the appointment of Rostopchine to be Governor of Moscow. Many blamed it for its caustic severity, but it seems to have produced its intended effect in rousing national ardour. In this brochure a wounded officer, just returned from war, is supposed to be reflecting upon the past greatness of his country,

and lamenting that it had now become the rendez-vous of French-men, while Russians were proud to pay court to, and imitate them. He continues—

What are our children now taught? To pronounce French well, to turn out their toes, and to curl their hair. He only is thought witty and agreeable whom a Frenchman can claim as his countryman. How can our people love their country when they do not even know their own language! How can they defend their faith, their sovereign, or their native land, if they are not taught God's law, and are allowed to treat Russians like bears! . . . What need we desire better than to be Russians? We need feel no shame in coming forward; let us raise our heads, we have plenty to say for ourselves. Who are these people who have come amongst us, and to whom we confide our children? So long as they pronounce French well, nothing else seems to affect us; we allow them to cast insult upon our nation without dismay. Is not this a disgrace? In other countries, French is taught to children, but only that they may know it, not that it may replace their mother tongue. . . . Two maxims suffice for a law to the French—all that succeeds is right; all that one can take, one may keep. Slaken their reins, and a revolution follows. What have they done during the last twenty years? They have destroyed, ruined, and burnt everything.

The article goes on in this way for some time, and then, as it were by comparison, appeals to the patriotism of the Russians, reminding them that they, who had such reason to be proud of their ancestors, need not cringe to foreigners.

The peace of Tilsit gave brief hopes of tranquillity, which, however, Rostopchine never shared; he restrained all incitements to war, but still looked forward to it calmly as inevitable. About this time his domestic life received rather a severe shock, and though the event was a happy one, Rostopchine commands our sympathy by the forbearance he evinced in what to him must have been a great trial. The Countess Rostopchine, in spite of the many amiable qualities which endeared her to her husband, had been brought up without any serious religious belief, and although she appreciated the beauties of the Christian faith, it was only to exclaim, with a sigh, "What a pity that so beautiful a belief should not be true!" Many circumstances, however, conduced to draw her nearer to the truth—the experience of earthly vanity, intercourse with eminent Christians, and an intimacy with Count Joseph de Maistre, all had a share in rousing her to inquiry, and she was much edified by the zeal and charity of the Jesuits, who had been hospitably received in Russia when banished from other parts of Europe. Serious study and meditation had ripened these good influences, and a

small book of controversy lent to her by the Catholic curé at Moscow completed the good work. The Countess at once abjured the Greek schism, and made her confession of faith under this same priest, but, by his earnest advice, she unwillingly consented to keep her conversion secret for a time. The details of her religious life at this time are most interesting, and take us back in thought to the early ages of Christianity. Every week the priest dined with Count Rostopchine, who kept almost open house when residing in Moscow. After dinner the Countess would walk up and down with the priest as though in conversation, and so would make her confession. When they were beyond the reach of observation he would give her a small pyx, containing seven consecrated particles, and would receive from her in return an empty pyx, to be refilled for her the following week. She would then retire into her chamber, which, according to the Russian custom, was adorned with icons of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and where lamps were kept burning night and day. There she would place the Blessed Sacrament on her *priedieu* and adore her hidden God, then return to the company as though nothing unusual had happened. Every day she received a sacred particle, communicating herself like the Christians of the first centuries.

When the time came for her to tell the Count, it cost her a severe struggle, since she was well acquainted with his patriotic devotion to the national Church, and she had not only to encounter the violence of his temper, but to inflict a wound upon the heart she loved. However, she had already begun to reproach herself with cowardice for so long a concealment; one morning, therefore, after communion she went to her husband, and said with simplicity—"I have a secret to tell you, and I am going to cause you great sorrow, but I am not free to avoid it, for I have obeyed the will of God. I am a Catholic!" He stood silent and motionless as one paralyzed, and she left him without his speaking a word. For a week he never addressed a syllable to her, but his angry and melancholy countenance sufficiently expressed his displeasure. However, at the end of a week he approached her in his usual manner, took her hand, and embracing her, exclaimed—"You have indeed pierced my heart, but as your conscience commanded you to become a Catholic, you were right to obey it. It is the will of God, and we will speak of it no more." And indeed he never brought up the subject again. This was the only serious

dissension they ever had, but at this very period, in one of his writings, he mentions her in a way that can hardly be surpassed for affection and respect.

Having thus disclosed her secret to her husband, the Countess Rostopchine was eager to impart it to her sisters, one of whom, the Countess Vassiltchikow, had recently died; the other three she met together at Moscow, the Princess Galitzine and the Countess Tolstoy, who were married, and the Countess Barbe Protassow, who had remained single. When in their presence she announced her change of faith, she looked for reproaches and regrets, but instead of this, the Princess threw herself into her arms, saying, "I also am a Catholic." "And so am I," exclaimed the Countess Barbe. After the first joy at this discovery, the Countess Rostopchine began to lament that her dead sister had not had this grace. "Do not weep for her," said the Princess Galitzine, "she became a Catholic three months before her death." Thus, out of four sisters, three had been converted to the Catholic faith without any mutual interchange of their opinions, and if we may look upon them as conveying some idea of religious bias in Russia, it will afford great hopes for the gradual progress of Catholicity in that country.

To return to Count Rostopchine. He had not long been at the head of affairs at Moscow before the course of events proved that war with France was unavoidable, and upon the 24th of June, 1812, after repulsing all overtures for peace, Napoleon crossed the Niémen, and set foot on Russian territory. But he who had conquered till he scarcely thought defeat possible, was in his turn to be vanquished by enemies different from any he had yet encountered. He had never calculated on the severities of a Russian winter, nor the selfsacrificing hardihood of the Russian character. In its progress, the French army met with the passive resistance of conflagrations and deserted towns. Even after the hardfought victory at Smolensk, they gained possession at last, only to find it a heap of ruins. The most serious attempt at resistance was at the Moskowa, which was in itself so disastrous to the Russians. At every step that Napoleon advanced towards Moscow, the valour and patriotism of the Russians increased, but especially did Rostopchine, in his capacity as Governor, keep up the courageous determination of the people by his various proclamations and exhortations. Kovtowsow had been appointed commander in chief of the army, and, confiding in his good faith, Rostopchine had believed

the accounts of victory, until the intelligence reached him of the defeat and bloodshed of Borodino, near the Moskowa. He also believed in his assurances of another battle soon to follow. But time passed, while he awaited in vain the signal to arms. At last he visited the camp, and he has left among his memoirs a description full of wrathful contempt of his interview with Kovtowsow, who he declares did nothing to merit the title of "saviour of Russia." The generals assembled in camp were of opinion that no engagement could take place with the army situated as it then was, and Rostopchine returned to the city in great anger, but undismayed, ready to play his part in the terrible drama. From this moment, perhaps, may date his determination of burning Moscow, for a few words dropped by him to the Prince of Wurtemberg give a clue to his thoughts. During the same evening he received a formal intimation of the abandonment of Moscow, upon which he wrote the following furious but dignified note to the Emperor Alexander, who was as much startled as himself upon finding the true state of affairs—

An aide-de-camp of Prince Kovtowsow has brought me a letter, in which he asks my police officers to guide the army in the direction of Riaisan. Your Majesty! Kovtowsow's conduct decides the fate of the capital, and of your whole empire. Russia will shudder when she hears of the evacuation of that city wherein is concentrated the greatness of the whole State, and wherein are resting the ashes of your Majesty's ancestors. I represent the army. I take all with me, and it only remains for me to weep over my country.

After this, Rostopchine rapidly completed his arrangements for the evacuation of Moscow. It was observed afterwards, as significant, that among other measures, he ordered the removal of all the fire engines; that when questioned he answered—"I have very good reason for it;" but immediately added, "Still, for my own use, I have only brought away the horse which I ride and the clothes which I wear." All the inhabitants hurried to depart, and when Rostopchine passed through the gates, three cannons were fired as a signal for the dispersion of the populace, which served also as a formal abandonment by Rostopchine of his post as Governor. To his son Sergius, then a youth of sixteen, who was riding by his side, he turned and said—"Salute Moscow for the last time, since in half an hour it will be in flames." This adieu to the city took place on the 14th September, 1812.

Napoleon, upon reaching the term of his hopes, expected to be met by offers of surrender, but not a soul appeared. Two

hours passed ; then the cry arose that Moscow was deserted. He concealed his chagrin, and ordered that the city should be preserved uninjured, strictly forbidding any pillage. After the first night, however, the truth began to dawn upon the invaders. One fire after another broke out. At first it was attributed to the recklessness of a victorious soldiery, but soon the conflagration was proved to be the result of an organized plan, the perpetrators having been left in Moscow for that purpose. At first Napoleon smiled incredulously at the report of the flames which surrounded him, then he strode excitedly in the direction of the fire. Soon, however, he perceived that the destruction was universal, for, turn which way he would, the terrible element blocked up the path ; so at last he was driven back to the Kremlin, as the only safe place. This, the palace of the Czars, he was determined he would not yield ; yet, ere long, the cry of "Fire" once more arose. Twice the flames were extinguished, to burst forth again. But a Russian soldier succeeded in setting fire to the tower of the Arsenal. It could no longer be doubted that the edifice was doomed to destruction. This decided Napoleon, and on the 17th September he ordered a guide to conduct him from the city in the direction of St. Petersburg. It appeared, however, as though the walls were besieged by an ocean of fire, and their first attempts were useless. At last, they escaped through a gate leading towards the Moskowa ; but even then they seemed for a time in still greater danger—fire and smoke hemmed them in. Napoleon jumped from his horse, and ran down one narrow passage which alone was open. Those who followed him had to cover their faces to protect them from scorching, while they seemed to be walking on red-hot coals. Fortunately for them, a detachment of soldiers met and guided them in safety, though even in their flight they encountered fresh danger, for they were compelled to pass a large supply of gunpowder. But we need not follow their fortunes, since our interest at present is with Rostopchine, who risked this appalling act and all its consequences rather than yield the pride of his country to the exultation of its foe. It is true that he has shrunk from the responsibility, or the glory, of acknowledging himself its author, but the weight of evidence would be difficult to disprove. Upon leaving Moscow, he joined the army of Kovtowsow, which was marching towards the west, passing his splendid *château* at Voronovo. Rostopchine went towards it, and, in spite of the remonstrances of those Generals who accompanied

him, he set fire to it. In the presence of the Generals, he said, "What I could not myself do at Moscow, I will accomplish here, in setting fire, with my own hand, to this dwelling, which I would desire to be twenty times as beautiful and costly." Sir Robert Wilson, who was then with the Russian army, has left us an account of this scene. When Rostopchine entered the *château* lighted torches were distributed to those who accompanied him, and who remained near the entrance, while he passed to his own room. Here he paused a moment, and the memories of past happiness seemed to crowd upon him. He was profoundly moved, so that even his hand trembled in the act of destroying these mementos of his dearest affections. Suddenly turning to Sir Robert Wilson, he said, "This is my bridal bed; I have not the heart to set it on fire; spare me this grief!" The Englishman was greatly touched, and hesitated to render so painful a service, until he had seen Rostopchine set light to the rest of the apartment. He did not remain long with Kovtowsow, of whom he wrote and spoke with the bitterest contempt. It was hardly likely that the comparatively passive policy of the one should satisfy the fiery energy of the other.

Rostopchine was still Governor of Moscow, where he received, on his return, the most enthusiastic applause, the whole population forgetting their ruined homes to greet him, who was here honoured as the saviour of Russia. This, however, was not to last. When excitement had cooled down, the merchants and nobles realized the extent of their disaster, so that he was treated at first with silence, then complaints were raised against his administration, until Alexander sent functionaries to inquire into the matter. No immediate result followed, but Rostopchine, who understood human nature well, prepared to resume his private life, though while continuing at his post he exerted himself energetically to restore public order. The last events of his governorship were the rejoicings at the conclusion of peace in 1814. When, a month afterwards, the Emperor entered Moscow, he treated Rostopchine with marked coldness. There is reason to suppose they never came to an open rupture, the Emperor conferring upon Rostopchine the dignity of Counsellor of the Empire, but it remained an honorary one, and he retired permanently from the honours and duties of public life at the age of forty nine. After this he lived once more the routine of private virtue, for which we have already had to admire him, not, however, in the tranquillity of his country home, as his health

rendered travelling desirable, and still more did the resentment jealousy of the Russians compel him to seek repose on a foreign soil. His first journey was to Toplitz, his second to Carlsbad, during which we have many scraps of his penmanship, full as ever of tender affection, alternating with powerful hits of satire. For a time his health improved; but the following year he had again to wander, on which occasion he visited France for the first time, passing by Stuttgardt and Frankfort to Paris.

There could hardly have been a more unfavourable time to visit this capital, still the scene of contending parties, as well as suffering from the results of previous war and revolution. To a man of his iron temperament, the character of the French must have appeared to great disadvantage, ready as they seemed to turn from one form of government to another, forgetful alike of revolutionary horrors and the disasters of war. At any rate, in Rostopchine's notes at this period there are many sharp satires against the French; nor does a closer acquaintance seem to have altered his views, for even at the close of his sojourn, his descriptions breathe the same tone of contempt, at the same time that he prognosticates those further changes which eventually occurred. His sarcastic criticisms, however, apply chiefly to the political character of the people, and he rendered ample justice to their courtesy and amiability in private life. In his earlier history we were amused by the almost pathetic description of German slowness and obstinacy, especially in the matter of post horses, and we are thus prepared to sympathize in his delight at the promptitude with which these arrangements could be made in France. He writes to his wife—

The roads are splendid, . . . the management of the *poste* excellent; without the horses having been ordered beforehand, they were changed in ten minutes. But what may surprise you most is that they only employ three horses, while in Germany one had a fight to be let off with six. I have cordially made my peace with the French; in their own country they are so different from elsewhere. Their character is one of ready politeness, which is evidently instinctive, for even the peasants, beggars, and postillions make pretty speeches to you quite naturally.

Immediately upon his arrival at Paris, Rostopchine found himself sought after as a celebrity. But he was determined not to be made a lion of, contenting himself with introductions to those who, either from merit or rank, might lay special claim to his notice. Amongst others we distinguish the names of Louis the Eighteenth, the Duc d'Orleans, the Princes, Talleyrand,

Madame Swetchine, and Madame de Staël, but the accounts that remain of his impressions are of a very passing nature. An amusing specimen is given us of his intimacy with the celebrated Dr. Gall. Rostopchine writes—

At our first interview he was much struck with the formation of my head, and exclaimed, "You have a wonderfully well shaped head; I never saw one equal to it, except a skull which I have in my collection." I trust, however, he will not deprive me of my head; but I fancy if I died, he would take possession, and use it for his observations.

The Count was not mistaken as to the sentiments of the great phrenologist, for when they parted after several years of friendship Dr. Gall embraced him cordially, and with a voice broken by grief, assured him that after his death he would at any cost procure his skull, in order to study its bumps and enrich his collection!

Rostopchine spent much of his time in visiting the principal objects of interests at Paris, paying special attention to those that were in any way connected with Marie Antoinette, for whose memory he felt great admiration and compassion. Among other eminent persons, he became acquainted with Madame de Staël, but they had no affection for one another, and he offended her by refusing an invitation to dinner, when she had hoped to add him to her circle of admirers. This so irritated her, that when they met in society some little passage of arms was sure to take place. Upon one occasion he writes— thus of a skirmish of words which passed between them when they met at the Duc d'Escars—

She got into a passion, but I retained my selfpossession. It was the subject of her famous Benjamin Coustant, who had said that Russia was not even a country. Every one was on my side, for Madame de Staël is feared more than she is loved. She attempted to joke, telling me she had written that I was born before the age of civilization. I replied by informing her that I had called her a "pious conspirator," and therefore we were quits. This caused great laughter, so, according to the precepts of the country, after this hit I took my leave.

Of all the public institutions of Paris, the Hotel Dieu chiefly excited his sympathy. His was a very generous nature, and one that could well appreciate the devoted life led by Sisters of Charity; in fact, we gather from some of his letters to his wife, that his own time was much occupied in consoling and assisting the poor, the love of relieving distress being one of his most special characteristics.

At last, finding his health did not improve, and growing

weary of separation from his family which he loved so dearly, he begged his wife to join him at Paris with all his family. This she readily consented to, and they spent five years there together, she occupying herself chiefly in piety, good works, and literary labours, while he continued to enter into society occasionally, but with great moderation. During this time two of his daughters were married, one, who remained in the Greek Church, became the wife of Dmitri Narischkine, a young Russian officer, nephew to a very old friend of Rostopchine's. The other daughter, who became a Catholic, married Count Eugène de Ségur. Thus the tie was strengthened that bound Rostopchine to French soil; but the necessity of attending to his estates, as well as his strong love for his native country, led him to decide on a return thither, which he accomplished in the spring of 1823. The first few months that he again spent in Russia, he passed at his *château* of Voronovo, which had been in a great measure restored. Here he wrote those memoirs, part of which have furnished our narrative, but the great bulk of which are kept back from publicity by the Russian Government. From Voronovo he went to St. Petersburg, then settled for the winter in the only one of his residences at Moscow that had been spared by the conflagration. Immediately upon his arrival in Russia, Rostopchine sent in his resignation of all civil or military appointments, which the Emperor accepted, leaving him the purely honorary title of Grand Chamberlain. It was about this time that being asked to write his memoirs, he composed the sketch that gained such notoriety, entitled—*Simple Memoirs of Myself: written in Ten Minutes*. His special gifts of originality, wit, satire, candour, and powers of observation are combined and prominent in this brochure, which has been translated into almost every European language.

Amid all his disappointments and trials one sorrow had hitherto been spared to Rostopchine. He had never felt any severe domestic loss, but in the death of his unmarried daughter, Lisa, he was now to experience a grief which overcame him to an extent which no public calamity had done. She is described as young, beautiful, charming; and the parents were slow to realize that consumption had laid its fatal hand upon her. The father's letters written at this time are but another proof of his deeply tender nature, but the Countess had an object dearer to her heart than even the life of her child, the salvation of her soul. At first she contented herself with prayers, but when she

perceived that Lisa was indeed hastening to the grave, she inquired whether she would not embrace the Catholic faith. From the readiness of her acquiescence it was clear that the work of conversion had been going on, perhaps unexpressed for fear of incurring her father's displeasure. Madame Rostopchine acquainted him with her daughter's wishes, to which he gave no consent, but as he made no objection the Curé of Moscow was sent for; he at once reconciled Lisa to the Catholic Church, then gave her the last sacraments whilst she was still fully conscious, and in a few hours she died peacefully.

Rostopchine seems never to have rallied thoroughly from this affliction. His own health grew more and more precarious, so that after the somewhat unexpected death of Alexander, he was unable to repair to the Cathedral to take his oath to the new Emperor, having to go through this formality in his own *salon*. Later, at the abdication of Constantine, the insurrection, and the taking possession of the throne by Nicholas, Rostopchine was already confined to his bed. He suffered greatly from his chest, growing daily worse until, in the month of January, 1826, those around him became convinced that his end was approaching. The faith in Christianity, which had accompanied him through life, awoke in full vigour at the last hour, and he begged that a priest might render him the rites of his Church. His wife lost no time in fulfilling his wishes. It is true she would have given all things to see him a Catholic, but since it was impossible, there was much consolation for her in the good faith with which he received those sacraments which, although schismatical, were valid. After his interview with the priest, Rostopchine addressed to his wife words of calm resignation, while his features expressed a holy peace. He remained stretched upon his bed, his eyes closed, apparently asleep, when suddenly Madame Rostopchine, who was praying at his side, perceived that he raised himself, opened his eyes, and made distinctly the sign of the Cross; then he fell back upon his pillow—he had breathed his last sigh.

Thus died Count Rostopchine, on the 30th January, 1826, aged sixty years and a few months. The Countess survived him many years, leading the life of a true Christian widow. She died at Moscow, the 28th September, 1859, at the age of eighty three. Two of their children are still living: the youngest son, André, and the second daughter, who married the Count *de Ségur*.

F. G.

Reviews.

DR. NEWMAN'S DISCUSSIONS AND ARGUMENTS.

Discussions and Arguments on various subjects. By J. H. Newman, sometime Fellow of Oriel College. Pickering, 1872.

DR. NEWMAN has been for some time providing us with a uniform edition of his many publications. His Sermons, Anglican and Catholic, the former including a volume of the *Plain Sermons*, which were never before included in any collection under the name of their author, the *History of the Arians*, and the *History of my Religious Opinions*, that is, the second form of the *Apologia*, as well as his *Essays on Miracles*, *Critical and Historical Essays*, and the *Grammar of Assent*, have already been issued in the neat and handy octavos which are now becoming so universally popular. The rest of Dr. Newman's works, we may hope, will follow in time, though he does not yet announce them all as in preparation. The volume now before us, called *Discussions and Arguments*, is supplementary to the two volumes of *Critical and Historical Essays* already mentioned. It contains some pieces which we are not aware that Dr. Newman has before this acknowledged.

The Dialogue from the British Magazine with which it opens, under the new title of *How to accomplish it*, has probably been unknown up to the present time to all but a few of the writer's immediate contemporaries. It was intended to be the first of a series, called *Home Thoughts abroad*, of which the succeeding numbers were never written. The Dialogue is remarkably interesting, as showing that, as early as the spring of 1836, Dr. Newman, though he makes his supposed "narrator" side on the whole with one of two disputants in favour of attempting to revive Anglo Catholicism rather than of "submitting to Rome," certainly made the argument appear very evenly balanced between the two alternatives, and the paper contains many incidental anticipations of what he was to write at a much later time. The second place in the volume is occupied by the admirable Advent Lectures on Antichrist which appeared in print as the 83rd *Tract for the Times*, and this is followed by another much larger tract, the 85th, on *Holy Scripture in its relation to the Catholic Church*. This paper is one of the most elaborate, and also one of the most characteristic, of Dr. Newman's contributions to those farfamed Tracts. It proceeds on the line of thrusting one of two alternatives on an opponent, so that he must either, to be consistent, give up what he already holds of Catholic truth or admit some further portion which he has hitherto denied. In this case the argument urges that the difficulties raised against certain Catholic doctrines, on the ground of the absence of clearness of Scriptural proof in their favour, might be urged against facts as well as

against doctrines, that Scripture shows as much appearance of discrepancy in its several statements as to history, as there is appearance of discrepancy between its statements as to certain doctrines and those doctrines as set forth by the Church, and that, as to the direct testimony of the Fathers, there is as much difficulty, to speak broadly, as to the canon of Scripture as there is as to the Creed. We may quote what Dr. Newman says, not as to the particular subject to which he here applies this kind of argument, but as to the question of the use of such arguments in general.

Now it is plain that if this be a sound argument against our assailants, it is a most convincing one; and it is obviously very hard if we are to be deprived of the use of it. And yet a cautious mind will ever use it with anxiety; not that it is not most effective, but because it may be, as it were, too effective; it may draw the parties in question the wrong way, and make things worse instead of better. It only undertakes to show that they are inconsistent in their present opinions; and from this inconsistency it is plain they can escape, by going further either one way or the other—by adding to their creed or by giving it up altogether. It is then what is called a kill-or-cure remedy. Certainly it is better to be inconsistent, than to be consistently wrong—to hold some truth amid error, than to hold nothing but error—to believe than to doubt. Yet when I show a man that he is inconsistent, I make him decide whether of the two he loves better, the portion of truth, or the portion of error, which he already holds. If he loves the truth better, he will abandon the error; if the error, he will abandon the truth. And this is a fearful and anxious trial to put him under, and we cannot but feel loth to have recourse to it. . . . Thus, for instance, a person who denies the Apostolical Succession of the ministry, because it is not clearly taught in Scripture, ought, I conceive, to deny the divinity of the Holy Ghost, which is nowhere literally stated in Scripture. Yet there is something so dreadful in his denying the latter, that we may often feel afraid to show him his inconsistency, lest, rather than admit the Apostolical Succession, he should consent to deny that the Holy Ghost is God. This is one of the great delicacies of disputing on the subject before us; yet, all things considered, I think it only avails for the cautious use, not the abandonment, of the argument in question. For it is our plain duty to teach and defend the truth in a straightforward way. Those who are to stumble must stumble, rather than the heirs of grace should not hear. While we offend and alienate one man, we secure another; if we drive one man further the wrong way, we drive another further the right way. The cause of truth, the heavenly company of saints, gains on the whole more in one way than another. A wavering or shallow mind does, perhaps, as much harm to others as a man that is consistent in error, nay, is in no very much better state itself; for if it has not developed into systematic scepticism, merely because it has not had the temptation, its present conscientiousness is not worth much. Whereas he who is at present obeying God under imperfect knowledge, has a claim on His ministers for their doing all in their power towards his obtaining further knowledge (p. 113).

This Tract is the most important feature in the volume—one of Dr. Newman's most vigorous and cogent arguments, at the same time reaching further than he could have intended at the time, for the Anglican position, which he was then defending against the more advanced Protestants, is open to the same charge of inconsistency which is here made against its assailants.

After this, Dr. Newman gives us his famous letters of *Catholicus* in the *Times*, written on occasion of a foolish speech in praise of "Useful

Knowledge" as leading to every kind of moral blessing, by the late Sir Robert Peel. These letters aroused a great interest at the time when they appeared (1841), and remain now "a possession for ever," as Thucydides says, embodying a mass of close clear reasoning against the shallow but perpetually recurring doctrine against which they were aimed. Here are two passages from the letter headed *Secular Knowledge without Personal Religion tends to unbelief*—

The truth is that the system of Nature is just as much connected with Religion, where minds are not religious, as a watch or a steam carriage. The material world, indeed, is infinitely more wonderful than any human contrivance; but wonder is not religion, or we should be worshipping our railroads. What the physical creation presents to us in itself is a piece of machinery, and when men speak of a Divine Intelligence as its Author, this god of theirs is not the Living and True, unless the spring is the god of a watch, or steam the creator of the engine. Their idol, taken at advantage (though it is not an idol, for they do not worship it), is the animating principle of a vast and complicated system; it is subjected to laws, and it is connatural and coextensive with matter. Well does Lord Brougham call it "the great architect of nature"—it is an instinct, or a soul of the world, or a vital power; it is not the Almighty God.

A little further on Dr. Newman says—

Sir Robert Peel tells us that physical science imparts "pleasure and consolation" on a deathbed. Lord Brougham confines himself to the "gratifying treat," but Sir Robert ventures to speak of "consolation." Now, if we are on trial in this life, and if death be the time when our account is gathered in, is it at all serious or real to be talking of "consoling" ourselves at such a time with scientific subjects? Are these topics to suggest to us the thought of the Creator or not? If not, are they better than story-books, to beguile the mind from what lies before it? But if they are to speak of Him, can a dying man find rest in the mere notion of his Creator, when he knows Him also so awfully as his Moral Governor and his Judge? Meditate indeed on the wonders of Nature on a deathbed! Rather stay your hunger with corn grown in Jupiter, and warm yourself by the Moon (p. 304).

After the letters of Catholicus, we have here a series of letters or articles written to the *Catholic Standard* at the time of the breakdown of our arrangements in the Crimean War, and called, *Who is to blame?* Dr. Newman's answer is that the British Constitution is to blame, which makes the State so weak and the nation so strong, which provides every outlet for individual enterprize and jealously cramps the action of Government; which makes it necessary that everything should be done under constant check and supervision, and after discussion and criticism from everybody who thinks himself concerned in the matter. Such a system does very well in peace, in all the arts and employments, of which England is very great, but it does not suit war, or, indeed, any great external effort, which requires the dictatorship of one man pre-eminently fitted for his task. Dr. Newman even seems to have thought that a continuance of such a struggle as that of the Crimean War might have led to a dictatorship in England, if not to a change of the Constitution. We need hardly say that Dr. Newman is a thorough Englishman; but this does not prevent him from seeing the foibles of his fellow countrymen. Indeed, we have sometimes thought that it would be worth while to put together all that is to be found up and down his

writings on the subject of John Bull and his characteristics. It would be a most amusing collection of passages, and as instructive as amusing. Here is a passage on our ways of dealing with our Army and our Clergy—in ordinary times, of course—

Every sovereign State will naturally feel a jealousy of the semblance of an *imperium in imperio*; though not every State is in a position to give expression to it. England has indulged that jealousy to the full, and has assumed a bearing towards the military profession much the same as she shows towards the ecclesiastical. There is indeed a close analogy between these two powers, both in themselves and in their relation to the State; and, in order to explain the position of the army in England, I cannot do better than refer to the position which in this country has been assigned to the Church. The Church and the Army are respectively the instruments of moral and material force; and are real powers in their own respective fields of operation. They necessarily have common sympathies, and an intense *esprit de corps*. They are in consequence the strongest supports or the most formidable opponents of the State to which they belong, and require to be subjected, beyond any mistake, to its sovereignty. In England, sensitively suspicious of combination and system, three precautions have been taken in dealing with the soldier and the parson,—(I hope I may be familiar without offence),—precautions borrowed from the necessary treatment of wild animals,—(1) to tie him up, (2) to pare his claws, and (3) to keep him low; then he will be both safe and useful;—the result is a National Church, and a Constitutional Army.

1. In the first place, we tie both parson and soldier up, by forbidding each to form one large organization. We prohibit an organized religion and an organized force. Instead of one corporation in religion, we only allow of a multitude of small ones, as chapters and rectories, while we ignore the Establishment as a whole, deny it any legal *status*, and recognize the Dissenting bodies. For Universities we substitute Colleges, with rival interests, that the intellect may not be too strong for us, as is the case with some other countries; we freely multiply local schools, for they have no political significance. And, in like manner, we are willing to perfect the discipline and appointment of regiments, but we instinctively recoil from the idea of an Army. We toast indeed “The Army,” but as an abstraction, as we used to drink to “The Church,” before the present substitution of “The Clergy of all denominations,” which has much more of reality in it. Moreover, while we have a real reason for sending our troops all over the world, shifting them about, using them for garrison duty, and for the defence of dependencies, we are thereby able also to divide and to hide them from each other. Nor is this all: if any organization requires a directing mind at the head of it, it is an army; but, faithful to our Constitutional instincts, we have committed its command, *ex abundanti cautela*, to as many, I believe, as five independent boards, whose concurrence is necessary for a practical result. Nay, as late occurrences have shown, we have thought it a lesser evil, that our troops should be starved in the Crimea for want of the proper officer to land the stores, and that clothing and fuel shall oscillate to and fro between Balaklava and Malta, than that there should be the chance of the smallest opening for the introduction into our political system of a power formidable to nationalism. Thus we tie up both parson and soldier.

2. Next, in all great systems and agencies of any kind, there are certain accessories, absolutely necessary for their efficiency, yet hardly included in their essential idea. Such, to take a very small matter, is the use of the bag in making a pudding. Material edifices are no part of religion; but you cannot have religious services without them; nor can you move field-pieces without horses, nor get together horses without markets and transports. The greater part of these supplemental articles the English Constitution denies to its religious Establishment altogether, and to its Army, when not

on active service. Fabrics of worship it encourages ; but it gives no countenance to such ecclesiastical belongings as the ritual and ceremonial of religion, synods, religious orders, sisters of charity, missions, and the like, necessary instruments of Christian faith, which zealous Churchmen, in times of spiritual danger, decay, or promise, make vain endeavours to restore. And such in military matters are the commissariat, transport, and medical departments, which are jealously suppressed in time of peace, and hastily and grudgingly restored on the commencement of hostilities. The Constitutional spirit allows to the troops arms and ammunition, as it allows to the clergy Ordination and two sacraments, neither being really dangerous, while the supplements, which I have spoken of, are withheld. Thus it cuts their claws.

3. And lastly, it keeps them low. Though lawyers are educated for the law, and physicians for medicine, it is felt among us to be dangerous to the Constitution to have real education either in the clerical or military profession. Neither theology nor the science of war is compatible with a national *regime*. Military and naval science is, in the ordinary Englishman's notion, the bayonet and the broadside. Religious knowledge comes by nature ; and so far is true, that Anglican divines thump away in exhortation or in controversy, with a manliness, good sense, and good will as thoroughly John Bullish as the stubbornness of the Guards at Inkerman. Not that they are forbidden to cultivate theology in private as a personal accomplishment, but that they must not bring too much of it into the pulpit, for then they would become "extreme men," Calvinists or Papists, as it may be. A general good education, a public school, and a knowledge of the classics, make a parson ; and he is chosen for a benefice or a dignity, not on any abstract ground of merit, but by the great officers of State, by members of the aristocracy, and by country gentlemen, or their nominees, men who by their position are a sufficient guarantee that the nation will continually flow into the Establishment, and give it its own colour. And so of the army ; it is not so many days ago that a gentleman in office assured the House of Commons (if he was correctly reported) that the best officers were those who had a University education ; and I doubt not it is far better for the troops to be disciplined and commanded by good scholars than by incapables and dunces. But in each department professional education is eschewed, and it is thought enough for the functionary to be a gentleman. A clergyman is the "resident gentleman" in his parish ; and no soldier must rise from the ranks, because he is not "company for gentlemen."

Let no man call this satire, for it is most seriously said ; nor have I intentionally coloured any one sentence in the parallel which I have been drawing out ; nor do I speak as grumbling at things as they are ;—I merely want to look facts in the face. I have been exposing what I consider the weak side of our Constitution, not exactly because I want it altered, but because people should not consider it the strong side. I think it a necessary weakness ; I do not see how it can be satisfactorily set right without dangerous innovations (pp. 356—360).

The last paper in this volume is the striking review of *Ecce Homo*, which appeared some years ago in our own pages.

LE MANUSCRIT DE MA MÈRE.

Twenty Five Years of my Life, and Memoirs of my Mother. By A. de Lamartine.
Translated by Lady Herbert. Two vols. Bentley, 1872.

Lady Herbert has here given us two very charming volumes, though to our minds the charm of the first is not equal to that of the second. Lamartine's character is one that must always interest us to a certain

extent, even though we cannot absolutely approve of him. He seems to have been frequently, as it were, on the verge of being a great man, without ever attaining stable greatness. All Europe was his debtor in the Revolution of February, when he turned the tide in favour of moderation by his speech at the Hotel de Ville in favour of the tricolour flag. For the moment he had a position of unexampled splendour, but all such glories are ephemeral, and he soon sank to the level from which he had so fine an opportunity of rising—a level certainly below that of sound statesmanship. Then we cannot read his works about himself without being repelled by his selfconsciousness, and what looks to us like vanity, if it is not so. Such a man could hardly write any portion of an autobiography with a better chance of pleasing and engaging our sympathies than the account of his own childhood and youth, and the first of the two volumes before us, which contains his own memoirs or his first five and twenty years, is undoubtedly beautifully written in the main, while it contains not a few fine pictures and descriptions. And yet, with all this, it is undeniable, as we think, and it is well worth the noting that it should be so, that the greater part of the second volume, which consists of the journals kept by his mother from time to time, is far more attractive and beautiful than the more artistic and finished pages of the first volume. Madame de Lamartine had not, of course, half the talent of her highly gifted son; she never set herself to write finely, or to make the most of the scenes which she records. She gives us, moreover, simply and openly her own thoughts, not that they were intended for us, but still she writes freely about herself to herself. And yet, with all the advantages under which he has written the first volume of the work now before us, he has altogether eclipsed himself by the *manuscrit de ma mère* of which the second is made up. We shall confine ourselves, in the main, to a very brief summary of the contents of the autobiography of his mother.

Alix des Roys, afterwards Madame de Lamartine, was the daughter of M. des Roys, Comptroller General of the Finances of the Duke of Orleans. She was born in the Palais Royal, and educated in close intimacy with the future monarch, Louis Philippe. Her mother had a position of great honour in the household; consequently her early recollections were connected with some of the most celebrated men of the day, amongst others, Voltaire, d'Alembert, Laclos, Madame de Genlis, Buffon, Gibbon, Grimm, Necker, and Jean Jacques Rousseau. But her pious mind remained uncorrupted by any of the scepticism with which she must have thus come into contact. Through the interest of the Duke of Orleans she was appointed "chanoinesse" in the Chapter of Salles at the age of about sixteen. A portrait still remains in the family representing her in the dress peculiar to this somewhat abnormal dignity, and from all accounts it was a very becoming one, which she was well fitted to grace.

Alix married the Chevalier de Lamartine, the third son of a rich and noble family, who was at this time about thirty eight, but a man of peculiar youthfulness and vigour. He is described as remarkably frank, simple, and independent, as well as unpretending in his manner, contented with his duties as a soldier and the happiness of domestic life. Their union took place just before the outbreak of the Great Revolution, so that he was soon torn from the side of his young wife, to be confined

in the Prison of Macon, once an Ursuline convent. Happily, he was placed by a friendly gaoler in a cell facing the street, so as to be opposite the house where Madame de Lamartine resided. She established herself in a garret, in the hope of observing him, and from signs they soon progressed to an organized method of communication. Love is ingenious in resource; the lonely wife found some stray bows and arrows, with which she carefully practised at first, then, growing bold with experience, she shot the arrow straight into her husband's room. This he promptly concealed, but drew in the cord, at the end of which was a letter. Pens, ink, and paper were conveyed to him in the same way during the darkness of the night, enabling the prisoner to solace his confinement by constant correspondence with those dear to him. After a time it was urged upon Madame de Lamartine that she should plead for her husband's release with the Revolutionary authorities. Accordingly she conquered her repugnance, proceeding to Lyons and Dijon. She was in one instance kindly received, and seems to have obtained the favour that her husband should be passed over in the lists of condemned, though not released. Eighteen months, however, passed before husband and wife were once more united, and free to retire to that peaceful country life of which we shall gain an insight by a few glances at her journal, which reveals her to us as a humble Christian, a good wife, a devoted mother, with a clear intellect and much fervent charity. Probably, in her childish associations with the pupils of Madame de Genlis, she had acquired the habit of keeping a diary, for on the 11th of June, 1801, she writes—

I had begun, from the moment I could write at all, to jot down each day an exact account of all that I saw and felt, of all that happened around me, and of all the thoughts which the different events of my life had suggested. After a time I burnt this journal, and gave up the habit for a long while. I regret it now very much, and am sorry that I destroyed it, as I think it would have been useful to me later. I intend now, with the grace of God, to begin again and to write simply and concisely, and as much as I can each day, the different things which may happen to me, adding what I shall have done ill or well. I think that this plan will help me very much in my selfexamination, and will make me know myself better; and should hereafter these lines fall under the eyes of my children, it will not be without some interest for them. Perhaps even it may be of use to them when I am gone, as I shall frequently speak of them and of their different characters. I have now five children, after having lost one—four daughters and one son, who is called Alphonse. At this moment he is away from home and beginning his classical education at Lyons. He is a good and amiable boy. May God make him pious, wise, and a good Christian; that is what I pray for with all my heart. The eldest of my girls is called Cecilia. She is seven and a half; very quick tempered, but good. Eugénie, her sister, is five and a half. She is a most sensitive child, but with a loving heart. Césarine is two years old; and little Susan is but nine months. I am still nursing her. The education of these four girls will not be an easy task. If it were not for the help of God, in Whom I place all my confidence and hope, I should altogether despair of accomplishing it. But I can do all things through Him Who strengtheneth me, and Who is pleased to be glorified in the humblest and most miserable of His creatures. . . . In our house is a poor old relation, weak in mind and body; I must look upon her as my sixth child, and treat her with the like care and tenderness. I have besides six servants to superintend. My God! how much do I need Thy help! My husband and I live almost always at Milly, *where I am very happy.* Lately, another place has become ours—St. Point.

It is a good property, and an agreeable country, from its solitude and its beautiful position in the mountains. For how many blessings have we not cause to thank Providence !

Very shortly afterwards the whole family established themselves at St. Point, where Madame de Lamartine entered upon that life of active piety, combined with charity and kindly interest in her peasant neighbours, which she continued to her end. There is abundant evidence of this in her own manuscript, though interspersed with acute selfreproach at what might seem very trifling omissions. She gives also many charming sketches of rural scenery and life, being her observations made during the long rambles and picnics made in company with her husband and children. The following is an account of one such expedition—

We spent the whole day with the children, strolling about or sitting on the grass, looking at the glorious views on all sides. Two whole provinces were stretched out, as it were, at our feet : the Mâconnais, with its little white villages clustered here and there, from the steeples of which at midday rose the *Angelus* bell ; La Brasse, with its endless meadows, looking like the Dutch pictures which my eldest brother (who was secretary of Embassy in Holland) used to send us as children ; and to crown the whole, Mont Blanc, which appeared first white, then rose colour, then violet, according to the sun—like a piece of iron which becomes white or red as it passes through the fire of the blacksmith's forge. We all dined together on the grass ; and then, mounting again on our donkeys, came home by another path through the nut wood.

The striking of the donkeys' hoofs on the rock, the cries of the children, the whistling of the blackbirds as they flew, the crack of my husband's rifle as he and the keeper shot coveys of red legged partridges, and the chatter of our guide and the donkey boys, made our little party so noisy that a stranger might have imagined that the mountain was being invaded by a troop of marauders. The poor little shepherds, who were guarding their goats and sheep on the mountain sides, looked quite scared, and ran away. We came to one little dell, where we found the flocks deserted, save by two black dogs, who barked at us furiously as we passed. A little further on, we came upon a fire between two big stones in the middle of the path, and by the side of this rustic hearth were a pair of children's *sabots*. The boys, in fact, were not far off, but frightened at the unaccustomed sound of the guns and of our voices, they had run away and hidden themselves in the heather, without having had time to put their shoes on their little bare feet. My little girls and I determined to give them a pleasant surprise. We stopped by the fire, which was half out, and just in each little pair of *sabots* a half franc and some sugarplums, which the children saved from luncheon. And then we went on again, thinking of the joy of those poor little fellows when, reassured by the silence, they should return to the fireplace to fetch their shoes. They were sure to think that the fairies (who are said to haunt these mountains) had left these presents for them. Our steep scramble down the ravine was enlivened by the hearty laugh of the children at the thought of the fright of the boys, and then their delight and surprise at finding their shoes and the story they would tell their mother at night of the "good people" who had left them such treasures. What we expected came true. The little shepherds, finding their *sabots* full of money and sugarplums, gave all the credit to the fairies. But their fathers and mothers were not so easily taken in ; and with that delicacy of feeling which one so often finds in the peasants, especially in mountainous countries, determined to give us a surprise in return, so as to show how they had appreciated our trifling kindness. The next morning, when the servants opened the front door, they found on the doorstep four little reed baskets, full of nuts, cream cheeses, and little pats of butter, made in the shape of *sabots*. The children who had

thus left their little presents, had run away, so as to give us a like surprise and a like mystery. The delicate way in which this anonymous offering was made delighted us all. We did not know to which of the cottages these poor children belonged, whose gratitude had run the risk of making a mistake rather than not find its legitimate expression. Such acts of mutual kindness between rich and poor are what I most wish the children to see and learn, as they must touch their hearts.

Many domestic details fill up the journal, which overflows also with tenderness and anxiety for her children, especially Alphonse, who gave her alternate cause for uneasiness and maternal pride in his school troubles or successes. In spite of educational improvements, as shown by those prizes which flattered the mother's heart, he revolted at the system of tyranny which seems to have prevailed at the school at Lyons to which he was sent. Finding companions to share his disapprobation, he planned and effected an escape with them, but being recaptured, he remained a prisoner for a month rather than capitulate, till at last his mother came to fetch him home. Fully entering into his objections to this school, for it had never been her wish to place him there, she took advantage of this incident to obtain his father's consent to place him at the Jesuits' College at Belley, which seems to have answered admirably. His mother accompanied Alphonse thither, and there are few accounts of College life so interesting and satisfactory as we have obtained from his pen. He tells us—

Everything was perfect in order. In the schoolrooms we heard the murmur of voices repeating the lessons in class, the calm voice of the professor predominating from time to time. The dormitories were large and airy; the refectory beautifully clean and nice, without being luxurious; the courts were finely sanded; the gardens shady and well kept. A *ménage*, a *salle d'armes*, and a tennis court, were included among the means of exercise and amusement for the students. Nothing seemed to be too dear to answer this purpose. Evidently profit was the last thing thought of in this establishment—only the moral and physical welfare of the boy. No one asked what a student brought in to the College, but what he became as he grew up. It was evidently a College for *souls*—this struck me at first sight. It was written on the faces not only of the professors, but of the lay brothers, and of all whom I met about the house. It was impossible to conceive a greater contrast than between the tone of this College and that of Lyons. . . . No one in this house felt that terrible coldness which is generally met with in great establishments of this sort. . . . I saw nothing around me but kind and sympathizing faces. One or other of the boys came up to me to say a few cheery words, to show me the ways of the house, or to do me some little service. I felt friendship and kindness everywhere. Nothing bitter marred the beginning of my new life; on the contrary, I felt I was only entering a new family, where I should soon be quite at home. This atmosphere made me good from the very first day.

Before leaving this subject we must remark that the studies begun with such cheering auspices terminated in highly satisfactory results, for further on, in the mother's notes of daily life, we find her rejoicing at the return of her son from Belley, "loaded with prizes," bearing the highest character from the masters, but, to crown all, "really piously inclined in a way that he had never been before," so that she could not help rushing off to church to thank God for the blessings granted her in her boy.

Soon after her leaving Alphonse under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, we find in Madame Lamartine's journal traces of family disquietude and grief. In the midst of her troubles as to the future prospects of her brother, she hears very suddenly of his death ; a few months later it is a dearly loved mother that she is called upon to mourn. Then the journal takes up once more the thread of daily life, with occasional reference to the stirring events of the day, but the charm of her character consists in the elevating influence of faith upon a beautifully feminine mind in the sphere of woman's duties and charities. Scattered through her self-communings are signs of an ardent, poetic temperament, trying to school itself to patience and resignation in the sorrow brought upon her by the trials of others, but with a marvellous freedom from all selfinterest. Especially we find constant references to her beloved Alphonse, who, now launched upon the world, gave every hope for the future, but some cause for anxiety by his restless, eager temperament, while there was also the uncertainty as to his choice of a career. One evidence of maternal care will not be out of place here—

I have just been into Alphonse's room to look at his books, and burn those which I think bad and injurious for him. I have found, among the rest, the *Emile* of J. J. Rousseau. I could not resist reading a few passages in it, and I do not reproach myself for doing so, for they were magnificent, and I even mean to copy out some portion of them for myself. It is a thousand pities that such really beautiful writing should be spoiled and poisoned by such extravagant and impious opinions, which are enough to ruin the faith and purity of youth. I shall burn this book, and also the *Nouvelle Heloise*, which is still more dangerous, from its passionate sentiments, and its perversion of all sense of right and morality. What a misfortune it is when such a talent is thus abused ! I do not fear for myself. My faith is sure, and above all danger of temptation—but my boy ?

At this period the most tranquil life was liable to be agitated by the political changes of the day, so we find occasional records of public interest. The return of Napoleon from Elba was of momentous importance to her, for it called Alphonse into active service, besides subjecting herself and family to grave personal risk. Lamartine himself has given us an interesting description of the general panic which followed. His own opinion, he tells us, was that Bonaparte's idea of resuming sway at that precise period was rash and ill-timed—likely, indeed, to prove, as history has shown, not the regaining of a sceptre but rather the “dethronement of his glory.” For some days Lamartine and others awaited a summons to Paris to defend the interests of the King, but, as none arrived, he, with some companions, decided to go and seek a post as volunteer. On his journey he met with an incident which he gives, to show the hold that Napoleon retained upon the hearts of the military—

At a few miles from Mâcon we met Colonel Duluat, a great friend of ours, and *aide-de-camp* to Marshal Suchet. He stopped us, exclaiming—“Well, where is he ?” “At Lyons,” we replied, “and marching upon Paris.” “Upon Paris !” he retorted, with a wild joy which he did not attempt to repress. “Well done ! *Vive l'Empereur !*” and digging his spurs into his horse he set off as hard as he could go towards Mâcon. “See what the army is,” I exclaimed to my companion ; “it begins with indecision and then becomes as mad as Duluat !” We could not help making some rather bitter

reflections. "It is no use fighting against popularity and glory," I continued. "The army has no right to rise against the country, against liberty, against our solemn oaths, against the very people from whom they spring. But you will see that what has happened here will happen elsewhere. We, who have our honour to think of, let us go forward." And we galloped on towards Paris.

There, however, suspense and disappointment were to await them. It is true the cry of "*Vive le Roi!*" resounded in the capital, and that volunteers were ready to show their fidelity, but Napoleon was advancing with his troops, and the Court resolved upon a retreat. Most discouraging was the position of those who were desirous to support the cause of Louis the Eighteenth, for not an effort was made on his part for the defence of the throne. He determined to take refuge in Belgium, while the Princes also seemed to think of little but a safe retreat. They assembled the volunteer troops at Bethune, where they had been quartered, and informed them of their plans, but begged that they would not attempt to follow them into exile. Lamartine tells us there was a diversity of opinion. A few were disposed for emigration, and upon this occasion he first gained courage to speak in public, reminding his companions that France had the first claim upon their service, and that they would even be of more real use to the King by remaining on French soil. Five or six of the volunteers insisted upon following the King, but the greater number were led by Lamartine's advice. An officer who had promised to watch over Alphonse kindly befriended him, advising that he should not wait for the formal disbanding of the troops. Accordingly he started homewards, disguised as a tradesman. Much hospitality was shown him by the country people on his journey, and once more he had to await the turn of fortune, while Napoleon was in power. The marriage of her daughters occupies some portion of Madame Lamartine's attention even at this critical time. Cecilia, the eldest daughter, had a little while previously married a M. de Cessia, of Franche-Comté, an alliance which gave every satisfaction to her mother, but it is rather curious to observe her leaning towards the freedom of choice in this respect which is supposed to prevail more in England than on the Continent.

Perhaps she partook largely in the romantic nature of her son, for in her notes there is a tone of quiet surprise in two instances at the calm dutifulness of her daughters in accepting the husbands designated for them by family arrangements. At the same time it is fair to add that the result was thoroughly satisfactory in the amount of happiness which was their lot, though Cesarine, whose submissiveness had undergone the previous trial of disappointed affection, was not long to enjoy any of those joys which earthly love can afford, for she died in giving birth to her first child. She had complied with the wishes of her family in marrying a M. de Vignet, described as a person of great merit, and her mother, who had at first feared the result of influencing her daughter's choice, had the consolation later on of remarking that Cesarine had bestowed her love entirely upon him. Eugénie had married, soon after her elder sister, a M. Coppens d'Hondschoote, and there seem to have been intervals of about two years between each of these happy events. Madame Lamartine had also some suspense upon the subject of her son's marriage. He had fallen in love with an English

lady, and the fact that she was a Protestant caused a difficulty. She had, it is true, a desire to become a Catholic, but perhaps her relations were anxious to prevent this, for the marriage seemed to be given up for a time. Still Alphonse was not so ready as his sisters had been to yield to circumstances. In the end he carried the day. The young lady was received into the Catholic Church, and exercised a very salutary influence upon her husband, bringing him back, as he tells us, to the Christian practices of his earlier life.

Various domestic incidents of joy and grief, such as the death of her children or the marriage of her other daughters, fill up a considerable part in Madame de Lamartine's journal ; but enough has been quoted to prove its interest, and the claims which her character has upon our admiration. As it draws to its close, there are frequent allusions to her declining years and to the approach of death, for which she was carefully preparing.

Her end at last was a sudden and mournful one. She went to take a bath at the establishment kept by the Sisters of Charity, adjoining their hospital ; but, adhering to her usual custom, would not accept the assistance of a maid, in accordance with a vow which she had made as Chanoinesse to dispense with all personal attendance. Soon after she was found in the bath in a fainting condition, and it was clear that she had attempted to increase the heat of the water by turning on the hot water, but had been unable to turn the cock back again, as it was rather stiff. She recovered to some extent when rescued from her perilous position by the Superior, who was passing and heard her groans, but fever and delirium soon came on, though she rallied so far as to console her husband and such of her family as were at hand. She received Holy Communion with an ardent faith and joy, and it was followed by so great a calm as well as slumber, that hopes for her recovery began to be entertained. These proved, however, fallacious. Towards dawn she woke, exclaiming—"Oh, how happy I am!" three times running ; and then, "My God! Thou hast not deceived me. I am so happy!" and then immediately breathed her last.

LORD ARUNDELL ON TRADITION.

Tradition, principally with reference to Mythology and the Law of Nations. By Lord Arundell of Wardour. Burns and Oates, 1871.

The appearance of a thoughtful, learned, and argumentative work in defence of Tradition, chiefly in relation to natural right and its influence on the duties and conduct of nations, would be always a matter for congratulation, and it is to our mind doubly this when the work proceeds from the pen of a Catholic nobleman. It is always a bad sign when the defence of religion and of the truths of philosophy, history, and science, which form the outwork of the fortress of religious belief, are left to the clergy alone, and it will be an evil day for the Church, if ever it should come, when the laity are not forward in her cause, whether in the field of literature or of action. The tendency, indeed, of the present day seems to be to call the laity forward rather than to discourage their efforts—and, at least, seems to be the obvious meaning of the Holy Father himself. We are happy to know that among ourselves we have many able and active workers in both the fields

already named, and when we consider how much the Church in England owes to her lay children in past times for her very preservation, we are not led to expect that she will cease to look to them for active and efficient exertions as to all matters which lie within their sphere. But we meet here and there with the traces of an opinion that the Catholic body in England can produce but few laymen capable of holding their own in Parliament, in society, or in literature, against the thousand assailants which the prominence given in our times to religious controversy brings down upon the cause of truth. If it were so, we should only have to reply that it is rather hard to deprive a small set of people for generation after generation of every opportunity of intellectual culture, and then turn round upon them and complain of the absence of qualifications which you have yourselves taken good care that they shall not possess, except by unusual exertions. As a matter of fact, however, we have a better answer to give in the denial of the charge, and we may fairly point to the appearance of such a book as that now before us as an argument for the truth of such a denial.

The Tradition for which Lord Arundell contends with so much cogent and lucid argument is not the Ecclesiastical Tradition of Christianity, but that of the human race. He claims for the old doctrines about justice, morality, the obligation of the law of reason and nature upon nations as well as upon the persons of whom nations are composed, an origin which is not to be found short of the primeval tradition of humanity, which, of course, points to a still higher source in original revelation and the impress given to Society by the Creator and Father of all. For ourselves, we must confess that we are unable to lay before our readers a concise analysis of the argument of the sheets before us, which we have only had an opportunity of perusing at a time when the necessities of immediate publication oblige us to give them far too superficial attention. But we have seen enough to be satisfied that the book ought to make its mark, though, if it were written by a Protestant nobleman instead of a Catholic lord, if it attacked revelation instead of defending ancient truths, or if it pandered to frivolous and graceful immorality instead of taking the side of high and pure tradition, it would certainly be far more popular with the ordinary British public than it is ever likely to be at present. It is thoroughly well reasoned and connected, it shows great research and much power of condensing results and of expression, though we may perhaps agree with the author in his Preface that the frequency of quotation may somewhat detract from its general readableness. There are some very good chapters on the chronological and scientific difficulties as to the Scripture account of human history, and in defence of the theory that a great part of the various heathen mythologies has its basis in the true facts and real personages mentioned in Scripture. The number of works which Lord Arundell has to quote shows the wide range of his reading, as well as the immense extent of the field in which he has been labouring with so much quiet industry and ability.

We give the following passage as a specimen of the book. It is from a chapter on *Chronology from the point of Science*—

Although the testimony of history is definite and decisive as to the chronology of the world, within the limits of a few hundred years, there is a general assumption, in all branches of scientific inquiry, that man must

have existed many thousand years before the period thus assigned to him. Lyell speaks of "the vastness of time"* required for his development, and Bunsen, as we have seen, requires twenty thousand years, at least, between the Deluge and the nativity of our Lord: and wherefore this discrepancy? Because of a fundamental assumption—not merely hypothetical for the convenience of inquiry—but confident and absolute; an assumption which, so far as the argument is concerned, is the very matter in dispute—that man must have progressed and developed to the point at which we see him.

At the same time, the actual chronology cannot be altogether ignored, and some cognizance must be taken of the facts which history presents to us; and it is this unfortunate exigency, interrupting the placid course of development, which not unfrequently lands scientific inquirers of the first eminence in difficulties from which it will take an indefinite lapse of time to extricate them; *ex gr.*, Bunsen, in his "Egypt," iii. 379, says—

"It has been more than once remarked, in the course of this work, that the *connection between the Chinese and the Egyptians* belongs, in several of its phases, to the *general history* of the world. The Chinese language is the furthest point beyond that of the formation of the Egyptian language, which represents, as compared with it, the middle ages of mankind,—viz., the Turanian and Chamitic stages of development."

The conclusion of philology (*vide* also Brace's "Ethnology," p. 114) is, therefore, that the Turanian or Chamitic grew out of the more inorganic and elementary Chinese.

Now, let us compare Lyell's conclusions with Bunsen's. Lyell equally believes ("Principles of Geology," ii. 471), "that three or four thousand years is but a *minute fraction* of the time required to bring about such wide divergence from a common parent stock, 'as between' the Negroes and Greeks and Jews, Mongols and Hindoos, represented on the Egyptian monuments."

At the same time, he endorses Sir John Lubbock's view, and pronounces, upon what appears to me very light and insufficient grounds (ii. 479), that "the theory, therefore, that the savage races have been degraded from a previous state of civilization *may be rejected*:" and by implication that the civilized races have progressed from the savage state, may be affirmed.†

I have, then, only to assume one point that Sir C. Lyell will concede, the order of progress or development to have been from black to white, and that he will pay us the compliment of being the more favoured race.

But of all the races that are akin to the Mongol or Turanian, the Chinese are the whitest, and most nearly approach the European in colour.

How many years, then, may we suppose that it took the Chinese to progress from the black state of the Egyptian? as many, let us conjecture, as it took the Egyptian to progress linguistically from the state of the Chinese or Mongol!

This is one instance of the entanglement in which the theory of progress,

* "Principles of Geology," tenth edition, 1868, ii. p. 471.

† The ground upon which Lyell pronounces this judgment is (ii. 479) "that no fragment of pottery has been found among the nations of Australia, New Zealand, and the Polynesian islands any more than ancient architectural remains, in all which respects, these rude men now living, resemble the men of the Palæolithic age; when pottery is known to all, it is always abundant, and, though easy to break, is difficult to destroy. It is improbable that so useful an art should ever have been lost by any race of man." The argument is strongly put, but many things are left out of consideration. Supposing the primitive knowledge, is not pottery one of the arts which would be most likely to be lost in a migration across the seas? Again, that they had no pottery, shows that in the interval there had been no progress. When will there be? As to the circumstance that it is the same among the Australians and Polynesians, the fact cuts both ways. You assume that there is a uniformity in progress, but may not there be the same uniformity in the processes of degradation, and, assuming the fact, may it not simply prove that these savages have reached the same depth as the other savages?

pure and simple, from a parent stock will involve us. The obvious mode of escape would be to deny the unity of the human race, a conclusion which would at once land us in the darkness of a still lower abyss, and convert our processes from being scientific in form and hopeful of result, into empirical and aimless conjectures. For either the theory is started that the various races of mankind were created separately, in which case we fly into the face of the only account we have of creation, and also of the multiform testimonies which history and science bring to attest this truth, and we, moreover, debar ourselves from falling back upon any uniform theory applicable to the whole human race ; or if, without advertence to creation, we suppose mankind to have been variously developed, here again we shall equally find ourselves cut off from the application of any uniform historical theory, equally unable to account for or to exclude the testimony of history, and in the end reduced to the evidences, whatever they may be worth, of certain real or fancied analogies. At this point, the historical inquiry will be virtually abandoned, and the records of the past, merged in the phenomena of life, will be considered only in the light of some pantheistic or materialistic theory, or, so far as it is distinguishable, of some theory of evolution.

I am no longer concerned with any of these theories the moment they discard the historical element ; and I shall, accordingly, return to the theory of Sir John Lubbock, which is honestly based upon it.

When all is said, I cannot make out that Sir John adduces any argument in favour of the antiquity of the human race which does not resolve itself into the contrast between our civilization and the degradation of savages ; and that the time which must have elapsed to bring about this transformation is measured by the fact that the negro, of the "true Nigritian stamp," appears upon the Egyptian monuments, at least as far back as B.C. 2400. "Historians, philologists, and phisiologists have alike admitted that the short period allowed in Archbishop Usher's chronology could hardly be reconciled with the history of some Eastern nations, and that it did not leave room *for the development either of* the different languages or of the numerous physical peculiarities by which various races of men are distinguished.* As no facts in the history of Eastern nations are adduced, I shall consider that this part of the argument has been sufficiently disposed of in the preceding chapters, and if they had been adduced, I venture to think that they would have been interpreted by the latter part of the sentence, and would have been incompatible with the chronology, only because they did not allow sufficient time "for the development," &c. Of this sort of fact, I admit, nothing stronger can be adduced than the case of the negro on the Egyptian monuments, only I wish to direct attention to the different aspects these facts will bear when the theory of progress is not assumed as an infallible proposition. Moreover, as Mr. Poole, whom Sir John Lubbock very candidly quotes, points out, in the interval between this and 2400 B.C. we do not find "the least change in the negro or the Arab ; and even the type which seems to be intermediate between them, is virtually as unaltered. Those who consider that length of time can change a type of man, will do well to consider the fact that three thousand years give no ratio on which a calculation could be founded." So that if Arch. Usher had expanded his chronology so as to take in the twenty thousand years Bunsen requires, it really would not appreciably have affected the argument. Sir John Lubbock, indeed, says (p. 477)—"I am, however, not aware that it is supposed by any school of ethnologists that 'time' alone, without a change of external conditions, will produce an alteration of type." "Let us," he continues, "turn now to the instances relied on by Mr. Crawford. The millions, he says, of African negroes that have, during three centuries, been transported to the New World and its islands, are the same in colour as the present inhabitants of the parent country of their forefathers. The Creole Spaniards . . . are as

* Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times," p. 313.

fair as the people of Arragon and Andalusia. The pure Dutch Creole colonists of the Cape of Good Hope, after dwelling two centuries among the black Caffres and yellow Hottentots, do not differ in colour from the people of Holland." [The strongest case is, perhaps, that of the American Indians, who do not vary from a uniform copper colour in north or south—in Canada or on the line.]* In these instances, Sir J. Lubbock says—"We have great change of circumstances, but a very insufficient lapse of time, and, in fact, there is no well authenticated case [he does not, however, advert to the case of the Indians, which seems to satisfy both conditions] in which these two requisites are united," . . . and adds, "there is already a marked difference between the English of Europe and the English of America;" but is full allowance made here for admixture of race? and, also, is his instance to the point? Is not the difficulty rather that, whereas climate, food, change of circumstances have (for, I think, the balance of the argument is on that side), in many ways, modified other races (though whether to the extent of destroying the characteristic type, may be open to question), the negro has resisted these influences, and has remained the same negro that we find him 2400 B.C.? Consider that it is only a question of degree, and that it is merely true that the negro has resisted these influences more persistently than other races. Still the contrast is not the less startling when we find the negro in the same relative position, and with the same stamp of inferiority, that we find indelibly impressed upon him four thousand years ago? It is a case which neither the theory of progress, nor the theory of degeneracy, seems to touch.

But it is a case which De Maistre's view exactly solves. Now, however much we may rebel against De Maistre's theory, that the early races of mankind were endowed with higher and more intuitive moral faculties than ours, and, whether or not, we accept this *dictum* that great punishments presuppose great knowledge, and reversely, that higher knowledge implies the liability to great punishments, I do not see how we can refuse to consider the matter, so far as to see whether the view solves all the difficulties of the question. It is not the first time that the blackness of the African race has been connected in theory with a curse; but De Maistre's theory throws a new light on the malediction—whether it be the curse of Cham or of Chanaan, or whether both were smitten, according to different degrees of culpability: and I maintain, further, that it is adequate to the explanation of the phenomena, that it does not clash with history, and that it is sustained by tradition.

SŒUR EUGÉNIE.

Sœur Eugénie: the Life and Letters of a Sister of Charity. By the Author of a *Sketch of the Life of St. Paula.* Burns and Oates, 1872.

In these days of frequent conversion to the Catholic faith, a peculiar interest must attach to the life of Sœur Eugénie, herself a convert; but the mere contrast in her position at the time will serve to illustrate in a particular manner the various ways in which grace works. She was born in Paris in 1836, the daughter of the Comte de —, a nominal Catholic, who having married a Protestant, and perceiving that she brought up

* It has almost passed into a proverb, says Morton, who is among those who know the Americans best—that he who has seen one Indian tribe has seen them all, so closely do the individuals of this race resemble each other, whatever may be the variety or the extent of the countries they inhabit. Reusch's "*La Bible et la Nature*," *vide* also Card. Wiseman's "*Lect. on Science and Rev. Rel.*" lect. iv. *Vide*, however, Reusch, p. 498, where "a remarkable difference in the cranium" is noticed, "sometimes approaching the Malay, sometimes the Mongol shape."

her children very carefully, neglected even the contract, in which it had been stipulated that the boys should be educated in his own faith. All the children were, therefore, baptized according to the Protestant rite, and there is something well worthy of notice in the way that they, while still children, were brought to a knowledge of the truth, and became the instruments of their parents' conversion. The subject of this memoir was named Eveline; she possessed even in early life such grace and dignity that she was called the "Little Duchess." Although born in Paris, the greater part of her youth was passed in the country, and on leaving the nursery she was confided to the care of an English governess, a conscientious person, but so bigoted a Protestant that she desired her pupils to turn away their heads should they by chance meet a priest; she also taught them very zealously the study of Holy Scripture, as well as the Church of England catechism.

An elder sister of Eveline's has left us an account of the first step taken in the direction of the Catholic faith, which was to end in such a happy result for the whole family. First she tells us of her preparation for Protestant communion by a clergyman, her mother conducting her to his house for instruction three times a week, and how her youthful aspirations after piety were chilled by his dry unsympathetic teaching. When Marie returned home to confide her feelings of disappointment to her sister, Eveline observed—"Do you know, dear Marie, I am sure something good will come out of this. One thing is certain, I shall never have courage to go through all that you are now suffering." Her narrative goes on—

G—— was only nine years old when spontaneously, of his own accord, he declared that he would go to mass and be a Catholic, as he had the right to be. He was so earnest and persevering in his desire that my father could not withhold his consent, and to G——'s great satisfaction, he and his two younger brothers were conditionally baptized into the Catholic Church. Touched by such great faith in so young a child, my father resolved to accompany him to mass. This was the first step on that way on which he henceforth so steadily advanced.

Except that we hope our readers will make acquaintance with this edifying history on their own account, we should not willingly pass over the description of how this boy's piety was instrumental in the spiritual welfare of the whole household. One incident we cannot omit.

It was on the feast of Corpus Christi that G—— was for the first time to receive the Bread of Life. On the eve of that great day an unaccountable sadness seemed to come over the boy, who had prepared so carefully and with such ardent devotion for this most important act of life; his eyes were filled with tears, and it was distressing to see his depression. When questioned as to the cause of his grief, he answered in these touching words—"Oh! what makes me so unhappy is the thought that tomorrow I shall be the only child who will approach the Holy Table without being accompanied by a single member of his family!" His sisters advised him to go at once to his father, and frankly to tell him of this great trouble. He did so, and, deeply moved at his child's sorrow, his father got up, went straight to the curé and made his confession for the first time for many past years.

The next day he received the Holy Communion, kneeling by the side of his son, and it may well be imagined that neither mother nor daughters could witness this solemn and touching sight without deep emotion.

Indeed, the conversion of Eveline immediately followed. The mother was much pained when her girls first told her of their wish to become Catholics, but soon they induced her to accompany them to the village church. She attended the instructions which they received, and on the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel she knelt before the altar with her three daughters to be reconciled to the true faith.

Years passed on in the quiet home with but little interruption till the marriage of her youngest sister, her chief friend and companion, cast a shadow on the life of Eveline. There is a satisfaction to us in this separation, as it gave occasion to a correspondence which reveals to us more of her inner life than we should otherwise have penetrated. But the time was drawing near when she was to receive a call to serve God in religion; already her life was so occupied with piety and good works that her parents were prepared for her vocation, but they wished her to test it by going to Paris and associating more with friends and relations. However, she gained their consent to an immediate fulfilment of her desire to become a Sister of Charity, so that she entered the Hospital of X—— at the end of the summer, after first visiting England to take leave of her mother's relations. At the end of four months' probation Eveline went to commence her novitiate in Paris, where she took the habit in 1863. The account of this and her previous probation contains some interesting details regarding the order; in fact, the whole book, which is most pleasingly written, cannot fail to rivet the attention of any who may wish to become better acquainted with the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul. It will serve, also, to testify the interior spirit which governs their works of outward charity, and which is so frequently overlooked by those who most admire their life of selfrenunciation. To return to Sœur Eugénie. Those Sisters who were her companions speak of her as a living example in all holy virtues; but not for long was she to remain amongst them. In the autumn of 1867 she became seriously ill; in November she grew rapidly worse, and never rallied, accepting her weakness and other sufferings with entire resignation. Soon it became evident that death was drawing near. Her parents and sisters hurriedly started for a last farewell; when they arrived she had already received the last sacraments, and the scene around her bed is most affecting.

After the first affectionate greetings were over, she looked from one to another with an expression of the deepest love, and often repeated—"How happy I am! How good God is to me! Oh, how happy I am to see you all." In her deep humility she seemed unable to understand that they could be in grief on her account, and seeing the anguish that was depicted on their countenances, she anxiously questioned them as to what was weighing on their breasts. When they told her that their only present grief was seeing her so ill, she said—"I believe it as you say so, but it is the will of God, and He will give us all strength."

THE ART OF ALWAYS REJOICING.

Compendium of the Art of Always Rejoicing. By Alphonsus de Sarasa, S.J. Translated by a Lady, with a Preface by the Rev. T. Meyrick. Burns and Oates, 1872.

There are a certain number of books among the spiritual treasures of the Church as to which it is hard to know what should be done by those who appreciate their value and are desirous that others also

should learn to appreciate it. They are written in foreign languages, some of them in no modern language, but in Latin, their matter is so good and solid as almost to defy abridgement, while their bulk is so considerable as to make a translator shrink before his task, not so much because they are not worth translating as they stand, but because few people can be expected to read them in their translated form. There is a natural prejudice against translations, and, what is to some at least an excuse or a reason for that prejudice, few translators take pains enough with their work to make it acceptable to general readers. And yet some of the books of which we speak can hardly be surpassed in their line. Such a work, for instance, is the *Uno Necessario* of Father Rogacci, or again, the *Thesaurus Bonorum quæ in Christo habemus* of Father Arias. The same may be said generally of almost everything written by Louis of Grenada and Louis da Ponte, authors, of course, far better known even among Catholics than Rogacci or Arias, but who have left behind them many works other than those for which they are so famous, and yet not inferior to them in merit. The *Spiritual Guide*, for instance, and the *Treatises on Perfection* by the last named writer, are not at all so widely known or appreciated as his *Meditations*, which are popular in England even in a form which certainly would admit of very great improvement. Our belief is that the time will soon come when we shall have to settle the question of how these comparatively unknown works of great authors are to be introduced to our countrymen, by deciding in favour of their being *rewritten* in English by theologians and others competent for the task, who may here and there omit or even add in a way which would not be allowed in a translator. The Spanish of Louis of Granada and Louis da Ponte is probably of the best kind, and of high literary merit; but in books like those of which we are speaking style is not everything, though it may be worth more consideration than is sometimes bestowed upon it. In the case of Rogacci, whose works exist both in Italian and Latin, the language is very good in both cases, but there is no particular reason for valuing it more than any ordinarily good Latin or Italian. Arias is a writer who would certainly have to be abridged if he were to be made popular among us. The same may be said of Ludolph of Saxony. The same may also be said of the writer the appearance of whose name among the list of authors of works lately published has occasioned these remarks, Alphonsus Sarasa, a Jesuit of the seventeenth century, of a part of whose work called *Ars Semper Gaudendi*, Father Meyrick has lately edited a very brief compendium.

Sarasa was born, and seems to have spent most of his life, in Flanders, in the seventeenth century. He was a sound and deep theologian, and a famous preacher—one of that class who are not afraid to preach theologically. “I acknowledge,” he says in one of his sermons, “that we have to meet some questions which are wont to be disputed in the schools, but it has never been my belief that such questions were to be banished from the chair of the preacher. Indeed, I have always thought that this was the reason why the truth should be so diligently discussed in our seats of learning, that all dust and chaff might be blown away by the force of disputation, so that the truth, the pure grain, the food of the soul, might so be got at, and afterwards be set forth in preaching to the people in simple uncontentious

discourse, without any of the acrimony of controversy." And he defends himself in the same place by the examples of the Fathers of the Church, who certainly did not avoid doctrinal questions in their sermons.

Sarasa seems to have preached in Latin, at least his great work is in the form of *Conciones Adventuales*, two series of sermons preached during two Advents. They are very long, and very solid. The audience to which they were addressed must have been so far learned as to be able to understand the language in which they are couched; in other respects, although the subjects treated of are frequently subjects which require thought and even education, the matter is put forth so clearly, and in so masterly a way, that any one who takes the pains can see the meaning and the course of the argument. The theme of the whole work is, "how to be always happy"—and the answer which Sarasa gives is twofold. Two things are requisite for unfailing happiness: one, that we should be content with God, and the other, that we should be content with ourselves and God with us. The first is to be attained by that perfect conformity to the will of God which is the result of a true Christian view of the Divine Providence which arranges everything in the world, in whatever way it may affect us. The second is to be gained by the art of having always a good and happy conscience, for, as St. John teaches us, if our own hearts do not reproach us, we have confidence towards God. Each of these two divisions of the subject is treated in a separate series of sermons, of which the second is by far the longest and the most important. The first series, on Providence, is divided into three parts, into which the fifteen "Tracts" of which it consists are distributed. The first part treats of Providence as to the extent, so to speak, of its range, and is supplemented by a Theological Dissertation on the "*Scientia Conditionalium*," in answer to Carmuel. The second part answers doubts and difficulties as to Providence, and the third teaches us practically how to be content with all that happens. A sixteenth "Tract" closes this series, which is a synopsis of the whole argument, and this it is which has been translated (through an Italian version) in the little *brochure* before us. The second and larger series, on Conscience, contains as many as twenty "Tracts," two of which are preliminary, and the rest of which treat of what the author calls the ten "offices" of conscience—to direct our actions, to praise what is good, to reprove what is bad, to examine our life, to lead to penitence, to make confession, to make satisfaction, to produce security as to a state of peace and the remission of sin, to arm the soul against the opinions and remarks of men, and to arm it also against the assaults of the devil in the hour of death. In the course of his argument Sarasa has to deal with some of the questions which in his day, and even in our own, raised or raise controversy, such as those as to what is called a Probable Conscience, and as to Contrition and Attrition, and the effect of the latter when accompanied by a reception of the benefit of sacramental Absolution. On all these questions Sarasa maintains vigorously and forcibly the wellknown and solid doctrines of the Society of which he was a member.

From what we have already said it will be clear that the little publication before us, good and golden as far as it goes, is but the translation of an epitome of one half of the great work of Sarasa. It

would almost seem as if Father Brossiani, from whose Italian translation this English version has been made, was not aware of the existence of the second part of the *Ars Semper Gaudendi*. And yet this little book will, we are sure, do good to hundreds, and it cannot be too widely or generally circulated. Let us hope that some one may add to it at all events an epitome of the second part, here omitted, or that we may even see a larger work drawn from the original, which may embody that very considerable proportion of valuable matter which is necessarily omitted even in the best epitomes.

DICTIONNAIRE ENCYCLOPÉDIQUE DE LA THÉOLOGIE
CATHOLIQUE.

Dictionnaire Encyclopédique de la Théologie Catholique. Tome xxvi. Supplement et Table. Gaume Frères et J. Duprey, Editeurs. Paris.

This is the twenty sixth and concluding volume of the French translation of Drs. Wetzer and Welte's *Kirchen Lexicon*. It contains a short supplement, a table of contents, and a list of the names of the writers. Every German work must lose something in a French translation; but in the present instance, that loss is more than compensated for by the widely extended circle to which the *Kirchen Lexicon*, hitherto inaccessible, has been introduced.

The German student, with this *Lexicon* and Desharbe or Wilmer's *Lehrbuch*, possesses a pretty complete theological library. We hail the French translation of the *Lexicon* as the beginning of a popular and complete course of theology for the hundreds to whom French is familiar, but who are deterred from reading a learned German book.

In some respects, the *Lexicon* is very complete. The Biblical articles, as a rule, are exact, and as copious as the extent of the work allows. The names of Reithmayer, Schegg, Hanneberg, and so many others who have devoted themselves to Biblical studies, are a sufficient guarantee for the orthodoxy and completeness of the articles, which bring together the results of modern research and the treasures handed down from antiquity.

The Canon law receives full treatment in the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*. In Germany this branch of ecclesiastical science has flourished during the present century. Phillips, de Moy, and Permaneder, to say nothing of other lesser lights, have contributed precious articles on the principles of canon law, on the modifications which time has introduced, and on the complications arising from the altered relations of modern Europe. The spread of Protestantism, the extension of parliamentary government (in the modern sense of the word), the decline of the monarchical element, the tendency to political atheism or indifference in the philosophy of the day, the programme of modern liberalism—these combined require a new application of the old immutable principles of Church government and legislation. It would be too much to say that, in every instance, the writers in the *Dictionnaire* have guarded themselves successfully against every poisonous influence of modern error; but, generally speaking, the articles on canon law are sound, and, at the same time, comprehensive: principles are main-

tained, and the change of circumstances in the political and religious world is fully allowed for.

By the general reader, the historical part is the portion of the work which will be most frequently consulted—that which deals with the history of the Church, with the Popes, the saints, the religious orders; the enemies of the Church, the sects, the antiquities of the Church, its liturgy, its ritual. On all these topics, the *Dictionnaire* is necessarily compendious; but it will be found to contain a mass of valuable and exact information, excellently arranged, easily accessible. With Bishop Fessler on Patrology, Bishop Hefele on Councils, Döllinger on the Reformation, Jorg, Damberger, Alzog, and many others, on history, the *Dictionnaire* gives the reader all the most valuable results of modern research and criticism.

What the Germans call the Apologetic Theology is also ably treated in this work. Drey and Staudenmaier and Mattes have contributed valuable articles connected with this subject. In England these contributions are the more valuable, because the tone of German infidelity is felt in the literature of England, and the objections which circulate in the Universities of Germany are certain to reappear in an English dress. The writers who undertake the cause of the Catholic Church in England may profitably follow the battle between Catholic truth and modern unbelief in Germany.

Perhaps the part of the book which least satisfies the non-German reader is that in which dogmatic and moral theology is treated. Many able German theologians have toiled to build up the structure of theological science from its foundations. They have introduced a new method, a different order; and the result has been, on the whole, unfavourable to the development of theology in Germany. Alexander of Hales, St. Thomas, and coming down to a later age, Gregory of Valentia, Suarez, de Lugo followed, not servilely, but still followed their predecessors. Where the older writer needed neither correction or addition he was adopted; where his meaning was doubtful, it was commented upon and explained; where he was thought to have erred his opinion was stated, attacked and refuted: if he had omitted any question of importance, it was introduced by one of his successors and argued elaborately. The idea was to complete the science, and probably the world will never see again such keen criticism, such subtlety as may be met with in the writings of the scholastic school. The same may be said in proportion of moral theology: it was a science built up by succeeding generations, and every one in his turn might hope to add a stone to the pile.

This continuity was broken in Germany. Exaggerations in certain cases were held up to ridicule, and finally each writer took upon himself the construction of a perfect system. It is hardly necessary to say that the new systems have not obtained the adhesion of any considerable school; the old system lives in venerable tomes and may at any time resume its hold on the minds of men. The effect on the *Dictionnaire* is that it is weak, comparatively speaking, in those articles where the reader looks for a clear statement of purely theological questions, and a succinct account of the main arguments which divide the great schools of theology. This deficiency is the more to be regretted because in the present age it is most desirable that the Church should be represented

among the laity by men capable of defending the faith. The faith we hold is a treasure : theology is the citadel which protects it. Where the science of theology is feebly maintained the faith is exposed to imminent danger ; and the greatest security, under the grace of God, for the faith of a Catholic community, consists in the diffusion of radical and thorough instruction in theological or catechetical knowledge. What is wanting in this respect in the *Dictionnaire*, the German finds in the *Lehrbuch der Religion*, by Desharbe or by Wilmer.

With this one drawback the *Dictionnaire* will prove a treasure to the student ; and the Abbé Goschler, who died before the completion of the work, has rendered a great service by undertaking so arduous a task—the twenty six volumes are a monument of his courage and constancy.

We trust that before long the enterprising publishers to whom we owe this grand work, will find it necessary to issue an enlarged edition.

THE LIFE OF QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE.

Vie de Marie Amélie, Reine des Français. Par M. Auguste Trognon. Paris, 1872.

Towards the close of the last century (1785) a group of royal children was gathered round an aged saint to receive his blessing, not as a passing form, but from a mother's desire that the benediction then given should overshadow their future life. That mother, in whose public history there had been so much to deplore, was Queen Marie Caroline of Naples. She fulfilled her duties as parent in a far different manner from what we might expect from her mode of exercising her sway as sovereign ; and in these days of frivolity and doubt, we are consoled to see that a strong minded woman of the world eagerly sought for her family as a protection for their future life the prayers and blessing of a saint. That saint was St. Alphonsus. One of the children kneeling before him was Marie Amélie, the subject of this memoir. She was a precocious child, and probably would never lose the recollection of this scene. We can imagine how in after life she would recall his loving, venerable countenance, and how, in her various sorrows, she would turn with confidence to the canonized saint who on earth had, as it were, taken her under his protection.

According to the custom of the country, Marie Amélie was placed, immediately after her birth, under the care of a lady called an "Asafalta," who had the entire management of her education. This person, named Madame Ambrosio, proved a strict but kind mistress, and, upon principle, trained the little Princess to the practice of humility and gentleness which, on the other hand, the Queen enforced by an undisguised partiality for one of her other daughters, the Princess Marie Christine. About two years after her birth, Amélie had been destined by her mother to be espoused to her nephew, the eldest son of Louis the Sixteenth, then Dauphin of France, but events were to place her as a sovereign in that country under far different circumstances. The horrors of the French Revolution, and the tragical death of Louis the Sixteenth and her aunt, Marie Antoinette, made a lively impression on her, for she was already more serious than is usual at her age, and she made rapid progress in her education. It appears that the daughters of Marie

Caroline never knew all the atrocities that were perpetrated by her authority for the reestablishment of legitimate authority at the end of the eighteenth century. After her removal with the rest of the household to Palermo, the Princess led the same routine of study and piety; but her first sorrow had already visited her, in the death of her brother, Albert, at seven years old, caused by violent seasickness.

In the year 1800, the Queen repaired to Vienna, for the carrying out of political negotiations, and the two years spent there may be counted among the happiest of Amélie's youth. Though now freed from subjection to a governess, she did not withdraw from her system of regularity, and in the journal which she carefully kept there is ample proof of the conscientious adjustment of her time, although she was subject to those temptations which admiration and gaiety may offer. At last, however, the period devoted to family affection amongst her relations in Austria drew to a close. The Queen was unable to draw the Austrian Court into compliance with her designs, and their return to Italy became imperative. Once more settled at Naples, Amélie has again to suffer in her affections on the marriage of her sister Antoinette to the Prince of the Asturias, and from this time she began to share in the Court ceremonies, as well as becoming acquainted with political plans and intrigues. Not very long, however, was she to enjoy this position. In 1806, the encroaching ambition of Napoleon was to drive Ferdinand from the throne, compelling his family to flee once more to Palermo, and again death tried the loving nature of Amélie, by depriving her of first one, then another, of her sisters.

About the year 1808, the Princess Marie Amélie was introduced for the first time to the Duc d'Orleans. There is but slight mention of this interview in her journal, and it is probable that at first neither she nor the Queen were particularly impressed by him. Soon, however, a secret sympathy grew up between him and Amélie, which ended in their marriage, when she was about twenty seven years of age. While the Duc d'Orleans was absent in command of the army at Catalonia, she was confined, and on his return she joyfully presented to him her first-born son, the Duc de Chartres. The years that followed were passed amid family discord between the Duke and the royal family of Sicily, as well as in political troubles, which terminated in the exile of Marie Caroline to the great grief of her daughter. But events were hurrying on which were to bring the Duc d'Orleans more into notice in his own country. In 1814 he received a despatch announcing the restitution of Louis the Eighteenth, and summoning him back to Paris. After paying his homage to the King, he returned to Sicily, to take a final leave of the Court, now reestablished there; and the Duchess of Orleans took a happy farewell of the island which had been indeed her home, but one fruitful in every kind of trial. At Fontainebleau she heard of her mother's death, which overpowered her with grief for a time, but she soon continued her journey. Then, arriving at the Palais Royal, she began her connection with the French Court, full of confidence for the future. It was not long, however, before the return of Napoleon compelled her to flee suddenly, seeking an asylum for herself and children in England. There her husband joined her, and settled the whole family in a pretty house at Twickenham, where they passed two years. It was during her residence there that the battle of Waterloo took place; but in spite of

disquiet on account of the unsettled condition of France, and her sympathy for the French people plunged in the horrors of war, she had much consolation in friendly intercourse with the royal family of England, as well as in the fulfilment of maternal duties. In 1817, she heard from the Duc d'Orleans of the arrangements by which Neuilly became theirs, informing her also that the time had come when she could return to France, since the Government was once more peacefully established.

The public changes which marked the life of the Duchesse d'Orléans after her return to France are too well known to need a recapitulation. We are more disposed to take an interest in penetrating beneath the surface of her external routine, to notice the prudence with which she conducted her children's education, in which her husband left her at liberty to carry out her own plans. She placed implicit confidence in those who were charged with the duties of instruction, to whom she applied the term of "the authorities," so expressive of the complete freedom she allowed to those who occupied this position. Every day "the authorities" and their pupils presented themselves before her, while she gave full attention to every detail that might be brought before her, though she showed equal readiness to give patient audience to any complaint or suggestion that might be made in private. We need not recall the circumstances which combined to raise the Duc d'Orléans to the throne of France. The Duchess accepted her rank as ordered by Divine Providence, but she is reported to have said it would be a crown of thorns that would encircle her brow, for she could not easily forget the fate of the elder branch to whom she was so nearly allied, and she began her reign in fear rather than joy, especially as the revolution which had placed her husband at the head of the nation had shown an enmity against the Church and priesthood which could not fail to fill her mind with apprehension and regret. She filled her position with dignity and grace, winning the respect as well as the affection of those who were brought into contact with her. Still her character rises before us as commendable for the amiability and excellence of her life rather than from any prominent part taken in affairs of State. Her charities were large, but she refused all publicity regarding them. Her good sense did not yield even to the force of maternal love; and when still suffering from the blow inflicted by the death of the Duc d'Orleans, she was consulted as to the most suitable situation for a statue to be erected at Paris—one also being destined for Algiers—she replied, "God knows my respect for the good qualities of my poor son, but I do not consider that he had time to render such service to France as might entitle him to a statue at Paris. At Algiers it is different, for he rendered considerable service there on the field of battle."

In the marriages of her children Queen Amélie showed a strong preference for alliances connecting them with her own family, which we may trace not so much to political bias as to those strong feelings of natural affection which drew her towards even her grandchildren with sentiments scarcely short of maternal. Although not gifted with any remarkable foresight, she interpreted rightly the discontent of 1847, but she had not sufficient influence over Louis Philippe to affect his government, nor to avert the catastrophe of 1848. Up to that point matters grew gradually worse, till the result might be clearly anticipated even by

the most reckless, when the ominous cry of "*Vive la Réforme!*" was heard in the streets. After he was compelled to sign his abdication, Louis Philippe had to make his escape silently and in concealment, accompanied by his wife, and during the week that ensued her one thought was to share the dangers to which her husband was exposed, rather than be separated from him, though she afterwards consented to remain at Grace if necessary for the escape of the King. Finally, they embarked for England in the *Express*, the King passing himself off as an Englishman, the uncle of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, British Consul, when their satisfaction was completed by the information that the Duc de Nemours, the Duc de Montpensier, the Princesses and their children, were safe in England, but there was still cause for anxiety about the Duchesse d'Orléans and her sons.

The King had written to Queen Victoria, telling her that the "Count de Neuilly" was seeking that hospitality which had been so liberally extended to him formerly as Duc d'Orléans, and he received in reply the offer of Claremont as a residence, to which he and his family repaired at once. The welcome which greeted them in England was a most cordial one, and their consolation was enhanced by the joy of meeting once more those of their children who had preceded them. However, their discomfort was great at first, for they had left Paris suddenly, without any of the ordinary conveniences of life, not possessing even a change of apparel. These trials, however, were slight in comparison with their sufferings on hearing the condition of France, Marie Amélie being particularly distressed at the calumnies uttered against her husband. She was also for a time in suspense regarding the Duc de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale, and even when they rejoined her, her happiness was checked by the decree of their banishment from France, voted by the National Assembly. Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie both derived much happiness from the visits of their daughter, the Queen of the Belgians, who possessed a particularly cheering influence over her father. He seemed to occupy his mind less with the affairs of France than with his own business arrangements, completing carefully the division of his property and the formalities of making his will, then devoting himself to the conclusion of his memoirs. Still there were no apprehensions as to his health, and no one imagined that his life was so nearly approaching its end. In the course of the year 1850 his health visibly declined. He tried the effects of change of air, and left Claremont for St. Leonard's, but it became apparent to all that his days were drawing to a close, so that after his return to Claremont it became the painful duty of the exQueen to warn him that the approach of death was at hand. He received the last sacraments with most edifying disposition from the Abbé Guéille, gave his blessing to those of his family who surrounded his bed, and survived only a few hours. Before two months had elapsed Marie Amélie was again plunged in grief by the death of her beloved daughter, the Queen of the Belgians, but after that she began that routine of daily life which marked her declining years, but which the ties of wife and mother had hitherto rendered more desultory. Still, she retained her taste for change of place and a certain inclination for sightseeing; the death of her husband, also, perhaps made Claremont distasteful to her. Her first journey was to Scotland, with the Prince de Joinville. At first she was charmed with the country, but the frequent absence of the

sun and constant supply of rain somewhat checked her admiration. During the remaining years of her life she made frequent journeys either for health or family duties, but towards the last her attachment to Claremont increased, strengthened by habit and by the memories of former days, and she devoted herself more and more to works of charity and the exercises of religion. In the month of March, 1866, her strength began to decline. She spoke with confidence of St. Joseph as the patron of a good death, and yet she did not seem to have any idea that her end was near at hand. Still she grew weaker, but there was difficulty in prevailing on her to keep her bed. At last she was compelled to do so, but she seemed anxious about seeing her children, and begged to be awakened when they came. This was done, and as they took leave the Princess Marguerite felt that the Queen pressed her hand at parting with more than usual tenderness, saying—"Pray for me." It was some time ere she could fall asleep, complaining of pain in her side. In the morning there was a marked change in her appearance, and she died at last somewhat suddenly. She was in the eighty eighth year of her age. She was buried at Weybridge, by the side of Louis Philippe.

Notices.

1. FATHER LIBERATORE'S *La Chiesa e lo Stato* is a reprint of a number of articles contributed by their learned and highly respected author to the *Civiltà Cattolica*, on what may certainly be called one of the greatest questions of the day—the duty of the State towards the Church in all that concerns her mission for the welfare of souls. They are the work of a sound and trained theologian, who has thoroughly mastered his subject, and, without sparing his opponents, can treat them with courtesy, fairness, and moderation. His work can be safely recommended almost as a manual of the teaching of the Church on this subject, with regard to which so many delusions exist even in the minds of certain Catholics. We are sorry to have to add to these few words of welcome to so valuable a work, the remark that it has been the occasion of a very curious attack upon ourselves. We have no desire to pursue any further the question which we had occasion incidentally to raise in our last number, as to the propriety of attacking, in anonymous letters to newspapers, the orthodoxy of statements put forward by Catholic priests writing with their names. Our remarks will probably be fresh enough in the memory of any one who cares to enter on the subject, and we need not repeat the words in which we expressed ourselves. They have now been represented as raising the far wider question, "How far it can be legitimate for a Catholic writer to allege publicly a charge of doctrinal unsoundness against any theory which certain other Catholics maintain"—and as implying doubts "whether it is in accordance with the Church's spirit and principles, to adduce such a charge otherwise than by way of private appeal to ecclesiastical authority." And then Father Liberatore is quoted as having done the very thing, under the eye of the Pope, which is here said to be censured. Nothing, however, is said as to the fact that what has really been censured was the practice

of anonymous attacks as to doctrine in newspapers, and what was called an appeal to "the secular tribunal of the Catholic press" instead of a charge before an ecclesiastical Superior. We are not going into a fresh controversy on the matter, and we shall make no further remark upon this fresh incident than what is contained in the obvious comment that we neither said nor meant to say anything on the very large and general question of the limits of Catholic controversy in the press. We confine ourselves to the case before us, and we should be sorry to think that the writer to whom we are now referring is prepared to throw his whole weight into the scale in favour of the most unbridled independence of anonymous comment in matters of doctrine. The press is a valuable weapon for the defence of the Church, but every one knows that it is a weapon peculiarly liable to abuse. All those who are labouring in her cause must be anxious to see it saved from such a fate; and if this writer, whether oversensitively or not, has thought that our remarks on the principle in question referred to himself, he must let us inform him that he was mistaken. The only question raised by the writer before us is that of principle, and he will quite understand why we are very glad not to have to speak of anything further. A man may do a thing he has a right to do, and yet may do it either well or ill, fairly or unfairly. But even in principle, and certainly in practice, there is a wide difference between controversy carried on in a recognized organ of Catholic literature, which has a responsible editor, and assisted, though a layman, by censors appointed by authority, and an anonymous charge in the columns of a newspaper, even the editor of which is "not responsible for the opinions expressed by his correspondents," who have no technical restraint but the law of libel. At all events, if this writer sees no difference, we do: and at a time when the Holy Father has so strongly urged on some of his most loyal and valued defenders in the press the necessity of remembering the paramount duty of charity, we shall not make a single remark, if we can help it, which may tend to irritate even the most sensitive susceptibilities. With regard to Father Liberatore, with whom and with whose fellowlabourers in the *Civiltà* we have a bond of union even more close than that which binds other Catholics to them, we feel sure that they will never suppose that, because we have felt it right to complain of what seems to us an excess—imported from Protestant journalism—of the freedom extended to newspaper correspondents, we have had the slightest intention or idea of casting any reflection upon them, or upon the work which they have so nobly performed for the service of the Church.

2. We owe much gratitude to Father Paria, of the Roman College, for having published in four goodly quartos a valuable work of no less a theologian than the famous Cardinal Toletus, which has hitherto only existed in manuscript. The work of which we speak is his *Enarratio in Summam Theologicam S. Thomæ Aquinatis* (Romæ: typis S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide, 1869). We fear that for the present we shall look in vain for other similar publications, even at Rome. It is one of the most lamentable consequences of any disturbance of the tranquillity of the Church at her headquarters, that sacred learning is sure to suffer and languish, for the want of that impulse which it much requires from the largehanded patronage of the Popes. The volumes would hardly have found a publisher except at the Propaganda

and yet they are the carefully revised work of one of the greatest theologians of the post-Tridentine period. If Toletus, Cardinal as he was, has only just succeeded, so to speak, in getting his Lectures on St. Thomas into the daylight, we may be quite sure that a number of valuable works of less distinguished men must be falling to dust in the libraries on the Continent. We have heard of "heaps of manuscript," for instance, of the great Lessius, we think, at Louvain; and it is sad to consider how far behindhand we are, in these days when novels appear by the score every month, and every newspaper and periodical dabbles occasionally in its little bit of lay "theology," both in the serious study of the great masters who have gone before us, and in the care which their labours, as far as they remain to us, deserve at our hands. As we look over the map of Europe, our eyes can rest on few countries in which we can say theological study flourishes. We have made comparatively little progress for a hundred years or so in editions of the Fathers, in Catholic commentaries on Scripture, in Catholic handling of the science of the time, and in sound Church history. As for theology, strictly so called, the theologians of the last century can almost be counted on the fingers, and the consequence is that volunteers of very indifferent capacity have to be accepted as the defenders of orthodoxy. An age of ignorance seems to be setting in—at all events, there is the greatest need of a serious and earnest revival of sound and normal Catholic theology from one end of Europe to the other—while Rome, the citadel and centre of Catholicism, from which the impulse ought naturally to flow, is in the hands of the enemy, whose presence is most felt for the moment in the disturbance which it involves of all those parts of the work of the Church which require tranquillity, length of time, and a considerable command of material resources.

Father Paria tells us that one of the reasons why these very important commentaries on St. Thomas, the result of many years of teaching by their author in the Roman College, have never yet been published, is to be found in the difficulty of decyphering his writing, not so much on account of its badness in itself, as of his frequent abbreviations, the smallness of his hand, and the state in which the manuscript—about which he seems to have taken unusual pains—now is from defects of paper or ink. It must have been a hard task to prepare such a book for the press, but the labour has not been thrown away. These four volumes are a real addition to our theological library. Toletus was one of the first lecturers in his day, and we have now his own carefully prepared summary of those lectures. His method is first to explain the text of St. Thomas, then to explain the commentary of Cajetan on St. Thomas, and lastly to discuss the more difficult questions according to the opinions of the best theologians. Toletus does not mind now and then departing from his author, as for instance in the celebrated question as to Predestination *post prævise merita*. Here and there he has a word or two which he might have altered, if he had seen the issue of later controversies, on account of such errors as those with which the names of Baius and Jansenius are connected.

3. That the Ritualist party among the Anglicans should desire to have their own *Lives of the Saints* is very natural. They are strong in literary activity, and it is perhaps this that gives them so much more importance in the public mind than their numbers or their influence.

warrant. Mr. Baring Gould may not perhaps be a Ritualist—some of his many publications have hardly looked like the production of this school. We can only say that his *Lives of the Saints* (Hodges) appear to be written from the Ritualist point of view. The first volume, which contains the Saints of January, is all that we have yet seen. It seems carefully written, and will certainly do a great deal of good among the coreligionists of its author. Mr. Baring Gould disclaims the idea that his book is meant to supplant Alban Butler, at least he professes to have in view an aim somewhat distinct from that of the good old Catholic writer with whom we are all familiar. Still, a comparison between the two series is almost inevitable. Alban Butler is far more solid and far more learned than Mr. Gould. As was to be expected, Alban Butler is not always equal to himself, but his longer lives, especially those of the old Fathers of the Church, in whose case a considerable knowledge of their works was required in a biographer, are usually extremely good. No doubt, if he were writing now, he would say many things that he has left unsaid, and perhaps unsay a few that he has said, but, on the whole, his work is one of the choicest treasures in English Catholic literature. Mr. Gould is lighter, perhaps more popular; he is less severe in rejecting ancient *Acts*, and thus he gives us some beautiful stories of the Saints which Alban Butler would have omitted. On the other hand, we miss the thoroughly Catholic spirit of the elder writer. Mr. Gould says in his preface—"A priest of the Anglican Church, I have undertaken to write a book which I hope and trust will be welcome to Roman and Anglican Catholics alike." In our opinion, to attempt this is to attempt an impossibility. Mr. Gould may write books on many things which will be welcome to Catholics and Anglicans equally, but they must not be books about doctrines or about ecclesiastical history, or about the Saints of God or about the feasts of the Church. It may be the dream of himself and a few others that, as some people talk of a "common Christianity," so there may exist what may be called a "common Catholicity." We doubt whether any one can live or die in such a dream if he makes himself at all acquainted with realities and truths. Certainly, the lives and actions of the Saints are not very likely either to produce such an illusion or to encourage it. If Mr. Baring Gould goes through his task one of two things will certainly happen. Either he will have to "adapt" the Saints as some of his coreligionists have "adapted" the works of the Saints, or he will have to leave the "East Merton Rectory," from which he dates his preface, and "adapt" himself to the Church to which alone the Saints belong, and to which alone they bear witness.

4. *Louise Lateau*, the Ecstatica of Bois d'Haine (By Dr. Lefebvre. Translated by J. S. Sheppard), is the title of a little volume giving an account of the marvellous phenomena of a stigmatized Ecstatica at Bois d'Haine, in Hainault. The speciality, if we may so say, of the account from which this translation is made lies in the fact that it has been drawn up by a physician who has most minutely investigated all the physical phenomena of the wonderful state into which the Ecstatica passes from time to time. The medical details, however interesting in a scientific point of view, were somewhat wearisome to ordinary readers, and Mr. Sheppard has done very well to omit the greater part of them, valuable as they must be considered, as having established beyond a

doubt the genuine character of the extraordinary phenomena of the case. We can imagine few things more striking than the scene which passes Friday after Friday in the little cottage where Louise Lateau lives with her mother and sisters, and it would seem as if it were in the Providence of God that no age should be without some few such witnesses to that love of our Lord in His Passion for us, which it seems to delight Him to have ever freshly renewed in our memories and in our hearts. No doubt there may sometimes be mistakes as to phenomena of this kind, and there may sometimes be exaggeration and restlessness in the appetite for such wonders. Still, the Church, though cautious, recognizes such things, and they are full of profit to many souls. In these days of selfindulgence and unbelief, we may well attach a special value to such divine visitations, and be thankful for every fresh remembrance of His Cross with which Providence furnishes us. Mr. Sheppard has done his part of the publication well and judiciously.

5. During this month of our Lady many of our readers may be glad to hear of a story book for little people, which may help them to know and love her better. We think they will not be disappointed in *Chats about the Rosary*, which consists of fifteen chapters, each corresponding to a decade of the Rosary, and giving an account of the mystery very prettily. Besides the history thus drawn out, a particular virtue is impressed in a clear and practical manner, while it is illustrated by whatever event in sacred history may be the subject of the mystery under consideration. The conversations that are furnished to draw out the teaching conveyed in the Rosary will assist children greatly in understanding as well as realizing the great truths that are here set forth, at the same time that their interest is kept alive. The style of the book is pleasing, and has a slightly allegorical tone, which may probably attract children of a more advanced age than would otherwise have recourse to this unpretending little volume. Those even who are called upon to instruct youth can gather a hint or two from its perusal. There is scarcely any devotion so calculated as the Rosary to keep up a taste for piety in little children, and we must be grateful for any help in applying its lessons to the daily life of those who already love it in their unconscious tribute to its value and beauty.

6. There are many readers who have an avidity for Irish stories, and who never tire of the humorous descriptions of character for which this style of light literature gives so wide a field. That this should be the case, proves the advantage to society afforded by a variety of tastes, for while there are many whose gifts lie in the direction of lively anecdote, there are also persons who will not look at a book that has the most distant connection with Ireland. We need hardly say that our sympathies do not lie with these last. The two short volumes (*Only Three Weeks. A Novel*, by the author of *Ereighda Castle*. Chapman and Hall, 1872) before us are a happy medium, deserving to meet with a favourable reception from both parties, since they are far removed from the conventional Irish story, although they contain some clever and amusing sketches of Irish peasantry. The character of Norah is fairly well drawn, and the story, upon the whole, sustains its interest, though there is, perhaps, too great a tendency to seek this end by those delineations of human passion to which we have become enured in the novels of the day. As the author of *Only Three Weeks* shows some promise in the rôle

of novelist, we may point out that to create an interest in characters guided by right principle, and to depict, in an engaging style, a high tone of morality and feeling, would do more for wholesome literature than the system of lending our talents to the morbid taste for what deserves condemnation, and then acquitting our conscience by wholesale retribution in the last chapter.

7. We welcome the translation into English of Father Gagarin's book (*The Russian Clergy*. Translated from the French of Father Gagarin, Paris. London: Burns and Oates, 1872), but as we have already had occasion to refer to that work, there remains but small need to comment upon it. We are very glad it has been made accessible to those who could not study it in the original language, and it may clear up many of the false impressions entertained by a certain school in the English Church who are attracted to what is ancient and "orthodox," but who dread at the same time any approach to the Holy See. The class of readers to which we allude are generally keenly alive to the evils forced upon their own Communion by the dictation of Government. Therefore it is as well they should not bestow their admiration upon the Russian Church, in unconsciousness of the extent to which it is in bonds to the State. We have mentioned elsewhere an amusing story of Paul the First of Russia, who determined to say mass in his capacity of head of the Church; and in spite of his mental aberrations, it is a good illustration of the lengths to which the principle of State control might be pushed. However, without thus reducing the whole matter to what is absurd, Father Gagarin's book will, we trust, serve to convince many of the evils that will eventually creep in when a Church, even orthodox in other respects, is severed from the centre of Catholic Unity.

4. *The Virtues of Mary, the Mother of God*, by Francis Arias, S.J., with Preface by Father George Porter (Burns and Oates), is a short but solid work by a great ascetical writer on the virtues of Mary, particularly adapted for the month of May. No one can read Father Arias on the humility, the faith, and the other virtues of our Lady without acquiring a deeper devotion towards the Mother of God. The brief words of Holy Scripture, carefully meditated, fully justify the most ardent client of Mary. Her excellence, her dignity, her place in the scheme of Redemption, her high virtues, proclaim her Queen of Heaven and earth. We cordially recommend this volume.

5. *Pleadings of the Sacred Heart* (Burns and Oates) is a translation of a solid and beautiful little work, which in French has secured the approbation of Mgr. Giraud, Bishop of Rodez, and which appears in English with the recommendation of the Bishop of Kildare and the *imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. The thirty three chapters into which it is divided will serve as a new *Mois de Juin*. The examples attached to each meditation seem to be very good and fresh. Perhaps the most valuable portion of the book is the translator's Introduction, which gives a very clear and accurate account of the Devotion to the Heart of Jesus.

[We omit several notices of important books for want of room.]



